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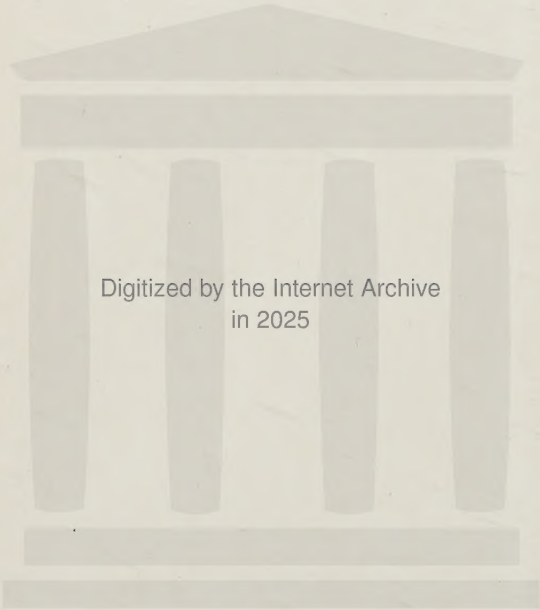

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THE PULPIT AND AMERICAN LIFE

BY

ARTHUR S. HOYT

THE WORK OF PREACHING

VITAL ELEMENTS OF PREACHING

THE PULPIT AND AMERICAN LIFE

BY

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EVANGELICAL
SCHOOL OF THEOLOGY

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THE ONE HUNDRED YEARS
OF AUBURN SEMINARY AND
THE MEN IT HAS GIVEN TO
THE AMERICAN PULPIT

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THE INTRODUCTION

Shortly before his death, the late Bishop Henry C. Potter of New York published a book on Eminent Churchmen he had known. Among the number thus treated were great English Churchmen like Dean Stanley of Westminster Abbey, Canon Liddon of St. Paul's, the present Bishop of London, Dr. Winnington-Ingram; and among Americans, Bishop Phillips Brooks, our greatest preacher and one of the noblest Americans. The literary critic of a New York daily, after praising the literary work of the book, added the depreciatory comment that it was a pity so much ability and labor were spent upon men whose work was "entirely aside from the main currents of human interests."

Bishop Potter himself is sufficient answer to this common and superficial estimate of the preacher. He was not only pastor of churches in Troy, Boston, and New York, and finally Bishop of the most important diocese of his denomination, but by virtue of his character, position, and attainment was a force in the higher life of the city and nation. He was the first to point out the larger work of the Y. M. C. A. He was a pioneer in adapting the Church to its changed environment. He taught unflinchingly the social implications of Christian doctrine. He proclaimed the social duties of the new industrial order. He exposed the shame of a corrupt public life. He was a citizen Bishop. No

man did more for the higher life of the city he loved. And he was a force in the national life, in the highest sense a Christian patriot.

In this time of social rebuilding, it is well to turn the thought to the forces that are really creative and constructive. The popular thought is too apt to be superficial. Men talk of stabilizing the world when they mean only return to normal production. They forget that the world has been shaken by the clash of great ideals — and that peace is a spiritual attainment — only through justice and mercy and humility. Christianity has to do with the contests of our age and is involved in their outcome.

We should know what the teachers of our faith have said, how far they have been prophetic, and how far they have come short of their mission. The critics of the pulpit are not necessarily hostile to religion. They may misinterpret its spirit and minimize its attainment.

In no other country has public speech been so exalted and the pulpit had such an opportunity. Why then, they ask, has Christian ethics a partial hold upon the people? Why have the thought and conscience of the age not been Christianized? The spirit of caste too largely controls the relationship of men and coöperation among the nations is held impossible, contrary to the laws of nature. There are earnest men who think Christianity indifferent to the sore burdens of toil, and impotent or criminally complacent to the evils of war and of a false nationalism.

Then there is a social idealism working far beyond the limits of the Church: it emphasizes the value of social action and discounts the power or use of the sermon. While men in stately pulpits are talking re-

ligion, many whom the "preacher cannot school" are living the message of Jesus among those who toil and suffer.

And a growing number of "intellectuals," often children of the Prophets and the Covenant, who demand self-expression as the way of truth and life, regard the preacher as the voice of an outworn past. The "intellectual" is not the least interested in the work of the pulpit. "He is not filled with hatred for religion, as were the philosophers of the Eighteenth Century; he simply ignores it as a force incapable of good or evil."

Yet through the Babel of voices and the confusion of moral ideas, the heart of the race shows its craving for God, and now as ever listens to the man who can speak of the realities of religion.

The pulpit needs to be heartened as to its place and function in modern life. And the age needs to be shown that the ideals of personal and social progress, the principles of individual character and national worth, are vitally connected with the men who have taught through the generations — the shining truths of the Christian Gospel. It is time to interpret the past and take good reckoning for the future.

The following lectures aim to interpret the work of the preachers who have best represented their age and been prophetic and directive of spiritual and social advance.

EVANGELICAL
SCHOOL OF THEOLOGY

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EVANGELICAL
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THE PULPIT AND AMERICAN LIFE

I

THE PURITAN PREACHER

There are three pictures in literature of the Colonial minister more vivid and enduring than any record of history or volumes of sermons. I refer to Thackeray's picture of the clergyman of Virginia, Irving's sketch of the Dutch Dominie, and Hawthorne's portrait of the parson of New England.

In "The Virginians," Thackeray does not give a favorable impression of the men who acted both as preacher and teacher in the easy-going and worldly settlements along the James. "Harmless Mr. Broadbent," and the young Chaplain Ward with his "great, glib voice and voluble commonplaces" are not pleasant types to look upon. "Unlike many of the neighboring provinces, Virginia was a Church of England Colony; the clergymen were paid by the State and had glebes allotted to them; and there being as yet no Church of England Bishops in America, the Colonists were obliged to import their divines from the Mother Country. Such as came were not naturally of the very best or most eloquent kind of pastors. Noblemen's hangers-on, insolvent parsons who had quarreled with justice or the bailiff, brought their stained cassocks into the colony in the hopes of finding a living there." Such a

picture gives us a sympathy with Colonel Esmond in his "suspicion of all Cassocks."

But it is a question whether the suspicion is just. The times were worldly and skeptical, and the people that settled the Southern Colonies were very different in their social and religious ideas from their stern brethren of the North. No doubt the clergymen partook somewhat of the easier and looser ways. The fact that the law compelled them to preach in the forenoon and catechize in the afternoon, and "not to give themselves to excess in drinking or playing at dice, or any unlawful game, but at all times hear or read somewhat of the Holy Scriptures," proves at least that they were too susceptible to the worldliness of their parishes. Yet there were good men among them. Whitefield found the fields ready for his reaping. "Take them all in all," says a recent writer, "we must conclude that the English clergymen in America proved themselves useful, worthy, important, acceptable. They did not share in public life to the extent that their brethren of the profession did in the North. Conditions were such that their functions were restricted to the tasks which centered in the Church." The gentle Christian influence of Robert Hunt, the first minister, has been called the salt that saved the Colony from utterly perishing of its vices. There were Richard Buck, sent out by the Puritan Bishop of London, and Alexander Whittaker, the Apostle of Virginia.

New Amsterdam was a commercial enterprise of the thrifty Dutch India Company, and not founded like Plymouth under the impulse of freedom to worship God. But the Hollanders had purchased their liberty at a great price and they brought their religion with them. But it was nearly twenty years before Jonas

Michaelius, the first minister of the Gospel, was welcomed by the 270 souls on Manhattan. "I keep myself," he wrote, "as far as practicable within the pale of my calling wherein I find myself sufficiently occupied." But one of his successors, Dominie Bogardus, did not fail to interest himself in the welfare of the colony, and speak out against the evil practices of the governors, Van Twiller and Kieft (satirized by Irving). "What are the great men of the country but vessels of wrath and fountains of woe and trouble? They think nothing but to plunder the property of others, to dismiss, to banish, to transport to Holland." The old Dominies — Michaelius, Bogardus, Megapolensis, Bacherus, Selyns — are certainly an interesting company of men. "Their knowledge, manhood, service, rendered them conspicuous in the Colony," and they and their successors ministered to their own people with personal interest and loyalty. That they were somewhat easygoing, exclusive, and arbitrary in their claims of authority, and unequal to the aggressive opportunities of the New World, is also evident. At the time of the capture of New Amsterdam, there were three cities, thirty villages and ten thousand inhabitants and but six ministers, and at the end of the century the six had dwindled to four — and yet Dominie Selyns in his annual report could congratulate himself that "our number is now full" — while hundreds of Colonists were coming into the valley of the Hudson, and ministers from New England and missionaries from the S. P. G. of the Mother Country were following their wandering sons into the wilderness.

There were men in the Dutch Church of apostolic zeal like Frelinghuysen, and other Colonies had their true apostles. Anything like even an outline history

of the colonial pulpit could not fail to mention such names as John Woolman, the Quaker preacher, whose journal edited by Whittier is one of the classics of the devotional life; Makemie, the founder of Presbyterianism; the Tennents of Log College fame and fervid evangelists; of the work of Count Zinzendorf and the Moravian preachers among the growing colonies of Swedes and Germans.

But we must turn to New England to find a typical and influential pulpit of the early time. The people were homogeneous. They brought the heritage of common ideals; they were molded by similar environment. They were providentially separated for the working out of the new and higher type of character. They came to found a godly commonwealth. Religion was the prevailing tone of their life. The minister was the accepted leader. Education was to form a capable and godly ministry. As in the Scotch families described by Mr. Barrie and Ian Maclaren, the first question asked of the child was not "What is your name?" but "What are you to be?" And one boy out of every family would answer, "A minister." So the pulpit of New England was the distinct and distinguishing feature of their life. No pulpit ever had such a chance. No pulpit ever developed such distinct types, or more dominant ideals. To know the American pulpit, our habits of thought and worship, our ideals and opportunities of service, one must look at the *Puritan Minister.*

The popular conception of the Puritan Minister has been formed largely by fiction, by such portraits as Hawthorne's Arthur Dimmesdale and Mrs. Stowe's Dr. Hopkins — the first a pure creation, the second true in the main to a noble life. The minister of "The

Scarlet Letter" has powerfully impressed our imagination. His separation from men, his outer marks of sanctity, his unnatural condemnation of life and yet tempted as other men, his introspective habit, his fearful analysis of mental and emotional states, and his sensitiveness and susceptibility to the very world of sense that his theology condemned, makes him no doubt true to nature — the very product of New England — and yet in no large sense representative. The inevitable impression of such a portrait — that the Puritan ministry were no better than other men, and at heart not as good as they ought to have been — is false to the fact.

At the opposite extreme is Mrs. Stowe's portrait in "The Minister's Wooing"— a learned man, guileless as a child, wrapped up in the abstractions of theology and innocent of human nature and most of all of himself — an example of absolute other-worldliness — analyzing the deepest and tenderest emotions and passions with the coldest logic, and sternly following wherever the logic led. They are the two extremes of the Puritan Minister — both true and neither representative.

No man or class of men is separate from his fellows. He is both product and force. We are conditioned by the times in which we live — and in a closer and narrower sense by the local and personal environment of our lives.

The New England Minister was the product of *Puritanism.* Mr. John R. Green in his "History of the English People" has given us the truest description of Puritanism in its greatness and littleness. With the open Bible a new conception of life and man followed the gayety and adventure of the Elizabethan

time. The great problems of life and death, the obstinate questionings of the soul, pressed for answer. Life gained in moral grandeur, in a sense of the dignity of manhood, in orderliness and equable force — while it lost in largeness of feeling and sympathy. The greatest gain of life, however, was in the new conception of social equality. There was a brotherhood in Christ. The meanest peasant felt himself ennobled as a child of God. The proudest noble recognized a spiritual equality in the poorest Saint. But the bond to other men was not the sense of a common manhood, but the recognition of brotherhood among the elect. Without the pale of the saints lay a world which was hateful to them, because it was the enemy of their God. Little things became great things in the glare of religious zeal. Life became hard, rigid, colorless, as it became intense.

Transplant the Puritan into the New World, with the struggle for life under new and hard conditions, the contests with nature and with savage men; men of similar convictions and ideals together, cut off from the larger world, forced to develop their life unqualified by contact with other types and phases of life — and you have the Puritan atmosphere of New England. They were the favored of God. They lived under the great Taskmaster's eye. Earnestness was the prevailing note of life. Life was in reality a warfare. The letters and diaries and sermons of the time show the lofty seriousness of old and young. The contest of the soul projected its shadows upon the world about them. There is almost no love of nature in these early letters and poems. The gloomy aisles of the forests seemed at times to be the resort of evil spirits. The text of Davenport's first sermon at New

Haven, the first message of God to the little company of pioneers was: "Then was he led up into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil."

"Sterile New England was a sort of half Hebrew theocracy, half ultra-democratic republic of little villages, separated by a pathless ocean from all the civilization and refinement of the Old World, forgotten and unnoticed, and yet burning like live coals under the obscurity with all the fervid activity of an intense, newly-kindled, peculiar and individual life."[1]

The minister was the best expression and the true leader of the New World Puritanism. No minister landed with the Pilgrims. Their pastor, John Robinson, was not permitted to see the promised land to which his ardent faith and inspiring word directed his people. But Elder Brewster exercised all the gifts of a pastor. Every infant settlement had its church and clergyman. The Puritan Company that had the settling of New England took care that there should be "plentiful provision of godly ministers." The first article of settlement of the inland town of Springfield provides for "a godly and faithful minister, with all convenient speed, with whom we propose to join in church covenant, to walk in all the ways of Christ." And John Cotton wrote home to the Motherland that there was "nothing cheap in New England but milk and ministers."

The meeting house was the central building of the Puritan town. The roads were laid out in reference to it, and the village grew up about it. The different forms through which the building passed in colonial days all preserved the central form of the pulpit. No

[1] "Old Town Folks."

order of men was ever more firmly established in the life of a people than the *Puritan Minister.*

And who were the men that stood in the pulpit — the place lifted up in the thought of the people? They represented the best life of the Mother Country. Three of them, Cotton, Hooker, and Davenport, were invited to sit in the Westminster Assembly. Cotton at the age of twenty-three had made a reputation as a preacher at Cambridge University, and for twenty years had been vicar of the noblest parish church in England, that of St. Botolph's of Boston. At last he yielded his place for larger liberty of prophesying and sought the simple congregation of the wilderness. He was among the first pastors of the new Boston. From 1630–1647, during the Puritan immigration, ninety university men had come to the American churches; in fact, all the early ministers were university graduates. "The guiding and directing force of the Puritan churches was supplied by an element which was itself molded on the banks of the Cam and the Isis, under the influences and refinements of the best culture which the England of that day could give."

And when the Puritan immigration stopped — as it did with the establishment of civil and religious liberty in England — under Cromwell, the Puritans of New England were able to raise up and train their own ministry, not behind in ability — and not much behind in training, the men that had come from Oxford and Cambridge. Hardly a score of feeble villages had been planted along the coast when Harvard was established — its seal, "For Christ and the Church," indicating the great purpose of its founders, to train a ministry for the Kingdom of God in the New World. And as soon as the settlers began to move westward,

along the valley of the Connecticut and the single Mother College was not right at their doors, Yale began with the same sacred mission. The Church and the school were together — and the teachers of religion must be picked men and given the best culture possible.

The first President Dwight of Yale described what he calls "the progress of every clergyman . . . until he arrives at the desk. From infancy to manhood his whole character is subjected to the inspection of his parents, of his schoolmaster, of the parish in which he is born and bred, of the government of the college in which he is educated, of the Church to which he is united and of the clergyman by whom he is instructed in theology." The Bible and questions of religion were an essential part of the college training. There were no theological schools, but the apprenticeship, as it may be truly called, of the young man to the study and parish of some eminent minister gave him a quick entry into the hearts of men and an early understanding of his great task — though of course not the breadth of culture that belongs to the modern school of theology.

A man coming from a community essentially religious, thus picked and trained, could not fail to be a leader and leave his mark on all life. He was a *leader in education.* For the first century the minister was both the inspirer and director of schools and colleges. All the professors and tutors were ministers or men on the way to the calling. Moses Hallock educated in his own family over 300 young people. Dr. Wood trained two of his parishioners for college, Ezekiel and Daniel Webster. "Patrick Henry was always ready to acknowledge his debt for instruction and in-

spiration to Samuel Davies, whose style of eloquence in the pulpit was the model that he adopted in his own great speeches." [1]

The Puritan Minister created the early *literature*. One of the first books published was the "Bay State Psalm Book." And sermons and theological discussions were about the only literature in the hands of the people. The romance and drama of the Elizabethan age were thought unholy to eyes once opened to the heavenly beauty and the "Paradise Lost" had not been written. The first systematic theology was that of President Willard of Harvard — series of sermons that were preached in the college chapel and at the South Church in Boston. The minister was not a religious recluse, but a man of affairs. He was often a farmer as well as a preacher, and interested in everything that pertained to the welfare of his fellow men.

His social position was assured. And in civil matters his voice was influential. There was no separation between sacred and secular. The State was a theocracy. Town meetings were called in connection with the mid-week lecture and opened by him with prayer, and he spoke out on practical matters with other men. In fact it was a saying that New England was run by the parsons and their families. The word parson itself sums up his position, for it is only another word for person — *the* person of the town. And we must believe that he won this not by the assertion of authority so much as by his manhood, by the rational, fearless, practical, large-hearted way that he dealt with men and affairs. President Dwight declared that "The real weight of clergymen in New

[1] "Clergy in American Life," p. 5.

England consisted wholly in their influence; an influence derived from their office and their conduct." They embodied the highest ideals and set forth the vital principles of their common activity.

Cotton Mather's "Magnalia" is the best picture of the life: "The prose epic of New England Puritanism, it has been called, setting forth in heroic mood the principles, the history, and the personal characters of the fathers. The principles, theologic and disciplinary alike, are stated with clearness, dignity and fervor. And the life-like portraits of the Lord's chosen, though full of quaintly fantastic phrases and artless pedantries, are often drawn with touches of enthusiastic beauty." And Professor Wendell in his "Literary History of America" says that the New England Puritans "embodied first that kind of restless versatility which characterized Elizabethan England, and which even to our own day has remained characteristic of New England Yankees."

And now as to the sermons. They were of goodly length and the people did not usually consider them an infliction. The hour glass was the monitor of length, and when the last sands were running out the preacher was drawing his application to a close. Some sermons were proverbial for length. Mather Byles used to preach his one hour; then taking the hour glass in hand and turning it over, he would say, "Now we will take a second glass," and the people made no serious objection to the witticism or the sermon. The texts were commonly doctrinal statements or accounts of miraculous events. The sermons were essentially doctrinal — as much so as the lecture of a theological classroom. Life was simple and centered upon the great themes of religion. The people were able and ready

to follow the course of abstruse discussion. There were few or no books in their homes. No newspaper press connected them with a larger world and distracted their attention to manifold interests. The lyceum had not arisen, with its platform of free discussion. Social life was narrow and isolated, and so the minister, trained to high thought, and making the Bible and its great questions of being the supreme study, poured the strength of his mental and spiritual life into the pulpit. He fed the people with strong meat.

The mid-week lecture was an expository sermon, taking some book by course. John Cotton went through the books of the entire Bible in this way. A systematic teaching of the young was a part of every minister's work. "Milk for Babes" by John Cotton was used for more than a century and printed as a part of the New England primer.

Of course the doctrinal order was broken by some topic of present interest, as when Mr. Williams preached against veils and Mr. Eliot denounced wigs, long hair and tobacco. The doctrine always had its practical bearing; but the sermons, compared with those of the present day, were abstract and speculative, and lacking in the variety and reality of interest that make the strongest appeal to men.

Neither was there the warm and rich personality that we now expect in the best preaching. The mold of the thought was about as fixed and mechanical as the theology. The Puritan divines were strong souls that left their idea of a sermon as a form imposed upon their successors for generations. "The method of sermonizing was first to unfold the text historically and critically; then raise from it a doctrine; then bring forward the proofs, either inferential or direct; then

illustrate it or justify it to the understanding by the reasons drawn from the philosophy of the subject, or the nature of things; and finally conclude with an improvement by the way of uses or inferences and timely admonitions and exhortations. These applications, or uses and exhortations often formed the greater part of the discourse."

John Robinson never came to New England, but his spirit came with the little band of exiles, and he can be called the first preacher of the New World. A short passage from his farewell sermon to the Pilgrims gives his style and spirit:

> Brethren, we are now quickly to part from one another, and whether I may ever live to see your faces on earth any more, the God of Heaven only knows; but whether the Lord has appointed that or no, I charge you before God, and His blessed angels, that you follow me no farther than you have seen me follow the Lord Jesus Christ. If God reveals anything to you by any other instrument of His, be as ready to receive it, as ever you were to receive any truth by my ministry; for I am verily persuaded, I am very confident, the Lord has more truth yet to break forth out of His holy word. For my part, I cannot sufficiently bewail the condition of the Reformed churches, who are come to a period in religion, and will go at present no farther than the instruments of their reformation. The Lutherans cannot be drawn to go beyond what Luther saw; whatever part of His good will our God has revealed to Calvin, they will rather die than embrace it; and the Calvinists you see, stick fast where they were left by that great man of God, who yet saw not all things.

The freedom from human authority, the reverence for the Scripture, the faith in larger things is character-

istic of the Pilgrim spirit that made the progressive element of New England life.

I take another extract, this time from Mr. Hooker, who moved in 1636 with his congregation from Cambridge through the wilderness and settled Hartford, and whom Mr. John Fiske, in his "Beginnings of New England," calls the father of American Democracy. The sermon is on the "Activity of Faith" and has the formal structure and minute divisions of the time, but a directness and liveliness quite his own, that makes it still good reading. The part that I choose is the "*use*," so called, the practical truth derived from the doctrine. He has established the doctrine that "Faith causeth fruitfulness in the hearts and lives of those in whom it is," and then he applies the use in the following homely and pungent way:

If this be so, then it falleth foul, and is a heavy bill of indictment against many that live in the bosom of the Church. Go thy ways home, and read but this text, and consider seriously but this one thing in it: That whosoever is the Son of Abraham hath faith, and whosoever hath faith is a walker, is a marker; by the footsteps of faith you may see where faith hath been. Will not this then I say, fall marvelous heavy upon many souls that live in the bosom of the Church, who are confident and put it out of all question, that they are true believers, and make no doubt but what they have faith? But look to it, wheresoever faith is, it is fruitful. If thou art fruitless, say what thou wilt, thou hast no faith at all.

Alas! these idle drones, these idle Christians, the Church is too full of them! Men are continually hearing, and yet remain fruitless and unprofitable; whereas if there were more faith in the world, we should have more work done in the world; faith would set feet, and hands, and eyes, and all on work. Men go under the

name of professors, but alas! they are but pictures; they stir not a whit; mark where you found them at the beginning of the year, as profane, as worldly, as loose in their conversations, as formal in duty as ever. And is this faith? O! faith would work other matters, and provoke a soul to other passages than these.

There is a vividness and directness and practical power in this way of putting truth that belonged to the early Puritans, and you notice that the style in its nervous vigor is the style of Shakespear and the English Bible.

The doctrines of the older Calvinism were the preaching practically for a hundred years, but with this difference. The early preachers, Robinson, Cotton, Eliot, Hooker, and men like them, put the emphasis upon personal responsibility — using the motives addressed to free beings.

But as church life in New England became established and religion developed from within — the isolation of their life ensuring the logical development of doctrine — the central truths of the early Calvinism asserted their supremacy — the stress was placed more and more on God's part in redemption, and man was left practically passive and religion and preaching became formal and hard and dogmatic.

Take up the sermons of Cotton Mather — fifty years after Hooker the most voluminous writer in the early literature — and you feel at once the change in tone and style. He has poetic elements — power of vision and feeling, but they are marred by strange conceits and even puerilities. The interpretation is artificial, everything bent to establish formal doctrine, and the exhortations with which the sermon is plentifully sprinkled, seemed mechanical, without light and warmth. There is not the reality of rich thought and life. There

is lacking that pervasive spirit of humanness — knowledge of men and sympathy with them — that characterizes the best preaching of every age.

An age of stronger preachers came with Edwards and his successors. The work of the spirit was emphasized and the discrimination between the Church and the world drawn with sharper lines. The preaching of the "Great Awakening" once more dwelt upon man's choice and led to revivals and great missionary movements. And yet the preaching was metaphysical rather than Scriptural. They elaborated doctrine with matchless mental acuteness. "Sermons were arguments, chains forged with the set purpose to hold in subjection the minds of men."

No one has drawn a more vivid picture of the later Puritan preacher than Mrs. Stowe in "The Minister's Wooing":

> Living an intense, earnest, practical life, mostly tilling the earth with their own hands, they yet carried on the most startling and original religious investigations with a simplicity that might have been deemed audacious, were it not so reverential. All old issues relating to government, religion, ritual, and forms of church organization having for them passed away, they went straight to the heart of things, and boldly confronted the problem of universal being. They had come out from the world as witnesses to the most solemn and sacred of human rights. They had accustomed themselves boldly to challenge and dispute all sham pretentions and idolatries of past ages — to question the right of Kings in the State, and of Prelates in the Church; and now they turned the same bold inquiries towards the Eternal Throne, and threw down their gloves in the lists as authorized defenders of every mystery in the Eternal Government. The task they proposed to themselves was that of reconciling the most

tremendous facts of sin and evil, present and eternal, with those conceptions of Infinite power and benevolence which their own strong and generous natures enabled them so vividly to realize.

Dr. Samuel Hopkins of Newport, the hero of the "Minister's Wooing," is best known by the doctrine attached to his name. "It has been his too exclusively known opinion that 'we should be willing to be damned for the glory of God.' The fact that he was actually and very practically willing to be, and was, damned by many Newport gentlemen and traders, for his interference with their business of slave-catching and owning, has had scantier recognition." His opinions that virtue is disinterested benevolence, and that moral perfection is the goal of human life had great influence on the later views of Edwards and are felt a generation later in Channing's conception of Christianity as "the perfect life."

They were often the poets of metaphysical theology, and built systems in artistic fervor. They presented a lofty ideal — and as often left men disheartened and despairing in their inability. There wasn't much encouragement for struggling virtue. There was little food convenient for the lambs and the weaklings. It has been well said that they knocked out every round of the ladder but the highest — and then said to the world, "Go up and be saved."

And the effect of this preaching is not hard to trace. It was preaching for an elect few, for the hard thinkers delighting in metaphysical subtleties, or the deeply devout natures who longed after an unworldly ideal — but not food for the multitude who must be won through human affections and the sacraments of love.

The first generation were picked men. They were

all religious, and they had things their own way. All the circumstances of life were helps to religion. Their children were not in daily contact with a Godless world. And yet the children did not become church members. In the second generation but one in four of the men were professing Christians. The sermons and discussions of the time — the end of the seventeenth century — are full of pathetic complaint of "The great unfruitfulness under the means of grace." There was a steady declension of spiritual life under high Calvinism until the revival movements under Edwards and his successors modified the doctrines and preached the Gospel with saving power. The Puritan preacher ennobled and exalted the few who were able to receive his truth, but to the many his truth was a hard saying — and many thoughtful sensitive natures were left without peace and happiness. But they were loyal to truth — as they saw it. They revered conscience as their King. God's will was supreme. And they have left as a permanent deposit in our laws and institutions and literature and ideals, a regard for duty as the voice of God.

II

JONATHAN EDWARDS

Mr. George Bancroft, our historian, has written: "He that would know the workings of the New England mind in the middle of the eighteenth century and the throbbings of its heart, must give his days and nights to the study of Jonathan Edwards." And Professor Allen of Cambridge, the last biographer of Edwards, adds the comment: "He that would understand the significance of later New England thought, must make Edwards the first object of his study."

And to these common American estimates, I would add the words of Dr. Fairbairn of Oxford, in the "Prophets of the Christian Faith": "We are fain to confess that in this lone New Englander, preaching now in Northampton, whether amid the excitement of the Great Revival or in the face of the coldness of an estranged people, and now laboring in the backwoods at Stockbridge, amid Indians and amid countrymen ruder than the Indians, we yet have one who holds his place amid the most honorable of the doctors of the Church, of the philosophers of his century, and of the Saints of God." "He is perhaps the only American intellect," says Dr. George A. Gordon, "that deserves a place in the ranks of the world's great thinkers. We can be sure that he is among the Kings; we cannot be sure that another name in our history is there."

It is not the purpose to speak of Edwards as a thinker; though without question, it is as a thinker.

by his books on philosophy and theology, that he has influenced men far more than by person and speech. Yet it is the easier and narrower task that I set myself, to speak of Edwards as a preacher.

Three questions we must ask, if we would understand the work of any preacher; they concern the message, the manner, the personality. What truth did the man speak? Was the word simply an echo of other voices — or was it a personal and peculiar message — a prophet's word in adaptation to the need of the generation and in its directness and reality from the spirit of God? How was it spoken? In the conventional form and accent of the time, or in new channels of power? And more subtly still — what was the person behind message and speech, the peculiar and rich elements of personality that transmuted truth into life?

I would try to get some idea of the man first. He was a product of the intense, isolated, religious life of New England. "In the attempt to understand him," says Dr. Fairbairn, "we have first to realize the comparative isolation in which he lived, and therefore the independence with which he worked. If we put him back into his time without recollection of his place, no man could seem less the son of his century. He was born in 1703, a year before Locke died. In England, Deism had commenced its belligerent and barren career. Berkeley had entered Trinity College, and was jotting down in his commonplace book the speculations that were later to become a new 'Theory of Vision' and furnish the 'Principles of Human Knowledge.' Toland was busy proving Christianity not mysterious, and arguing for a new Theism which should make God all in all. Of those who may be regarded

as more strictly his contemporaries, Joseph Butler entered Oriel College, Oxford, just about the time Edwards entered Yale. David Hume, eight years his senior, became, like Edwards, a student of Locke, but, unlike him, so interpreted Locke as to deduce from him a system of universal doubt, which did not, like that of Descartes, spare thought and find through the ego a way into reasoned belief. In France, in the very year of Edwards' birth, Voltaire entered, a boy of nine, the great Jesuit school, the Collège Louis le Grand, and began to prepare himself to conduct his crusade — in its essence more Christian than those of the middle ages — against the tyranny of the unreal and make-believe in religion. While Edwards was pastor in Northampton, Rousseau was indulging himself in all the luxury of sentiment, and feeling his way toward the limitation of the individual and the construction of society through the 'Social Contract.' As Edwards, diffident in secular things while greatly daring in intellectual, was describing to the Corporation of Princeton his 'peculiarly unhappy constitution . . . his contemptibleness of speech, presence, and demeanor, much unfitting me for conversation, but more especially for the government of a college,' and hesitating to accept the position offered to him — a younger contemporary in Germany, Lessing, was turning his thoughts to the reform of the theater, and to a more scientific interpretation of religion and its history. But Edwards in his New England home lived apart from all these European movements and influences. They could, indeed, hardly be said to have touched him."

He inherited the earnest, analytic, introspective, speculative mind of New England. Its most thought-

ful life came to flower in his mind. When a mere boy in years the reading of Locke's essay on the understanding revealed the bent of his mind and started the train of philosophic study — carried on to the day of his death, and shaping all his work as preacher and controversialist. It is not certain that he ever studied the works of Bishop Berkeley, but one of his college tutors, Samuel Johnson, was an ardent disciple of Berkeley, and Edwards was vitally affected by Idealism. A recent writer thinks his idealism an independent vision of truth. The keen, patient, penetrative, analytic mind would have made notable additions to science or law had it been devoted to such pursuits. The outer world, as in most young and ardent souls, did make its appeal to the boy. And his study of American spiders, when but twelve years, sent to the Royal Society of Great Britain, is the first record of nature-study in the Colonies, and the promise of what he might have done had he given himself to pure science. But to neither science nor philosophy was this life born. His call was not to philosophy but to religious teaching. "To the life of the Spirit he was anointed from his birth." His studies on the mind and the nature of excellence, written when at college, at sixteen, are perhaps without parallel for his years — and were essentially reproduced at fifty in the discussions on the "Nature of True Virtue." But questions of mind were subordinate to those of the soul. Problems of Being were God, and man's relation to God. Speculation was started and governed for the ends of salvation. God was the good — and the all — Religion was the end of thought — the substance of life. Edwards was a dedicated spirit. Religious impressions were strong from the earliest years.

But the years immediately following his graduation at Yale were those of special religious interest and growing consecration. He studied two years with a minister, as was the custom, then had a short service in a Presbyterian church in New York, and was called back to Yale to serve for three years as a tutor. The latter years were full of unfolding conceptions of truth and deepening of feelings.

The resolutions written before he was nineteen show the strength and sincerity of his religious nature:

Resolved, never to do any manner of thing, whether in soul or body, less or more, but what tends to the glory of God, nor be nor suffer it, if I can possibly avoid it.

Resolved, to live with all my might, while I do live.

Resolved, never to do anything which I should be afraid to do if it were the last hour of my life.

Resolved, never to count that a prayer nor to let that pass as a prayer, nor that as a petition of a prayer, which is so made that I cannot hope that God will answer it.

The boy here was father to the man. The spirit of loftly resolve characterized his entire life. When he took charge of the church at Northampton at twenty-five, he did so as a student who would not let his life be frittered away in useless employments. The preacher was the messenger, and the strength of life must be devoted to getting and giving the message. He sought first of all a better knowledge of the Bible. He made few visits, feeling that they were too often but the gratification of social nature. He gave thirteen hours a day to hard study. His life was one of simplicity, discipline, toil — devotion to the highest things.

There was little or no recreation. He had a gracious and gifted wife. One of the most quaint and beauti-

ful letters — it might be called a love-letter — was the one written to the young girl who afterward shared his desires and his toils. The wife in both mental and spiritual gifts was a fit companion for the husband. Children were born to them. There must have been play and laughter, and the sweet joys and sports of childhood. But little of this breaks in upon the prevailing seriousness of life. He knows nothing of recreation, accountable no doubt for his own description of his later constitution —" attended with vapid and scarce fluids and a low tide of spirits." Towards the end of his life he happened upon a novel that in some mysterious way had found entrance into his house, the " Clarissa " of Richardson, and he got such delight out of it, such rest for his mind overtaxed in a single and fixed direction of thought, such food for the human sympathies, starved a little by concentration upon the absolute and etherial goodness, that he confesses that he had made a mistake in not knowing more of the joys of imagination in poetry and fiction, and the rest and renewal of nature.

Lyman Beecher, a true successor of Edwards in nature and doctrine and work, kept the balance of life and preserved his youthful sympathy and spirit by his fondness for rod and gun, and by the frolics and discussions with his eager crew of boys. Edwards was essentially an ascetic — not the sour and repellent kind — but the truer and nobler type — by the dominance of his moral earnestness. His denial was not for merit, with little morbid self-consciousness, but for work; the discipline of his own life and that of his household for the higher purpose that he felt to be for the glory of God.

But the most beautiful and dominant trait of Edwards' character was his passion for the divine. He might be called, as Maurice was, "a God-possessed man." He was an Idealist and a Mystic. God was all. The external world was the expression of God in finite modes. The human soul was God working in the sphere of mind. "He was penetrated with the mystic's conviction of some far-reaching, deep-seated alienation which separates man from God"— and also of the immediate communication to men of spiritual light and life. One of his first published sermons (1734) was from the words of Christ to Peter: "Blessed art thou, Simon Barjona; for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven." And his doctrine —"A divine and supernatural light immediately imparted to the soul, shown to be both a Scriptural and Rational doctrine." The modern verse voices his spirit exactly:

> Beyond the sacred page
> I seek Thee, Lord: —
> My spirit pants for Thee,
> O Living Word.

We read in his Diary in the early years of his ministry: "Once as I rode out into the woods for my health, in 1737, having alighted from my horse in a retired place, as my manner commonly has been to walk for Divine contemplation and prayer, I had a view that for me was extraordinary, of the glory of the Son of God, as mediator between God and man, and his wonderful, great, full, pure, and sweet grace and love, and meek and gentle condescension. This grace that appeared so calm and sweet, appeared also

great above the heavens. The Person of Christ appeared ineffably excellent with an excellency great enough to swallow up all thought and conception — which continued, as near as I can judge, about an hour; which kept one the greater part of the time in a flood of tears, and weeping aloud. I felt an ardency of soul to be, what I knew not otherwise how to express, emptied and annihilated; to lie in the dust, and to be full of Christ alone; to love him with a holy and pure love; to trust in him; to live upon him; to serve and follow him; and to be perfectly sanctified and made pure, with a divine and heavenly purity. I have had several other times very much of the same nature, and which have had the same effects."

A nature intense and spiritual, a mind speculative and rational, a faith pure and elevated — and you have the rare and noble personality. It is this that must ever be held in thought as the all pervasive and effective force in considering his influence as a preacher.

The person of Edwards expressed the lofty soul within. Tall and slender — of grave and gracious manner, his face with something of the feminine cast — but without weakness; a face speaking of a delicate and nervous organization, implying at once capacity for both sweetness and severity, he had the presence and the spirit that we associate with St. John.

Put a man so dowered by nature, and so under spiritual forces, into a Puritan community like Northampton at the beginning of the eighteenth century, and the religious movement termed the "Great Awakening" seems the natural result. It does not lessen the fact that the Spirit of God touched men, to keep before us the natural conditions for His working.

What was the *message* of Edwards' sermons? The truths of the older Calvinism — shaped by his idealism and made vivid by the intensity and reality of his spiritual conceptions.

He has been called a monotheistic idealist, with the emphasis upon the *mono*. "In a sense there is nothing but mind and its ideas — those of man being effects from those of God." Nature is thus the continuous creation of God.

His philosophy governed his theology and shaped his preaching. "God is and there is none else." "Creation is the disposition of God to communicate himself, to diffuse His own fullness." "Religion is imitation of God." "Virtue is love to the greatest happiness, or governed by the very end for which God made the world. True virtue is love for God."

His sense of the dreadfulness of sin increased with his vision of the fullness and perfection of God. The fall had wrought catastrophe in human life. It had made a gulf between God and Man.

In his representations of the nature of God, he seems to take the opposite pole from modern thought, viz., the Divine distinct and different from anything human. "The human and the divine have nothing in common." He makes nothing of the objection that all the attributes of God's holiness, as justice, love — are seen to belong to the nature of man, at least in germ. Here is the distinct advance of modern theology. "All religious philosophy will admit that in God there is the Eternal Prototype of humanity. All religious thinking must recognize in the Deity an Eternal basis for the nature, the advent, the career and ideal of humanity. What possible interest can human beings have in the Infinite, if society is not organ-

ized out of His life, if He is not the ground of its order and hope?"[1]

This of course affected Edwards' view of man's nature, his doctrine of sin and regeneration. As there was nothing in human nature since the Fall that had anything in common with the divine nature, human nature was totally sinful. He drew a sharp distinction between the natural and the spiritual. All the moralities of common life — its duties, its loves, its delights — were only natural, they were without God, cut off from the operations of his spirit. At times he teaches that the common operations of the Spirit may affect men in the family and in society — but there is no divine life in them. And so he portrayed as never before or since the evil of the human heart, pursuing with his persistent logic the sin into every motive and action of life. His view of total depravity is the picture of life as he conceived it, totally without God's influence. He says of children: "As innocent as young children seem to be to us, yet if they are out of Christ, they are not so in God's light, but are young vipers, and infinitely more hateful than vipers, and are in a most miserable condition as well as grown persons."

Such a doctrine is wrought out in the study — letting his logic work with the exactness of mathematical processes — but is not the conclusion from his study of the scriptures and human life. Let a life be without a particle of divine influence — with absolute separation, alienation from God — and the result would be the picture of Edwards. But such a picture is an abstraction of his own brain. Such is not life. No life

[1] Gordon, Geo. A., "The Christ of To-day," p. 115.

is absolutely without the influences of the Spirit. God's spirit is as real and present and universal as man's sin. And all men are the children of God, however much they have wandered from the Father's house and life. "Nothing could be sublimer than Edwards' conception of God at his best; nothing could be more incredible than the treatment to which he subjects the race under God. His theology is living, powerful; it is bound to become in the new century a profounder influence; his anthropology has become a mythology." [1]

Edwards made prominent in the teaching of the pulpit the Doctrine of Regeneration. "That there is an absolute and universal dependence of the redeemed on God for all their good" he taught in the first printed sermons (1731). In regeneration something was imparted absolutely different from the sinful or natural life. And this new life was to be imparted by the will of God. He rejected the natural, instinctive working of the conscience against the absolute sovereignty of God, as an evil to be overcome, and he brought himself to receive sovereignty as the chief fact. His theory of the will — hailed by Hume and others of the empirical school as a doctrine of necessity and so essentially anti-Christian — turned the thought to sovereignty and regeneration rather than repentance and faith. One is free only to follow disposition. The disposition towards holiness is the direct impartation of the Spirit. "An inclination is nothing but God's influencing the soul according to a certain law of nature." And so Edwards preached the holiness of God, the divine excellence of Christ, the nature of true affec-

[1] Edwards, "Retrospect," p. 65.

tion, the awful state of the sinner, and the majority of his hearers who were led to faith passed through long and agonizing periods of self-examination — alternations of hope and fear — before they felt the assurance and joy of the new life. Even tragic experiences attended his preaching — souls waiting for the heavenly change, and left hopeless in growing darkness of the mind.

In contrast to this moral inability, this helpless dependence upon the sovereignty of God, contrast the modern appeal to will. I take a paragraph from Dr. Taylor's Paul the Missionary — Paul before Agrippa: "The will is the rudder of the soul, and turneth it whithersoever it listeth; and when that will chooses to give in and give up to Christ, the man becomes a Christian. Thus, in a very solemn sense, God has placed our everlasting destiny in our own choice. If we receive life from Christ, it is because we will to come to him; and if we die eternally, it is because we will to die. No man becomes a Christian against his will; it is by willing to be so that he becomes a Christian, and it is over this willing that the whole battle of conversion has to be fought. There is no one here who may not be saved, if he will."

In the first year of his ministry Edwards wrote his sermons and read them. In later years he often preached without writing. He was quiet in his manner, making few gestures, his voice never loud, marked by little physical earnestness, but with a penetration and spiritual intensity that carried his truth to the innermost being and lighted up the most hidden recesses of motive and affection. This quiet, philosophic preacher had greater mastery over his audiences than Whitefield. The body itself sympathized with the

writhings of the spirit. And at times hell seemed yawning under their feet, and men rose and laid hold of the pillars of the church for fear their feet should slide into the place of torment.

"It was his manner also which helped to make him what he is confessed to have been, the greatest preacher of his age. His gift was individual, original; he was neither made nor spoiled by the schools. He was inimitable, his power was never described. He was no glowing orator. He spoke quietly and with little gesture, but as one who knew. His eyes were seeing things of which he talked, and not the people to whom he spoke. He was calm and pale, he had the form of an ascetic; rapt and serious in look, it was his habit to lean upon the pulpit with marvelous eyes alight, a face illuminate from within, earnest, confident, authoritative, with nothing in his vesture or manner priestly except that his heart was touched with the feeling of our infirmities."[1]

The style on the whole is plain, marked by few beauties, making its appeal directly to reason and conscience, through the arguments from scripture and experience. Here is an example of the plain, practical preaching that follows the keen analysis of the scripture and the doctrine derived from it. It is from a sermon on Joseph's *Temptation and Deliverance*. One of the inferences is "We may in many things determine whether any custom be of a good tendency by considering what the effect would be if it was openly and universally owned and practiced." And then he applies the principle to frolics (probably country balls):

[1] Edwards, p. 103.

I desire our young people to suffer their ears to be opened to what I have to say on this point, as I am the messenger of the Lord of hosts to them, and not determine that they will not harken, before they have heard what I shall say. Try this custom by these rules, and see whether it will bear the test or not. Two things will be found:

1. Where there is most of this carried on among young people, it will be found that the young people are commonly a loose, vain and irreligious generation; little regarding God, heaven or hell or anything but vanity. And that community in those town where most frolicking is carried on, there are the most frequent breaking out of gross sins; fornication in particular.

2. They are the persons furthest from serious thought, and are the vainest and loosest on other accounts. And whence should this be, if such a practice was not sinful, or had not a natural tendency to lead persons into sin?

And so he goes on. He has used his powers of intellect to build up a massive doctrine and then he uses inference after inference to pursue the soul, to hunt out and condemn the particular practice that he feels is hostile to the eternal welfare of the soul. It is a fair example of the practical spirit of his sermons.

One is impressed perhaps most of all in reading the sermons with Edwards' sense of the dreadfulness of sin and his portrayal of the terrible reality of it. Whatever be the text or doctrine, you will find some vivid picture of sin. Here is one from the sermon on the "Free Christian Life." He has been describing the heavenward journey, and then he places another picture beside it by way of sharp contrast:

Some men spend their whole lives, from their infancy to their dying days, in going down the broad way to de-

struction. While others press forward in the straight and narrow way to life, and laboriously travel up the hill towards Zion against the inclinations and tendency of the flesh; these run with a swift career down towards the valley of eternal death; towards the lake of fire; towards the bottomless pit.

A wicked man is a servant of sin; his powers and faculties are all employed in the service of sin, and in fitting for hell.

Thus do all unclean persons, that live in lascivious practices in secret. Thus do all malicious persons. Thus do all profane persons, that neglect duties of religion. Thus do all unjust persons; and those that are fraudulent and oppressive in their dealings. Thus do all backbiters and revilers. Thus do all covetous persons, that set their hearts chiefly on the riches of the world. Thus do far the greater part of men; the bulk of mankind are hasting onward in the broad way of destruction.

In many of the sermons — nearly all that I have read — the appeal is made boldly and terribly to the sense of fear. There is little appeal to the higher elements — too little showing of the "winsom and perfect form of goodness." In a single volume are "God's Enemies," "The Damnation of Sinners," "The Punishment of the Wicked," "Eternity of Hell Torments," and "Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God":

We can conceive but little of the matter (he says) — one cannot conceive what that sinking of the soul in such a case is. But to help your conception, imagine yourself to be cast into a fiery oven, all of a glowing heat, or into the midst of a glowing brick-kiln, or of a great furnace, where your pain would be as much greater than that occasioned by accidentally touching a coal of fire, as the heat is greater. Imagine also that your body

were to lie there for a quarter of an hour, full of fire, as full within and without as a bright coal of fire, all the while full of quick sense; what horror would you feel at the entrance of such a furnace! And how long would that quarter of an hour seem to you! If it were to be measured by a glass, how long would the glass seem to be running! And after you had endured it for one minute, think how overbearing would it be to you to think that you had it to endure the other fourteen!

And he goes on increasing the minutes to hours, and the hours to years, and to millions of years, and with each addition the horror grows. But why go on? One example is enough. Such realism of hell has never been portrayed outside of Dante and Doré. In fact, Edwards is the very Doré of the pulpit in his minute, realistic, materialistic portrayal of suffering. Human nature cannot endure it. It must cry out. A minister who heard the sermon on "Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God" plucked Edwards by the tails of his coat, crying out in his agony, "Oh! Mr. Edwards, is not God a God of mercy?"

But we shall get a partial and wrong view of these sermons if we think of them chiefly for their notes of warning. There are transcendental views of love in them, and the sense of beauty and the poetic elements of imagination and feeling. There is a mind like Wordsworth in some of his observations:

The Son of Man creates the world for this very end, to communicate himself in an image of His own excellency. He communicates himself properly only to spirits, and they only are capable of being proper images of His excellency, for they only are properly beings. Yet he communicates a sort of shadow or glimpse of His ex-

cellencies to bodies which, as we have shown, are but the shadows of beings and not real beings.

So that, when we are delighted with flowery meadows and gentle breezes of wind, we may consider that we see only emanations of the sweet benevolence of Jesus Christ. When we behold the fragrant rose and lily, we see His love and purity. So the green trees and fields, and singing birds are the emanations of His infinite joy and benignity. The crystal rivers and murmuring streams are the footsteps of His favor, grace and beauty. That beauteous light with which the world is filled in a clear day is a lively shadow of His spotless holiness, and happiness and delight in communicating himself.

When we think that love of nature had not yet found voice in Thomson, and Gray, and Burns, and Wordsworth, we must recognize the trueness and tenderness of this Puritan soul amid the shadows of sin and suffering. This seems a companion to the *Crusaders' Hymn* from the German of the sixteenth century:

Fairest Lord Jesus,
Ruler of all nature,
O Thou of God and Man the Son;
Thee will I cherish,
Thee will I honor,
Thou, my soul's glory, joy, and crown.

Fair are the meadows,
Fairer still the woodlands,
Robed in the blooming garb of Spring;
Jesus is fairer,
Jesus is purer,
Who makes the woeful heart to sing.

Fair is the sunshine,
Fairer still the moonlight,

And all the twinkling, starry host;
Jesus shines brighter,
Jesus shines purer,
Than all the angels heaven can boast.

Twenty-five years at Northampton, ten years at Stockbridge, preaching to Indians and frontiersmen, and sending books and sermons to the press, and a few months as President of Princeton College, makes the outline of his life. There is no sadder chapter in the annals of the American pulpit than his experience at Northampton. After years of devoted service — and religious awakenings from his preaching that stirred the entire community and the colonies — the people turning against him, and in bitterness driving him from his pulpit. But according to the old story, the children have built the sepulcher of the prophet — the name of Edwards resting on the chief church of Northampton, and the name the special honor of the town.

The preaching of Edwards banished the sacramental tendency from the Puritan Church, though he lost his own church by it. The line had gradually been lessened between church members and the congregation. Baptism was administered to all and all urged to come to the Lord's Table, often considering it as a saving ordinance. But Edwards' sharp distinction between the common and special influences of the spirit, between the natural and spiritual life, and his bringing into prominence the doctrine of regeneration led anew to the spiritual conception of the Christian life.

Edwards' doctrine of the freedom of the will (a freedom only in name) became a bridge to modern Calvinism in which freedom implies choice of motives.

He preached so that men were profoundly moved. He defended the preaching which appeals to the affections. "What the people need is not to have their heads stored, so much as to have their hearts touched." And there is a close connection between this appeal to emotions — the revival fervor that swept the colonies — and the beginnings of the sentiments of humanity, breaking the coldness, and cruelty of the seventeenth century, and finding expression in efforts to reach the heathen and to free the slave. The philanthropies and social struggles that have made our century bright with promise got something of their inspiration from the work of Edwards. "Edwards stood like Dante at the beginning of a new age and at the dividing of the waters, after the long régime of Puritanism in the English-speaking world. He too was the precursor of a great humanitarian movement which went on accumulating in power till it became the controlling force in the nineteenth century, manifesting itself in literature, in art, in science, and political economy, till it culminated in the sociological movements of the age in which we live." [1]

No doubt his printed word has had far more influence than the spoken sermons. In his bold search for truth, in his trust to the processes of an enlightened reason, in his effort to find the reasonableness of truth, he marks an era in Christian thought. He is father of those who have sought for deeper realities. In some of his later works, and the unpublished MSS. "he anticipated many of the best conceptions in later discussions — the affinity of the two natures as a presupposition of personal union, the genuineness and

[1] Edwards, p. 9.

value of our Lord's humanity, and his eternal mediation."

In spite of the scholasticism of much of his teaching, and the severity of some of his accents, he is a man with his face to the future, a prophet of the later day. "His spiritual philosophy, his sense of God, the light and radiance of his pure and lofty character, the penetrativeness of his insight into the unity of the cosmos . . . will attract and enlighten and quicken. We shall not go back to him, nor yet go forward without him."

In this far too brief and superficial study of the sermons of Jonathan Edwards, two truths or lessons have taken shape with growing clearness. It would be well if we could get something of his realization of God's presence, his "practice of the presence of God," to use the phrase of Father Lawrence. God spoke to him, and all that he saw and did had direct and vital relation with God. Call it mysticism if you will, all the great souls from Paul to Phillips Brooks have had this God-consciousness. It has given elevation to their life and authority to their word.

Then I think it would be well if we had a profounder sense of sin. It is often hard for us to think of men as lost. The refinements of our life and thought, the spiritualizing of our conceptions of reward, of heaven and hell, have no doubt dimmed the sharpness of penalty, and taken from many eyes the horror of sin. We cannot frighten men into the noblest life. The transcendent view of love which Edwards taught, in contrast to the narrow selfishness of early New England, leads us to this lesson. But men ought to fear sin, and an outraged goodness. Goodness is not an easy indifference; it is moral order, and sin — the least you

can think of — is moral disorder. We must not forget the wrath of the lamb. One of the truths recovered, like the writing of an old palimpsest, by the sharp chemicals of war, is the dreadfulness of sin and the helplessness of men left to natural law.

While I would try to realize the fact of God and the guilt of sin, I am grateful that men have followed out the suggestions of Edwards' thinking, and that God is in His world, everywhere for its good; that He is in Christ redeeming the world to Himself; that the whole race is lighted with the dawn of a new day; that no soul is lost save by the willful rejection of light.

For the love of God is broader
Than the measures of man's mind,
And the heart of the eternal
Is most wonderfully kind:
But we make His love too narrow
By false limits of our own,
And we magnify His strictness
With a zeal He will not own.

III

LYMAN BEECHER

The story of Lyman Beecher has a three-fold value. We see in him the first half of the nineteenth century. Probably more than any other minister, and quite as much as any public man like Webster, he made a large part of the life of his time. (1) His own varied experience mirrors the social life in our first national period. (2) His lectures and articles, and to a certain extent, his sermons, express the earnest and sometimes fierce religious and theological controversies that marked the American churches. (3) And no other preacher so fully illustrates, I think, the place and influence of the pulpit in the development of the higher life of America. Of these three things I shall first speak, and then attempt a portrait of the man and the preacher.

I

The Social Life of His Time

When Lyman Beecher was settled in his first church at East Hampton — the eastern end of Long Island — the life of the people was very simple and primitive. There was more respect for position than now, but no barrier between groups of people. The standing order, as it was called, still held in his native State, Connecticut. The Congregational Church was the State

Church, its ministry supported by public taxes. The minister was socially the first person of the town, and in all occasions and functions where a particular order was designated the minister was placed first. And yet the Church and Society were thoroughly democratic in the sense that each one had equality of opportunity. The way was free for every one to make the most of native gifts. Lyman Beecher was the son of a New Haven blacksmith and he had his boyhood and youth on an uncle's farm near Windsor. And he had as good training and his social opportunity was not less than the most favored of the land. Whatever the calling, for every one there was much hand toil. The minister was often a farmer and kept his body sound by hard outdoor work and touched men in the fellowship of work. Lyman Beecher got his exercise and living too out of the soil, at East Hampton and later at Litchfield. At Cincinnati as pastor and President of Lane Seminary he cut his garden out of the forests of Walnut Hills, and became as skilled in using his ax against the tall trees as Gladstone later became. At Boston he used to saw his own wood, and his saw hung on the walls of his study, which he was as careful to sharpen as the points of his sermons. When he had finished his own pile, he would take his saw to a neighbor's wood pile and win men as he worked.

The picture of his first parish, East Hampton, is a good example of the simple life in his time. It was the last year of the eighteenth century. "The town consisted of the plainest farm houses, standing directly on the street, with the wood pile by the front door, and the barn close by, also standing on the street. There was so little traveling that the road consisted of two ruts worn through the green turf for the

wheels, and two narrow paths for the horses. The wide green street was usually covered with flocks of white geese. On Sundays all the families from the villages about came riding to meeting in great two-horse uncovered wagons. It is probable that more than half the people of those retired villages made no other journey during their whole lives."

That was before the days of either the steamship or the railway. His few household goods were carried across from New Haven in a sloop. When he presented the call of his church to Presbytery he had to go on horseback eighty miles to Newtown, now a church in greater New York. Says Mr. Beecher in his reminiscences, "There was not a store in town, and all our purchases were made in New York by a small schooner that ran once a week. We had no carpets: there was not a carpet from end to end of the town. All had sanded floors, some of them worn through; your mother introduced the first carpet. Uncle Lot gave me some money and I had an itch to spend it. Went to a vendue and bought a bale of cotton. She spun it and had it woven; then she laid it down, sized it, and painted it in oils, with a border all around it, and bunches of roses and other flowers over the center. . . . The folks of the village thought it fine. Old Deacon Tallmadge came to see me. He stopped at the parlor door and seemed afraid to come in. 'Walk in, deacon, walk in,' said I. 'Why I can't,' said he, ''thout steppin' on't.' Then after surveying it awhile in admiration — 'D'ye think, Brother Beecher, ye can have all that, and heaven too?'"

The example of a minister on a community is strikingly seen in the following extract. It is from a letter of May, 1802. "I am able to cut wood. Have

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planted my apple seeds, set out more trees, and begun to plant my garden." And then follows the comment, "Mine was the first orchard in East Hampton. People had had the impression that fruit would not do well so near the salt water, and laughed when they saw me setting out trees. . . . It was not long, however, before others, seeing how well my orchard was thriving, began to set out trees. Now apples are plenty there. In our front door-yard your Mother had flowers and shrubs, and some of them are there yet. There is a snow ball and catalpa which she set out; others saw this and did the same. The wood piles were cleared away from the street in front of the houses, and door-yards made pretty, and shade trees set out; and now you will not find many places prettier in summer than East Hampton."

Lyman Beecher's second church was at Litchfield, Connecticut, one of the most beautiful towns of New England. It was the seat of a famous Law School, afterward removed to New Haven and made part of Yale University. Here was also a girls' school that drew young women from all parts of the Eastern States, a forerunner of the colleges and the higher education of women. Litchfield was noted for its able and distinguished men, and for its cultivated women. A French Count who came to visit the law school declared that "Litchfield had the most charming society in the world." The Governor of the State lived here and a United States Senator. Yet there were few marks of separation — few social distinctions that prevented community of feeling and interest. There were no great fortunes that tended to standards of living impossible for the majority of men. The pastor of the Litchfield Church, the first man in town intel-

lectually and in religious and social leadership, had a salary of $800.

The following pictures from Catherine Beecher, the oldest daughter, afterwards the famous teacher at Hartford, will help one to understand the combined simplicity and intellectual life of the time. "No less distinguished in point of literary cultivation was the family of George Gould, for many years associated with Judge Reeve in the law school, and afterward its principal. He was of fine appearance, polished manners, extensive acquaintance with the English Classics, and in all matters of rhetorical or verbal criticism his word was law. The Judge was fond of disputing with father, in a good natured way, the various points of orthodoxy handled in his discussions, particularly the doctrine of total depravity, and in a letter written during the last war, when party feeling ran high — the Democrats for, the Federalists against French influence — he sent a humorous message: 'Tell Mr. Beecher I am improving in orthodoxy. I have got so far as this, that I believe in the total depravity of the whole French nation.'" She says of Miss Pierce's school for girls, "The school house was a small building of only one room, probably not exceeding 30x70 feet, with small closets at each end, one large enough to hold a piano, and the other used for bonnets and overgarments. The plainest pine desks, long plank benches, a small table, and an elevated teacher's chair, constituted the whole furniture. At that time the higher branches had not entered girls' schools. Map-drawing, painting, embroidery and the piano were the accomplishments sought, and history was the only study added to geography, grammar, and arithmetic. Miss Pierce had a great admiration for the English Classics,

and inspired her pupils with the same. She sometimes required the girls to commit to memory choice selections of English poetry. And her daily counsels were interspersed with quotations from English classics." Mr. Beecher helped the school by frequent advice and address, and by such voluntary service his own daughter had her tuition. Here Harriet Beecher Stowe, the first woman novelist of our land, gained her first schooling. The girls found homes in the village, and through his entire pastorate at Litchfield, girls from the school were members of his family. It was a life so homogeneous that the influence of an attractive and devoted preacher and pastor touched the entire community.

Here is the picture of a wood bee: "When the auspicious day arrived, the snow was thick, smooth and well packed for the occasion; the sun shone through a sharp, dry, and frosty air; and the whole town was astir. Toward the middle of the afternoon, runners arrived with news of the gathering squadrons — Mt. Tom was coming with all its farmers; Bradleyville also; Chestnut Hill, and the North and South Settlements; while the town hill gentry were on the *qui vive* to hunt up every sled and yoke of oxen not employed by their owners. Before sundown, the yard, street, and the lower rooms of our house were swarming with cheerful faces. Father was ready with his cordial greetings, adroit in detecting and admiring the special merits of every load as it arrived. The kind farmers wanted to see all the children, and we were busy as bees in waiting on them. The boys heated the flip irons and passed round the cider and flip while Aunt Esther and the daughters were as busy in serving the doughnuts, cake, and cheese; and such a mountainous

wood pile as rose in our yard never before was seen in ministerial domains!"

Mr. Beecher's life in Boston was not so different from the village pastor. Boston couldn't have reached 50,000 people. There was the self-respect of long inheritance and something of a world-outlook through her merchants, an intellectual ferment among her intelligent people. But there was still much of the simplicity of the colonial isolation. No steamships brought the Old World near — only the slow and lumbering stage connected with distant towns and other states. Mr. Beecher went with his own horse and chaise from Litchfield to Portland to marry his second wife. And the household in moving to Boston made a slow caravan, just as the emigrants from Connecticut and Massachusetts came into the forests of central New York at the same time.

Even as late as 1832, when Dr. Beecher, then recognized as the first preacher of New England, started for Cincinnati to be the first President of Lane Seminary and the Professor of Theology, the way was long and painful. To New York by water, then by coach and horses to Philadelphia, thence over the Alleghany Mountains into Pittsburgh, and finally down the Ohio, by boat or by stage all the way. It took more weeks to make the journey then than it does days to-day. Chicago was no more than a frontier fort and a trading village attached. Cincinnati was a thriving river town, by its easy water connection the center of the western world. But it was largely a pioneer world, unknown and undeveloped, rough and eager, ambitious and hopeful. Into this life of exuberant youth Dr. Beecher came, a man of fifty-eight, to lay the foundation of a new enterprise and meet the

hardships and struggles of a new land. But he was undaunted; it stirred his blood, his whole manhood responded to it. He was another Ulysses,

". . . Strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield."

The people of the West were not so different from the East, only with a new freedom, born of the expanse of rivers and prairies. They were practically all of eastern stock, children of the first foreign invasion, some of them from his former parishes. This rough, free, simple life suited his own independent, unconventional, democratic nature. He entered into it without reserve and tried to guide it into ways of righteousness. He could do anything that became a man, and he had everything to do. He had the care of all the churches. He answered notable occasions of churches and colleges, he labored in special services to begin churches or revive the faith of the weak. He could swim his horse through a swollen stream, and travel the forest paths in as rapt contemplation of Christian truth as Edwards enjoyed in the groves of Northampton. He saw hope where others read disaster. He carried enterprises through by the force of his personality; it was the force of a great faith. He rode his horse over rough and wet roads, seventy miles in twenty hours, that he might be at Fort Wayne, Indiana, for the installation of one of his sons. That test was hard enough to meet the demands of a Roosevelt. He had an equivalent mental hardihood which, as we shall show, served him well through those years in which he struggled to hold New England in the Evangelical camp.

2

The Religious and Theological Contests

The first years of the nineteenth century was a period of great intellectual and spiritual ferment. The isolation of the colonial period had been broken. The Revolution had brought America into touch with Europe. The spirit of democracy, the worth and freedom of the individual, reacted against the authority of a dogmatic Puritanism. The literature and philosophy of the Old World spoke of the freedom of the Spirit, the promise of larger life.

It was no wonder — it was inevitable — that these voices were heard in the new nation, conscious of its strength, dazzled with visions of its future. Every bond of liberty must be thrown off; every obstacle to progress be broken down. In the struggles of the New World the necessary restraints of virtue, the laws of reverence and obedience, were often broken with the shackles of despotic thought and government.

When Lyman Beecher entered Yale, the first President Dwight was giving the sermons and lectures that did so much to bring the spirit of reverence and devotion into the life of the college. At first the number of professing Christians among the students of Yale could be numbered by the fingers of one hand, and Bishop Meade of Virginia said that he expected to meet a disciple of Tom Paine in every educated man he met.

Lyman Beecher was of that intellectual and moral nature to receive the old truths of religion that had been preached by Edwards and re-interpreted by Dwight and to take them into the new world of ideals, struggles, and hope, and make them the vital elements

of personal character and social and national progress. He had his own philosophy of religion, he worked out the natural realism of Reid and Hamilton, the Scotch School, without even reading their lectures. But his doctrine was shaped by its purpose to reach and save men. His evangelical spirit modified and shaped his doctrine. He helped to break the bondage of dogmatism and make Christianity the practical instrument of salvation.

Lyman Beecher was in the thick of every contest where he felt the truth was at stake. He was a sort of knight-errant preacher. But he never opposed men save as he felt they opposed the truth and so stood in the way of the salvation of others. He was singularly committed to the truth as he conceived it an instrument of life and remarkably free from all mere personal spirit in his work.

Infidelity was widespread when he began his ministry. He felt called to his first church "to break the heads of these infidels." His intense nature was fond of using strong figures of speech, but no man had a tenderer heart or treated men with more personal consideration. He was a sort of Roosevelt of the pulpit. An infidel club had been formed in East Hampton, not very large in point of members, but composed of men of talent, education, and indefatigable zeal. In 1785 the Clinton Academy had been founded, the first to be chartered by the Regents of the State. It happened that two of the teachers employed were skeptical and they had sown the seeds of unbelief in a whole generation of young people. So when Mr. Beecher went to the place, he felt it was infidelity or revivals. To use his own words, "I did not attack infidelity directly. Not at all. That would have been

cracking a whip behind a runaway team — made them run the faster. I always preached right to the conscience. Every sermon with my eye on the gun to hit somebody. Went through the doctrines; showed what they didn't mean; what they did; then the argument; knocked away objection, and drove home on the conscience. They couldn't get up their prejudices, because I had got them away. At first there was winking and blinking from below to gallery, forty or fifty exchanging glances, smiling and watching. But when that was over, infidelity was ended, for it was infidelity, for the most part, that had its roots in misunderstanding."

At Litchfield, Lyman Beecher engaged in the contest for the "standing order of Connecticut." The Congregational Church was the established form of worship, and no other church had legal standing in the community. With the growth of population and the coming in of other views of life and religion, the old church was not comprehensive enough to meet the need of the community. The members of the Episcopal Church demanded a richer form of worship, the Methodists a more emotional type, and both reacted against the dogmas of Puritanism. In the communities there was a growing number that found the support of religion irksome, and the indifference to the Church was fanned into hot opposition by the effort to invoke the law for the support of the Church and for the enforcement of the strict laws of the Puritan Sabbath. So religion inevitably became a matter of politics. The Federal or Conservative party was devoted to the existing order, the Democratic party stood for freedom in religion and the entire separation of Church and State.

Lyman Beecher worked in vain to maintain the position and power of the Congregational Church. He tried to influence public opinion and rally his brethren for the defense of the faith, identifying, as good men have so often done, their own views and interests with the cause of religion itself. It was a lost cause. The Democratic party was triumphant, the standing order was abolished, and the support of religion made a matter of individual choice and all churches placed on equal footing before the law. The heart of Beecher sank before this flood of seeming indifference and opposition to the Church. But he lived to regard the storm as big with blessing, the new freedom of the Church as quickening its responsibility and giving it a better access to the hearts of men.

His Boston pastorate was in the flush of his power, the high noon of his manhood, and he had come to his place at the fullness of time. The age needed him.

The orthodox churches of Boston were in a sad minority. Social and political influences were all on the side of the Unitarians. The theological landslide had swept the generation. Beecher began bravely and patiently to construct over against this destruction of faith. He felt the revolt had gone so far through the misconception of the essential truths of the Gospel, due in part to the wrong way in which they had been held and taught. He entered into no needless controversy. He tried to remove misconceptions, to state the Gospel positively as he understood it, to commend it to the reason and experience of men — to urge it as a matter of life and death. He especially tried to awaken the sense of moral need, and to present the Gospel as a redemption from sin, within the reach of every man's choice.

"From the time of his settlement in Boston to the time of his removal to the West, there was one continuous, unbroken revival, less powerful at some times, but never wholly intermitted."

Such successful preaching of the Evangel was bound to meet opposition, even to arouse bitter enmity. The excitement was so great that when Hanover Street Church was burned, the firemen refused to act, standing by and singing in derision:

> "While Beecher's church holds out to burn,
> The vilest sinner may return."

I think it may be truthfully said that Lyman Beecher was the chief human force that turned the tide in New England, and finally won the day for an evangelical faith. He carried the same spirit into the theological controversies of his own church. He manfully contended for direct appeal to the sense of moral responsibility, and for freedom in the interpretation of creeds. He could not please the hyper-orthodox who would have every man ally himself with a distinct party in the Church. The controversy between Andover and New Haven, between a fixed and a growing faith, was carried into the Presbyterian Church, and met Dr. Beecher as he took up his work at Lane. He was regarded with suspicion as the teacher of a dangerous liberalism. He was tried for heresy before the three courts of the Church, the Presbytery, the Synod, and the General Assembly, more than one man's share of such turmoil, and acquitted in each, the last acquittance by the last Assembly of the old church, before the rending into the Old School and the New.

3

The Place of the Pulpit in American Life

The career of Lyman Beecher shows the place of the pulpit in American life. It was the chief force in the development of individual and national life. Lyman Beecher was the true leader in the community — he made for social unity. He rallied the people about the institutions of religion, brought them together through their common purpose and their faith in him as their teacher and leader, and by the practical aim and nature of his teaching permeated the community with the sense of human worth and brotherly obligation.

He made for moral order and growth. He had a prophetic spirit, he read the signs of the times, he had an ideal distinctly in advance of his age and he called men to a higher life. He held God's plumb-line against the structures that man had made. He was the first to speak out against duelling when the nation was shocked by the tragic death of Hamilton, and he helped to put an end to this vestige of barbarism. He was first in the Temperance Reform. He had been filled with shame and indignation at the growing drinking habits of the clergy. At two installations the drinking had been so heavy that church committees complained of the expense. The ministers were not drunk, but there was an undue amount of exhilaration. A committee had been appointed to make inquiries and report measures to remedy the evil. They reported that nothing could be done. "Not so," thought Lyman Beecher. "The blood started through my heart when I heard this," he said; and then began action

which resulted in the forming of temperance societies, making addresses and allying the Church on the side of moral reform.

He was equally opposed to slavery; while he could not follow the lead of the radical abolitionist, his voice was ever on the side of emancipation throughout that long national debate.

He made for the development of education. His preaching and personal influence quickened in young men and women the ambition for the best training and use. It is seen in the life of his big family of boys and girls. They made notable contributions to the higher life of the land.

He had a vision of the great West and felt the importance of Christian education to its development and moral welfare. He helped to form the education society that cherished the planting and growth of Christian schools in the newer states and trained men and women for Christian leadership.

He gave his own life to the work and inspired his sons to a like service. He had a prophetic vision of the Kingdom of God. He had the missionary passion to carry the Gospel through every open door. He heard the call of the world and his conception of the Gospel made him feel his responsibilty to the utmost limit. He was one of the founders of the American Bible Society. He helped to organize the American Board of Foreign Missions, and formed the first auxiliary, in the Missionary Society of Litchfield County, Connecticut.

The prophetic vision once more came true. The waters that healed everything they touched — that made the desert into a garden — flowed from the altar of the sanctuary.

4

The Man and the Preacher

It is not easy to make Lyman Beecher live again — the century since he was in the fullness of his powers has made so many and deep impressions upon American life that he cannot speak to us as to the men of his age. But he was about the most *live* man in the American pulpit for the first half of the nineteenth century.

Of course his sermons are not literature; they have little of that subtle union of imagination and feeling that gives an unfading charm to whatever is written, almost without regard to the nature of the subject. For the power of his preaching we have to rely almost solely upon the testimony of those who knew him best. Certainly in his case the words of Phillips Brooks are true that the best sermons can never be printed, that a sermon that is good to hear is not good to read. And Lyman Beecher's sermons, while always carefully thought out, depended upon his audiences for their expression and passion. They always had an immediate purpose that gave them their form and power. As truly as in the case of Henry Clay the effect was the outgoing of a magnetic personality, and can, in no sense, be understood from the printed page.

The three volumes of Beecher's works are made up of occasional addresses, sermons at special gatherings of the general church and that dealt with the theological discussions of the day or of current phases of political and social life. They have the mark of the time upon them. While every question is discussed in the light of a spiritual Gospel, it had its individual emphasis which we could not think interpreted truth for us.

Take the address, "A Plea for the West," spoken in many places of the East and afterwards enlarged and printed as a small volume. It was prophetic in seeing the value of the Mississippi Valley in the growth of the nation and in calling for men and money to lay broad foundations for education and religion as an act of highest patriotism. It was a trumpet call. A score of colleges might be traced to its influence. It is a striking example of the relation of the pulpit to the higher life of the nation. But more than half of the argument is devoted to the Catholic Church, warning his countrymen against the plots and schemes of the Catholic hierarchy and Catholic monarchs of the Old World to overthrow our republican government and free religion by systematic emigration of Catholic peoples and the sending of Catholic missionaries. That such suspicion was natural and almost universal among Protestants in the uncertainty of our republican experiments and the struggle of churches to win a place in the New World must be admitted. Lyman Beecher made a strong appeal and closed it with a tolerance ahead of his age. But in this respect he was too much the slave of his age, and not its true interpreter. No man could speak in that way to-day and be regarded as a true leader. Such a man would be rightly thought as lacking in magnanimity.

But Lyman Beecher was thoroughly alive. He was alive to his finger tips. He had to be at the center of things. He was always found where the work was the hardest, the contest between truth and error the fiercest. He was foremost, not by exalting self over his fellows, not by a dominant self-assertion that pushed its way to leadership. He was first by the full use of his native gifts and his spiritual attainment.

He had a remarkable physical vitality. He was not a large man, but he had a boundless energy. He did the work of two or three men all his life. He was not always a well man, but he could not be kept down, he would not give up. And his native vigor triumphed again and again over disease or exhaustion.

This physical basis of the man, that sent its energy through all the veins of life, was the gift of his race. His father and his grandfather before him were blacksmiths and considered the strongest men of the community. They hammered out their iron on an anvil made of the oak under which Davenport preached his first sermon at New Haven. And this inherited vitality was felt in all he did. "I was made for action," he says. "The Lord drove me, but I was ready. I've always been going at full speed."

His letters are stories of campaigns. Such hardness brought moments of weakness. The intense use of intellect and nervous force affected his stomach, and he always knew there was an enemy within. But he was on guard and kept his vigor by manly exercise. In his country parishes he worked his fields and took long tramps with gun or rod. He always had the spirit of play, his blood coursed with the youthful spirit, and his crew of restless boys made him a companion of their sports. But he trained himself that the body might be the best witness and servant of the soul. When he was a Boston pastor "He kept a load of sand in his cellar, to which he would run at odd intervals and shovel vigorously, . . . and his wood pile and wood saw were inestimable means to the same end. He had also in the back yard parallel bars, a single bar, ladder, and other simple gymnastic apparatus, where he would sometimes astonish his ministerial

visitors by climbing ropes hand over hand, whirling over on the single bar, lifting weights and performing other athletic feats, in which he took for the time as much apparent delight and pride as in any of his intellectual exertions. His care of what he called regimen — diet, sleep, exercise — went on with all his other cares without seeming to interrupt them. He seemed to navigate his body, as an acute mariner would work his ship through a difficult channel, with his eye intent on every spar and rope, each sail kept trimmed with the nicest adjustment." [1]

He never lost sight of the physical side of life. He knew that spiritual states were connected with physical conditions. And when any one was in deep mental distress, he always made inquiries about their health. He had a clinical theology, when the idea had not been discovered by the pulpit. In this matter he was a generation ahead of his time. He disliked morbid introspection and felt that such books as Brainerd's "Life" and Edwards' "On the Affections" were a bad generation of books for young people.

He always felt that his own health was connected with his work. And in the midst of a special revival effort he writes to his wife: "With good appetite, unexhausted spirits, and as fine sleep and firm health as I ever had — so you see the promise is fulfilled, 'As thy day, so shall thy strength be.' Perhaps the secret of my faltering health for some time past may be want of employment, or rather want of concentration in one channel, with a single object and that the noblest and most delightful in which men or angels can engage — the restoration of disordered minds."

[1] Autobiography, 2: 113.

Even when he was an old man, beyond active work, and the light of intellect seemed passing into eclipse, his body was vigorous. "The day he was eighty-one," says Professor Stowe, his son-in-law, "he was with me in Andover, and wished to attend my lecture in the Seminary. He was not quite ready when the bell rang, and I walked on in the usual path without him. Presently he came skipping along across-lots, laid his hand on top of the five-barred fence, which he cleared at a bound, and was in the lecture-room before me."

Lyman Beecher had a remarkable intellectual and spiritual vitality. He was open to impressions. His mind was a fertile soil where the best thought of his age took root and grew into nourishing fruit. His life was fed and quickened by his entire environment. Books were few but he mastered the tools of his work. He knew his Bible, its great revelation and its abundant material for teaching. He knew the New England theologians from Edwards to Dwight, and had deeply pondered upon the philosophy of their doctrine.

He was a lover of literature — scanty it was in those New England homes — but he loved his Milton, the grandeur of the thought and the stately music of the verse stirred his soul, and was not afraid of Scott when most ministers looked askance at this teller of sheer lies. He gave life to many an apple-paring bee by merry contests with his children to see who could tell the most stories from Sir Walter.

But his life was sustained and enriched by his own vital powers. He was a vital part of the world. He drew life from all that touched him. His ceaseless correspondence, his animated conversation, his earnest discussions all expressed the largeness of his life and trained his own powers in return. In the best sense

he was a man among men, alive to every human interest, active in every worthy concern. He was above a narrow partisanship, but he could not help taking part in the discussions of New England theology. And he always stood for freedom of reverent search, and for the right of individual teaching. But his liberty of prophesying was always regardful of the temper and method of Christian love. His sermon on duelling, the lectures on temperance, the addresses to workingmen on Political Atheism, the Plea for the West, his intense interest in the slave, his sense of national shame, yet national worth, reveal the alert mind far-reaching in its visions, and the big heart, able to feel with men and so interpret aright the movements and issues of life.

How the abounding vitality of the man is felt in every glimpse of his home! "Occasionally he would raise a point of theology on some incident narrated, and ask the opinion of one of his boys, and run a sort of tilt with him, taking up the wrong side of the question for the sake of seeing how the youngster could practice his logic. If the party on the other side did not make a fair hit at him, however, he would stop and explain to him what he ought to have said." And we have these beautiful words from Mrs. Stowe: "It was an exuberant and glorious life while it lasted. The atmosphere of his household was replete with moral oxygen, full charged with intellectual electricity. Nowhere else have we felt anything resembling or equaling it. It was a kind of moral heaven, the purity, vivacity, inspiration and enthusiasm of which those only can appreciate who have lost it, and feel that in this world there is, there can be no place like home." (2: 309.)

The intellectual and moral vigor of Lyman Beecher found voice in fullness of speech, exuberance of fancy, sprightliness of humor that gave charm to his daily intercourse and to his public speech genuine distinction. The humor was in the situation as much as in the surprise of thought and phrase. He was careless of his person and had the absent-mindedness that comes from complete absorption in a subject. He would work on his sermons Sunday morning oblivious that the last bell was ringing and when finally roused to the fact of the hour, had to be waylaid by some watchful member of his family, lest he should rush into his pulpit in slippers and study gown. In public discussions he would throw his glasses over his head in the excitement of speech, borrow another pair, which would finally find the same resting place on his head, and so on until the top of his head was crowned with borrowed glasses. His enthusiasm was something perennial. The fountain of feeling seemed always full, flowing out in common conversation in joyful refreshment, and sweeping like a full tide in public speech.

There was an indescribable authority and charm of person, the gift of genius, that gave him instant recognition and influence. There was a certain air of mystery, the sense of unknown depths and heights, of inexhausted riches that made him among ministers *alone,* like Daniel Webster in the Senate.

The vitality of the man spoke in all that he did, and to the very end of his life. "Among the last times he ever spoke in the lecture-room of Plymouth Church, he said feebly, 'If God should tell me that I might choose' (and then hesitating, as if it might seem like unsubmissiveness to the divine will) 'that

is, if God said that it was *His* will that I should choose whether to die and go to heaven, or to begin my life over again and work once more' (straightening himself up, and his eye kindling, with his fingers lifted up) 'I would enlist again in a minute.'"

And this brings me to the work of preacher. Never was a man more unmistakably called by nature and opportunity to the pulpit than Lyman Beecher.

His eager nature, his mental keenness and breadth, his strong convictions, his quick sympathies, his lively imagination, his vivid speech, his moral courage made his life vocal. He must speak what he had seen and heard.

And the age helped to make him the preacher that he was. The freedom of the new time, the mingling of people and ideals, the contention of truth and error for the mastery, the exalting of speech as never before in making public opinion, in deciding the fate of individuals and the nation called forth the utmost gift of the man as a teacher of the Gospel.

No man had a truer conception of the ministry and his own opportunity. He gave himself and all he had to the work of spiritual teaching. There could be no more eloquent witness of this fact than his seven sons in the ministry and his daughters teachers and writers of even larger influence.

He has set forth the conception of the preacher, unconsciously the witness of his own life: "Whether I am qualified to do it or not, I am well convinced that the peace and power of the Church demands nothing so imperiously as a ministry inspired with zeal, enlarged by comprehensive views, blessed with a discriminating intellect, and an acute but animated and popular argumentation, untrammeled by reading pol-

ished sermons, and able, with a clear mind and full heart, to look saint and sinner in the face with an eye that speaks, and a hand that energizes, and a heart that overflows, and words that burn; competent and disposed, under the guidance of the wisdom that is from above, to convince gainsayers, allay fears, soothe prejudice, inspire confidence and coöperation in revivals and public charities, and all good things on the part of all, of every name, who substantially hold fast the truth, and love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity." (2:275.)

Lyman Beecher trained himself for his high calling. Largely an extemporaneous preacher, he never trusted to natural gifts. He was always preparing himself for his work, a constant student of the Bible, theology, literature (such as he had) and the chief concerns of human interest. His mind was full of invention. He was fertile in resources, and ever planning for larger things. But every address was prepared with painstaking thoroughness. It was said of him that "he was given to the lust of finishing."

He says that "a cold heart and pride and sloth are the only formidable impediments to extempore speaking, where there is common sense and common powers of elocution cultivated by a liberal education." But he would by no means give up the pen "and that application to study which, if it can be, never will be without writing." And he writes one of his sons, "You will not forget every week to make your sermons as good as you can, not depending on extemporaneous readiness without careful and discriminating thought. Have one sermon every week that will tax your intellect and the intellect of your hearers."

In such words we see the way the first preacher of New England took to gain his power.

He always had a practical spirit in his preaching. The sermon was to do something, and whatever made the sermon an effective instrument was welcomed and used, and whatever hindered was thrown away as useless. And he brought all truth to this practical test. A truth that could not be preached was not a Gospel truth, but of vain man's speculation. And in this spirit he broke from the older Calvinism that so magnified the sovereignty of God as to leave men helpless in sin, waiting for some act of omnipotence to change their natures. He had felt the listless fatalism or needless pain of such philosophy, and spoke to men as free and responsible and roused men to action so that his preaching was constantly followed by conversions and quickened lives.

He was the fervent evangelist and this made his message the good news that brought salvation. He felt that theology could best be understood in the actual work of saving men. So it was evangelical revival theology that he preached.

"Into theology thus considered," writes his life-long friend Dr. Leonard Bacon of New Haven, "he went as a war-horse rushes into battle. He was a man of the people. The people were his peers. Any man who had a soul to save or lose for eternity was his equal. He went to the encounter of the popular mind without a misgiving or a doubt of the absolute goodness of his course, or of his own ability, under God, to carry the day. For such encounter he was uncommonly well adapted. By his deep, rich, warm, emotiveness — by his utter informality and freedom from pretense — by his insight, his intuitive judg-

ment of what not to say, as well as what to say — by his power to shoot arrowy sentences, short but sharp — by his quaint and homely illustrations, and finally, by the free wit and humor that enlightened and enlivened all he did and said, he was adapted by Him that made him, when filled with the Holy Ghost, to speak to the dead words of resurrection power, and to bring to bear on the desolate captives of the destroyer the redeeming powers of the world to come." (2:579.)

Dr. Bacon speaks of his arrowy sentences. Dr. Beecher had the power of epigram, of giving his truth the stamp of the proverb and so making it the current coin of thought. His sayings were quoted by men of his own day more than any other speaker or writer save Benjamin Franklin.

He appealed to imagination. He used more illustrations than the speakers of his time and so there was a picturesque quality that never failed to interest his hearers. His oldest daughter, Catherine, speaks of the illuminating and invigorating quality of her father's sermons that she found in no other preacher. He loved the beauty of truth and tried to make it glorious, but beauty was always the servant of truth. In his journal, the first year of his ministry, he makes this comment on a sermon that he had heard: "Want of method and not sufficient substance to hold up so much ornament. A person's looks may be assisted by dress, but if the ornament hide the person in view, animals might be made equally beautiful. Maxim: Never begin to flourish till you have said something substantial to build upon. All the flourishes in the world will not affect the mind unless they relate to, or grow out of, something important, of

which the mind is previously possessed. Plain speech is best to interest the hearts and persuade." And that maxim he followed all his life, to make everything the servant of truth. He used to say that the greatest thing in the world was to save souls. And that was one of the last things he ever said. That was his ruling purpose. It never left him. In his old age, when his mind was partly clouded, a friend said to him in the presence of others, "Dr. Beecher, you know a great deal — tell us what is the greatest of all things." For an instant the cloud was rent, and a gleam of light shot forth in the reply, "It is not theology; it is not controversy, but it is to save souls."

And in this passion to save men, he was signally free from pride and self-assertion and self-seeking. "He held his whole being subject to the promotion of Christ's Kingdom, and he rejoiced in all the genius, learning, eloquence, and influence of all or any of his brethren, regarding their gifts as his capital with which the good cause might be advanced." (2: 530.)

It was this large-mindedness that helped him to win men indifferent or opposed to his doctrine. He went to Boston in the heat of the Unitarian controversy. Three-fourths of the churches of eastern Massachusetts had become liberal and they had carried the men of influence with them. The orthodox was regarded with contempt or opposition. Lyman Beecher knew that men could not live on negation, that the movement was in part a reaction from the false emphasis of orthodoxy. He was able to interpret the heart and bring many to a positive faith. "The feeling which I now have, and have from the beginning breathed out in all my sermons, is the same, if I can judge, which Jesus himself experienced, who

was moved with compassion when he saw the multitude, because they fainted and were scattered abroad as sheep having no shepherd.

"Now in addressing such an audience I have not felt once the spirit of rebuke; have not uttered an ironical or sarcastic expression; have not struck one stroke at an antagonist, or spoke as if I was aware that there were any hearing who thought differently from myself.

"I have taken the course of luminous exposition calculated to prevent objections, and applied closely, as to its experimental bearings, on conscience and heart, and held up in various forms the experience of renewed and unrenewed men, enabling Christians to feel that they have religion, and compelling sinners to concede that they have not." (1:483.)

He could appreciate others and use them. If good was done, he cared little by whom, or who had the credit for it. He made all around him feel they were necessary to him. And so he had the elements of true leadership. He was once asked why his Boston ministry was so largely useful, and he answered, "I preach on Sunday and the 500 members of my church are practicing all the week."

It is hardly safe to illustrate some of the qualities of this noble preacher from the printed page. The speaking man is not here, the intense conviction, the fiery zeal, the thrilling voice. Take the sermon on duelling — for the eager, nervous style, the mingled flashes of reason and scorn. "What has torn yonder wretches from the embraces of their wives and children, and driven them to the field of blood — to the confines of hell? What nerves those arms, rising to sport with life and heaven? It is honor; the pledge

of patriotism, the evidence of rectitude! Ah! it is done! The blood streams, and the victim welters on the ground. And see the victor coward running from the field, and for a few days, like Cain, a fugitive and a vagabond, until the first burst of indignation has passed, and the hand of time has soothed the outraged sensibility of the community; then, publicly, and as if to add insult to injustice, returning to offer his services, and to pledge his honor, that your lives and your rights shall be safe in his hand." (2:39.)

He was essentially a logical preacher — he never called for action or appealed to feeling until he had abundantly instructed the reason — but it was always logic on fire with holy desire. Any of the published sermons, The Bible a Code of Laws, The Building of Waste Places, The Government of God, The Faith once delivered to the Saints, will illustrate the combined argument and enthusiasm of his sermons.

The secret of Lyman Beecher's power as preacher and religious leader, as far as such power can be put in a single term, is vitality. His son-in-law, Dr. Stowe, has given the reason for his wide and beneficent influence — "because he was a man always most thoroughly in earnest, of strong powers of observation, a marvelous fertility and facility of illustration, and living every moment under the impression that he had a great work to do for God and man, which must be done at once, not a minute to be lost." (2:576.)

And Dr. Bacon adds, "If I were to sum up the character of his eloquence in one word, that one word would be electricity. Even now, if you read attentively one of those great sermons in which his soul still speaks, you see this quality. The whole sequence

of thought, from paragraph to paragraph is charged alike with meaning and with feeling, and each link of the chain sparkles with electric fire." Lyman Beecher was a vitalized personality.

IV

WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING

Studies of the American preacher deal chiefly with the orthodox pulpit. But the men considered are original and independent natures, some of them with a touch of genius; so it is inevitable that they should see truth in new light, sometimes leaving the beaten path of men, and several have been under suspicion for unsound doctrine. The great majority, however, have confessed the Catholic creeds and have been in the line of the development of the historic faith.

But it would be an imperfect treatment of the American pulpit to ignore a movement that has touched some of our best minds in literature and the State, that in proportion to its numbers has had a notable pulpit, that has left its helpful mark both by action and reaction upon all churches, and has contributed to the higher intellectual and social life of the nation.

William Ellery Channing and Theodore Parker are the most notable preachers and exponents of the Unitarian faith. The Unitarian movement is too large and complex for even a brief survey, but two or three facts must be kept in mind if we would interpret aright men like Channing and Parker.

There were many single and individual reactions from Calvinism as early as the middle of the seventeenth century, especially from the doctrine of the

Trinity, Total Depravity, and the Atonement. The number was multiplied and religious thought widely affected by the spirit of civil liberty following the American and French Revolutions. Calvinism was connected with civil liberty, freedom from human tyranny demanded by the rule of God, Theocracy placed above monarchy. There was great faith in God, not so much faith in man. But the democratic movement was the assertion of the worth and right of the individual and soon protested against hard and fast lines in creed and church as well as in governments. And to this must be added the idealism of German philosophy, that in the serious and spiritual mind of New England flowered into the transcendentalism of Concord and the Brook Farm. Here you have reasons enough for the rapid modification of the older theology and the growth of so-called liberal religion. In England the Unitarians were largely the outgrowth of the Presbyterians; in New England, of the Congregationalists; in England they were frankly Socinian, in New England mostly Arian and not as yet ready to accept the Unitarian name. At the beginning of the nineteenth century a majority of the clergy of New England had accepted the newer views, though the fellowship of the churches had not yet been broken. The religious life of the time is thus described by the biographer of Theodore Parker: "The doctrines of the Puritan theology had lost their hold on an unimaginative people; and with them the fervors of the evangelical spirit had declined. . . . Churches were closed to Whitefield before Parker was born. The seats of culture dreaded the influence of the famous preacher of revivals; heads of families were commonly church members, the younger people

seldom; family prayers were infrequent; grace before meat was unusual; the clergyman was respected as a man of education; the Sabbath was observed punctually; the Bible was read; but the soul of the Protestant faith had fled."

The Unitarian controversy that followed revived the evangelical spirit and put an earnest soul under the formality of liberal thought.

Channing was the chief personal force in the Unitarian development. Though never a radical Unitarian and for a long time holding to many evangelical doctrines, it was his famous Baltimore sermon that crystallized the elements of thought widely diffused into a definite Unitarian faith. Though never a partisan, and willing to fellowship a good life of any creed and church, it was his action that influenced the forming of the first Unitarian Association. By his rare and beautiful personality, by his noble thought and persuasive manner, he gave distinction to the new movement and was an inspiration to younger men.

I

The early forces that turned Channing's thought in the liberal way are not very hard to find. His boyhood was passed in Newport, Rhode Island, under orthodox teachings but in a spirit of charity and breadth characteristic of the community from the time of Roger Williams. The teachers of his boyhood were Ezra Stiles, afterwards President of Yale, noted for his comprehensive spirit, and Dr. Hopkins, the hero of "The Minister's Wooing," whose doctrine of virtue as disinterested benevolence gave his name to a school of thought. With such masters Channing

might have developed and glorified the old orthodoxy save for other influences that gave a distinct trend to his life.

He was a young idealist, with a passion for goodness and a tender heart that would not crush "the meanest insect that crawls," to whom the finding of a bird's nest with the little ones killed was a veritable tragedy. He thus refers to the influence of the seashore upon his childhood: "No spot on earth has helped to form me so much as that beach. There I lifted up my voice in praise amidst the tempest. There, softened by beauty, I poured my thanksgiving and contrite confessions. There, in reverential sympathy with the mighty power around me, I became conscious of power within. There struggling thoughts and emotions broke forth, as if moved to utterance by nature's eloquence of the winds and waves. There began a happiness surpassing all worldly pleasures, all gifts of fortune, the happiness of communing with the works of God." Here was the sense of God in his world and of the goodness of life that easily grew into the proportions of his creed and that absence of the sense of weakness and sinfulness that makes the thought of the Christ welcome to most serious minds.

An incident of his boyhood reveals his nature and gives a strong trend to his beliefs. The father had taken the boy with him in his chaise to hear a famous preacher at some distance. The sermon was full of vivid descriptions of man's fallen state and the awful penalties to be visited upon the impenitent. "In view of the speaker a curse seemed to rest upon the earth and darkness and horror to veil the face of nature." The boy's mind was terribly impressed and he felt

that all who heard the preacher must have similar impressions. His father's word to a friend on leaving the church, "Sound doctrine, sir," only deepened his impression. "It is all true, then," he thought, and the boy's heart became like lead. He tried to speak to his father and could not. The father's silence made the boy think that the father too was brooding over these terrible things. But when at last the father began to whistle, the boy received a great moral shock. And worse still, when the father got home, he put on his slippers and settled down into an easy chair before the open fire, the very sight of which should have made him feel uncomfortable, and was soon lost in his paper as though nothing had happened. At once the boy reasoned, "Could what he had heard be true? No; his father did not believe it; people did not believe it. It was not true." And this incident gave a permanent direction to his thought.

One other fact of his youth had direct influence upon his career. His father, a lawyer and public man, was a graduate of Princeton, and as a loyal alumnus intended to have his son go to the same college. But the father's sudden death placed the education of the son largely under the influence of his mother's family who were all associated with Harvard. So Harvard became his Alma Mater, and his education strengthened the growth of liberal ideas already begun. His latest biographer, Mr. Chadwick, can not refrain from imagining the change in the religious condition of New England had young Channing gone to Princeton and become subject to its conservative influence.

2

It is not hard to trace the growth and expression of Channing's thought. The young idealist found kindred suggestions in his reading and in his work. He read Hutcheson under the willows at Cambridge and caught the vision of the "dignity of human nature," henceforth the fountain light of all his seeing. He read Adam Ferguson's Essay on Civil Society and caught the enthusiasm for social progress and the idea of moral perfection. His experience as a teacher in Richmond, Virginia, his knowledge of the evils of slavery beneath the graces of a slave-holding society, heightened his moral earnestness, his passion for moral goodness.

Somewhat uncertain in his view at first, his first sermons are evangelical in spirit, with more than one Puritan note. He was welcome in all pulpits, and no party could say, "He is one of us." And yet from the early sermons one can gather passages that are prophetic of his full message.

From the first he dwelt upon the Fatherhood of God, which afterwards became his mastering thought. "No character could bring God so nigh as this of the Father. I fear it has been the influence of many speculations of ingenious men on the Divine character to divest God of the paternal tenderness which is of all views most suited to touch the heart."

His deflection from the traditional view of the Atonement, as a means of changing God, is seen at once: "Mercy is an essential attribute of God, not an affection produced in Him by a foreign cause. His blessings are free, bestowed from a real love of His creatures, not purchased from Him and bestowed

by another on those whose welfare He disregards." And in the early years rose clear and high the doctrine that religion is a means of perfection.

"Do you ask in what this perfection consists? I answer in knowledge, in love, and in activity. The mind devoted to these ends is as happy as it is perfect. Its happiness partakes of the purity and serenity of the divine felicity. Now this I conceive is the end of God, to bring His rational offspring to this perfect and blessed state, to give them the widest, clearest, and brightest views, to give them the strongest, purest, most disinterested love, and to form them to the most vigorous and efficient exertion of all their powers in the promotion of the best designs."

The development of his distinctive ideas, what has often been termed by his followers as his prophetic work, is marked by his growing distrust of theological precision, emphasis on character more than on creed, and increasing prominence to faith in the Fatherhood of God and the dignity of human nature.

However, it was not until Channing was 35 years old and had been preaching more than twelve years that he was brought to take a definite position as a Unitarian leader. This was due to an article in *The Panoplist* by Jeremiah Evarts (father of Senator Evarts) denying the name Christian and Christian fellowship to all Unitarians. In answer to this Channing put all the passion of his soul into a plea for a ministry of reconciliation. "For myself the Universe would not tempt me to bear a part in this work of dividing Christ's Church and of denouncing his followers. If there be an act, which above all others, is a transgression of Christian law, it is this." And he speaks of the "immeasurable distance" that is

supposed to divide Unitarians from Trinitarians as little more than a "mist of obscure phraseology." In one of the letters of his later life he is quoted as saying: "I am more and more inclined to believe in the simple humanity of Jesus." But he never preached a mere human Jesus. His doctrine is hard to distinguish from a progressive orthodoxy of to-day: "We believe that Jesus Christ was the most glorious display, expression, and representative of God to mankind, so that in seeing him we see and know the invisible Father; so that, when Christ came, God visited the world and dwelt among men more conspicuously than at any other period." Channing has a volume of sermons called "The Perfect Life" and no word was on his lips oftener than this: "I believe that Christianity has one great principle which is central, around which all its truths gather, and which constitute it the glorious gospel of the Blessed God: it is the doctrine that God purposes, in His unbounded Fatherly love, to perfect the human soul; to purify it from all sin; to fill it with His own spirit; to unfold it forever."

3

The Preacher

Channing was a very small, frail man, his early vigor seriously impaired by bad habits of work and ascetic practices. He gained a more wholesome view of life but never regained his early vigor. He always gave the impression of physical weakness. When he once told his friend Dr. Furness that he couldn't strike a man, Dr. Furness could not help wondering if the man would feel it if he did.

But the slight physique was always covered with

an ample pulpit gown and his neck swathed in the wonderful neck cloth of the day — so that as in the case of William Cullen Bryant with his Roman toga-like cloak, the audience was always impressed with the presence of the man. Of course the noble head and face, the richness and vitality of the truth, the enthusiasm of the man, and the voice — a perfect instrument of the thought — helped men to forget everything but the spiritual and vital personality.

"His voice — ah, that wonderful voice — wonderful not for the music of its tones, but for its extraordinary power of expression. Whether from the delicacy of the vocal organ or from bodily weakness, I do not know, it was flexible to tremulousness. When he began to discourse, it ran up and down, even in the articulation of a single polysyllabic word, in so strange a fashion that they who heard him for the first time could not anticipate its effect — how, before it ceased, that voice would thrill them to the inmost. I can not liken it to anything but a huge sail, flapping about at first at random, but soon taking the wind, swelling out most majestically, as Sidney Smith said of Sir James Mackintosh that 'when the spirit came upon him, he spread his enormous canvas, and launched into a wide sea of eloquence.'" His reading of scripture and hymns was equally impressive. "He made single words so big with meaning that could the eye have reproduced them, they would have covered the side wall of the church. He impressed the reality of his message and its importance for the lives of men. There was no question about the sincerity of the man in his preaching. He spoke his inmost soul in sermon and hymn and prayer. Preaching was the great action of his life" (Dewey). One can easily find

fault with Channing's style from present taste. It has something of the "smooth, watery, flow of words," and even Lord Brougham's criticism is not wholly wide of the mark, "flagrant example of euphuistic prettiness."

We must remember that Channing was the prime mover in the new intellectual régime. He tried to do by his sermons and lectures what his almost equally famous brother did in the class room of Harvard — create an intellectual taste and standard. He was ever the conscious stylist in his writings. He thought too much of how it was done. But if you compare his style with contemporary writing — with the speeches and lectures of Webster and Choate, Winthrop and Everett — you must admit that he was the peer of the best of them. It was the time when the full, mellifluous, elaborate style was in vogue — the Latinized English of Johnson and Burke — rather than the nervous, direct, simple English of the early Puritan writers, or the business speech of our day.

It must be admitted that his sermons are rather hard reading now, but not as much so as contemporary sermons. He wanted to be real and often threw aside the classical garb and spoke with the direct, homely, idiom that anticipated Emerson and Wendell Phillips, and Abraham Lincoln.

4

His Message and Its Influence

I have already more than suggested the message of Channing. The Fatherhood of God, the Sonship of Man, and the perfection of human life to be reached by the imitation of Jesus. How do we know God?

By striving after the qualities we think like God. "How do we understand the goodness of God but by the principle of love implanted in the human breast? Who can understand the strength, purity, fullness and extent of divine philanthropy, but he in whom selfishness has been swallowed up in love?"

As I have said, Channing was an idealist. He dwelt not in the world of men but in the world of ideas. His letters and his conversation were uneventful and impersonal. He had a vision of truth — like the spiritual worth of man, and this vision he kept before his mind by continued and rapt meditation, unmodified by other ideas or the facts of life. So while he denounced the evils of society, was a true reformer, he was a stubborn idealist, and was not specially conscious of the sinfulness of men. So the Atonement does not appear in his preaching, but he has the highest word for the character and claim of Christ. "The Gospels must be true; they were drawn from a living original; they were founded on reality. The character of Jesus is not a fiction; he was what he claimed to be, and what his followers attested. Nor is this all. Jesus not only was, he is still the Son of God, the Saviour of the World. He exists now; he has entered that heaven to which he always looked forward on earth. There he lives and reigns. With a clear, calm faith, I see him in that state of glory; and I confidently expect at no distant period to see him face to face. Let us then by imitation of his virtues, and obedience to his word prepare ourselves to join him in those pure mansions, where he is surrounding himself with the good and pure of our race, and will communicate to them forever his own spirit, power and joy." Here we have his loftiest

and most characteristic note — in the appeal to imitation. The sermon on "The Imitableness of Christ's Character" is perhaps as noble as he ever preached. "Do not imagine that any faith or love towards Jesus can avail you but that which quickens you to conform yourselves to his spotless purity and unconquerable rectitude. For all of us he died, to leave us an example that we should follow his steps. By earnest purpose, by self-conflict, by watching and prayer, by faith in the Christian promises, by those heavenly aids and illuminations which he that seeketh shall find, we may all unite ourselves in living bonds to Christ — may love as he loved, may act from his principles, may suffer from his constancy, may enter into his purposes, may sympathize with his self-devotion to the cause of God and mankind, and, by likeness of spirit, may prepare ourselves to meet him as our everlasting friend."

An appreciative and tolerant critic can easily find the limitation and weakness of Channing's message.

He was completely under the sway of a few leading ideas. He had an acute self-consciousness, fostered by his isolated habits and the deference paid to him as a master mind. And so he spoke as if he enjoyed a special revelation. His opinions are announced as absolute truths. He tried to make everything simple and rational — and the standard is of his own reason. Even his friendly biographer recognizes the weakness as applied to the vast materials of the Scripture. "The vice of the method was that it imposed common sense on every Biblical writer — a rule of thumb for agonies and exaltations of the spirit."

And a Jewish Rabbi keenly says: "Though he always meant to speak as a disciple, he in truth spoke

as a master." He saw only what would satisfy his own ideal. Everything was not so simple as he thought it was. More humility before the mystery of Godliness would have helped him to understand more and to walk more reverently.

I do not think it always fair to judge a man by the teachings of those who call themselves his disciples. But at least we see in them to what lengths the interpretation or misinterpretation of the master may be carried. No doubt in the freer and calmer air of to-day his protest to received opinion would not have gone so far and he would have lived and died in the fellowship of the evangelical church.

He did a work that had to be done in bringing Christ down from a theological height to dwell with men — to make the Lord and Master of Mankind an elder brother in fact. And we must bless him for teaching the spiritual capacity of man and for showing the adaptation of the Gospel to the development of the largest, noblest manhood. His perfect life and Henry Drummond's ideal life are the same. But he failed in the redemptive message of the Gospel, that the mystery of the Divine life of love and power has been brought to men to lift them up.

The sense of falling short in the interpretation of the person of Jesus has been frankly expressed by the letter of Dr. James Martineau, the eminent leader of English Unitarians: "Your experience confirms my growing surmise that the mission which had been consigned to us by our history is likely to pass to the Congregationalists in England and the Presbyterians in Scotland. Their escape from the old orthodox scheme is better than ours. With us, insistence upon the simple humanity of Jesus has come to mean the

limitation of all divineness to the Father, leaving man a mere item of creaturely existence under laws of natural necessity.

"With them the transfer of emphasis from the Atonement to the Incarnation means the retention of a divine essence in Christ, as the head and type of humanity in its realized idea; so that man and life are lifted into kinship with God, instead of what had been God being reduced to the scale of mere nature.

"The union of the two natures in Christ resolves itself into their union in man and links heaven and earth in relations of a common spirituality.

"It is easy to see how the divineness of existence, instead of being driven off into the heights beyond life, is there brought down into the deeps within it, and diffuses there a multitude of sanctities that would else have been secularized.

"Hence the feeling of reverence, the habits of piety, the aspirations of faith, the hopes of immortality, the devoutness of duty, which have so much lost their hold upon our people, remain real powers among the liberalized orthodox, and enable them to carry their appeal home to the hearts of men in a way the secret of which has escaped from us."

Channing's doctrine of the worth of human nature and the purpose of Christianity to make that nature perfect led him to apply the Gospel to every concern of man, to every institution of society. And here is where his work is the freest from alloy. We must be grateful for it. The fullness of the kingdom is manifestly nearer because of it. No man taught the ethics of the Gospel better than he did. And there was need, when human slavery was the legal and cherished institution of the two most Christian nations

of the world. He studied the questions of labor and poverty and spoke with many anticipations of modern sociology. He had the social consciousness — not even yet developed in all ministers.

He discussed the evils of intemperance with a clearness and fearlessness never surpassed, and with a breadth of view, showing the relation of industrial questions and those of recreation to intemperance and its cure, that after two generations of experiments, the wisest students of society are now considering.

With his pure vision he saw the terrible evils of slavery, and he did not forbear — but cried aloud, but he did not satisfy either party. He lived in ideals rather than in actions. He saw the other side too well to be a practical reformer. He hesitated until he could also reach the ideal action.

" Channing's anti-slavery course had the defects of his qualities, if they were defects. To hear the other side was as necessary for him, as to hear one side only is for the majority of men. To consider it again was equally necessary. His was the Hamlet disposition, rightly understood — a holding back from action in the hope of reaching its ideal form. Hence he was slower than some others in the adoption of radical measures. But as compared with the average temper of the community of his co-religionists, of his people, he was so free and bold that it scandalized the social and religious Boston of his time. Good people wondered what he would do next. So, then, considering his shrinking delicacy of form and mind, his distaste for all rough contact, his holy fear of doing injustice to any person, or another's thought, his conservative environment, and the sacrifice of reputation, honor, and affection entailed by his anti-slavery course, it

may be doubted whether any of his contemporaries did out his duty in a more steadily, heroic fashion, or at a heavier cost." [1]

> How echoes yet each western hill
> And vale with Channing's dying word!
> How are the hearts of freedom still
> By that great warning stirred! — WHITTIER.

[1] Chadwick's "Life of Channing," 294.

V

HORACE BUSHNELL

There is no more striking example in the American pulpit of "Truth through personality" than Horace Bushnell. His nature and experience, his personality, gave him his truth, colored its form, and gave power to every expression of it. The man was always present. And yet the man loved truth supremely. He writes among his last words "that the only ground of satisfaction that he knew was that he loved truth, and had tried to find it out."

His nature, the outer and inner experience of his life, are writ large in letters and books and sermons. It has been said that his sermons to his own people — such sermons as you find in the volume "Sermons for the New Life" — are great Gospel messages and reveal few traces of the original and seer-like visions and speculations that characterize his occasional addresses and made them critical days for himself and the New England church. But I can not agreed with the statement. It seems to me a superficial estimate.

He was always Horace Bushnell and the elements of power in his preaching were the very things that he had felt more profoundly than other men, or thought that he saw more clearly. I wish to speak about the preacher and not the theologian. Yet vitality and sincerity are such unvarying notes — everything that

he said was so connected with everything that he was, that to write truly of the preacher, one ought to know fully the thinker.

It is an inspiring thought that such a man, so richly endowed, so influential in the higher life of our nation, could spring from the simple and bare life of a New England farm. It was the life of the farm that helped in no small part to make him what he was. He is essentially an out of doors man. He has the freedom of the fields and in his rhythmical speech there is something of the music of the streams he loved. He is redolent of fields and forest, and never has the odor of musty books. It sharpened and gave large play for the natural inquisitiveness of the youth. He knew every wood note, every tree in the forest, and the curious and beautiful life that grew along his native streams. This interest in nature he never lost. While kept by his many labors amid physical weakness from pursuing any scientific study, he followed the results of such study with intelligent interest. With all his mystic visions, he kept his feet firmly on the earth. Nature might almost be called the key to his thought. He kept his feet on the earth and from this solid base he tried to view the stars. He reasoned from the world of sense and spirit that he knew to the higher realm where imagination must lead the way. His desire was to find the divine unity, to harmonize all ideas of God and Redemption with the nature of things — to make men feel that there was one world, one law, one love, and one "far off divine event to which the whole creation moved." His thought was governed by the naturalness of the processes of grace. "His religious impressions came along the path of nature, in the fields and pastures, and so

coming they were without fear or sense of wrong, but full of the divine beauty and majesty." [1]

The solitary life of the country made the youth thoughtful, meditating much upon his own nature, the truths of religion and the impressions upon his soul of the spiritual meaning and beauty of the world. He learned to feel with Wordsworth that the forms and forces that he daily saw and felt should have some message and help for the soul. He had a simple and natural piety in his home, but the first strong sense of God came to him from nature, and he knelt in the shadow of a great rock in the field to pour out his soul to the Eternal One.

> . . . And I have felt
> A presence that disturbs me with the joy
> Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
> Of something far more deeply interfused,
> Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
> And the round ocean and the living air,
> And the blue sky, and in the mind of man:
> A motion and a spirit, that impels
> All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
> And rolls through all.

He loved the beautiful scenes of his youth and in later years returned to them with a boy's eagerness, and nourished his faith by them, and calmed the tumult of soul and had clearer views of truth. He loved the world for its light and beauty, but it was the message to the soul that he most cared for. He had a summer in Switzerland and never enjoyed so much in so short a time; but he is frank to say that "none of these things move me unless when I connect the visible with

[1] "Life of Bushnell," by T. T. Munger.

the invisible, and see in the forms of grandeur around me types of that tremendous Being who inhabits and glorifies all." It was faith that gave him eyes, but the power of vision is connected with his love of nature.

He grew sturdy and original and independent by his youth in the country, as a tree in the open field, unsupported and unaided by others has room for stronger growth and by very exposure to storm and sun draws deeper life from the soil and the air. From early years he was conscious of power — awakened first in the country school house, and cherished by discussions in theology and by the debating club; but he declined the offer of a college training as a world not meant for him, and as beyond the means of his family. He gave his young manhood to the farm, applying his fertile and original mind to its work, planting and sowing and building walls that still stand so perfect was their workmanship, trying to know his neighborhood, its soil and drainage and climate and productions before the day of scientific agriculture.

So he was a man grown, physically and mentally, before he entered college. And when he began his studies at Yale at the age of twenty-one, it was with a nature that had already taken its distinctive steps, gained its distinguishing marks. So college training imposed nothing upon him of social or mental habit; it did not fashion him in the molds of other men's thought or custom, but simply quickened and matured his native vigor.

And this was Horace Bushnell all through his life. He trusted the processes of his own mind, he believed in the messages of God to his soul. He never asked what other people thought or whether his views would

find acceptance with the majority of the Church. It was enough that this seemed truth to him. He followed it, though it led from the beaten path of men to unknown ways. A more independent and loyal soul never lived. And you can see how his course grew out of his nature, developed and strengthened by the peculiar circumstances of his youth.

He was too independent of others, sometimes failing to have the proper perspective to his thinking that comes from familiarity with the history of doctrine. He had little respect for great libraries, and held that the burning of the Alexandrian library was an undoubted blessing to the race. He was wanting in reverence for human authority, but not wanting in the reverence of faith.

In the intense and often bitter discussions that gathered about him for a score of years, he was singularly unmoved, not only because he had gained the victory of the forgiving spirit, but because of his independence of human opinion, and his supreme faith in the triumph of truth at last — whatever that might be.

He was by nature an explorer. His life shows it, and even in the smallest things. As a boy he knew all the woods and streams, and had gone to the summits of the highest hills. He never passed through a country without mapping it all out in his own mind. During a vacation in California for his health, he explored no less than half a dozen sites for the proposed University of California, and decided the proper route for a transcontinental railroad through the Sierras. When an invalid with but a single lung, followed by his young friend, Jos. Twitchell, he made a new and better trail to the summit of Mt. Marcy in the Adirondacks. He was always cutting new paths through

forests and climbing to the tops of the highest mountains. He was ever getting up and beyond. He was never content with the old, he must have the new, and it was to be expected that with such a nature the new was usually the better. The sad age never came to him when

> . . . a flower is just a flower:
> Man, bird, beast are but beast, bird, man —
> Simply themselves, uncinct by dower
> Of dyes which, when life's day began,
> Round each in glory ran, . . .

He was an explorer, an experimenter in the regions of spiritual life as well as in the physical. It was the indomitable bent of his nature. And whether we can follow the leadings of such men or not, we can have no doubt that God makes great use of them in making others dissatisfied with easy and conventional faith and leading to deeper realities.

In his own words Horace Bushnell has given us an unconscious portrait of himself: "There are some of all ages — a holy few whose lives have been preserved to us in writing and tradition, and who thus live among us still as known causes, who are not silent, whose names and works and Christian character are ever freshened and made more vigorous by the lapse of time. God has saved these elect men to us by means of written language, that we may ever have them with us, and look to them as our lights of love and truth. They were God's experimenters, I may say, in all their struggles and trials and works, and so God's witnesses; and therefore it is expected that we shall go naturally to them for help and life-direction, as one who could open a mine will seize upon the

instructive suggestions of an experienced miner. They were the true miners of faith, and we may go to them to be told where the treasures of faith do lie, and how they may be opened."

We must go a step farther, and the most important of all, if we would touch the personality of this man and know how his experience spoke in his word. The theology of New England was essentially rationalism crystallized into dogmas. That is, the Fathers, from Jonathan Edwards to Nathaniel Tayler, had used their reason as the instrument of spiritual knowledge, thinking out the great problems of God and man and the plan of salvation and the procedure of the Holy Spirit with an awakened soul, and had put these into formal and supposedly consistent statement, and made them the creeds of the churches and the limits of thought and life in religion.

Horace Bushnell, the child of a Methodist and an Episcopalian, was nurtured at home in the warm atmosphere of Christian love and never passed through the orthodox experience of deep conviction, and the struggle of an evil heart and final surrender to God. He knew nothing of this. His days were bound each to each by natural piety. This beautiful home life speaks in his volume on "Christian Nurture." And as a lad he joined the Church as the natural expression of his life. As his mind matured, logic and imagination seemed equally dominant. He loved argument. He put the logical processes first. He reasoned out the chief doctrines of Calvinism. And the whole field of religion seemed plain enough to him. And in this settled and steady faith he went to college with the ministry in view. Reason was the great instrument of faith. But the very defender of faith

was its betrayer. New studies opened a broad horizon. Experience revealed new powers of his nature with which he had not reckoned. Philosophic questions refused to be stated under old formulas. Reason that once saw so straight and clear, now painfully groped, and finally refused to be the guide of faith. Reason left him in doubt. It was honest doubt, the failure to use all the faculties of faith. But through it all he maintained his sense of right, keeping his conscience clear, never irreverent, guarding against leading others into unbelief.

Tennyson's words concerning Arthur Hallam at once come to mind as equally true of young Horace Bushnell:

> One indeed I knew
> In many a subtle questions versed,
> Who touched a jarring lyre at first,
> But ever strove to make it true:
> Perplext in faith, but pure in deeds,
> At last he beat his music out.

Such was Horace Bushnell through years of study and teaching, unable to bring his reason to accept the truths of Christianity, and not willing to break with Christianity — leading a correct, formal and unsatisfying life.

Great religious interest was felt at Yale. Bushnell had become an instructor. He could honestly take no part in it. And yet his neutral position, as a tutor of commanding influence, was not neutral, and was keeping scores of young men from faith. His pride of intellect was humbled before this sense of fraternal relation. He began at the plain standpoint of conscience and duty and put the test question to

his own heart: "Have I ever consented to be, and am I really now, in the right, as in principle and supreme law; to live for it; to make any sacrifice it will cost me; to believe everything that it will bring me to see; to be a confessor of Christ as soon as it appears to be enjoined upon me; to go on a mission to the world's end if due conviction sends me; in a word, to be in wholly right intent, and have no mind but this forever?" As soon as the moral questions were given weight, he took his place on the side of faith.

One day he came into a meeting of fellow-tutors and, throwing himself into a seat, he cried out almost desperately: "O men! what shall I do with these arrant doubts I have been nursing for years? When the preacher touches the Trinity, and when logic shatters it all to pieces, I am all at the four winds. But I am glad I have a heart as well as a head. My heart wants the Father; my heart wants the Son; my heart wants the Holy Ghost — and one just as much as the other. My heart says the Bible has a Trinity for me, and I mean to hold by my heart. I am glad that a man can do it when there is no other mooring, and so I answer my own question — What shall I do? But this is all I can do yet." This might be called a conversion, but it was not strictly speaking. He did not discredit his early faith. But it was the beginning of rich spiritual experiences that made the fullness of the joy and the power of his word. Love, trust, aspiration, the sense of duty are henceforth the supreme factors of his life and the organs of spiritual knowledge. Without them reason — divine gift as it is — is only a wandering fire. He came back to the lessons of his Christian nurture, which reason had

misread. His life was unconsciously swayed by the faith hid in his mother's heart. He learned the truth of Melanchthon and Schleiermacher, that "the heart makes the Theologian." "He had been delivered by his heart, and henceforth he was to be guided by his heart, and not by the logic that filled the air about him." (Munger.) Henceforth truth is known not by speculative reason but by the experience of trust and devotion. *Experience* is henceforth the means of faith. "I have learned more of experimental religion since my little boy died than in all my life before."

Marked stages of experience stand back of every new expression of doctrine.

The year 1848, says his wife, was the central point in the life of Horace Bushnell. "It was a year of great experiences, great thoughts, great labors. At the beginning he had reached one of those headlands where new discoveries open to the sight. He had approached it through mental struggles, trials and practical endeavors, keeping his steadfast way amid all the side attractions of his ceaseless mental activity." He had been attracted to the writings of Upham and Madame Guyon and Fénelon by their devout fervor and unworldly standards. And then he had found in the New Testament that there is a higher, fuller life — that can be lived, and set himself to attain it. He swung towards Quietism, and then with his self-reliant, energetic nature, to a more positive state.

"In these studies, and in the devout application by which he sought to realize in his own experience the great possibilities unfolding to his conception, the new year came in. On an early morning of February, his wife awoke, to hear that the light they had waited

for, more than they that watch for the morning, had risen indeed. She asked, What have you seen? He replied, The Gospel. It came to him at last, after all his thought and study, not as something reasoned out, but as an inspiration — a revelation from the mind of God himself." It was the thought of Christ as the indwelling, formative life of the soul — the new creating power of righteousness for humanity. And this conception, pervading his sermons, was more adequately set forth in his book, "God in Christ."

He himself regarded this as a crisis in his spiritual life. "I seemed to pass a boundary," he said. "I had never been very legal in my Christian life, but now I passed from those partial seeings, glimpses and doubts, into a clearer knowledge of God and into His inspirations, which I have never lost. The change was into faith, a sense of the freeness of God and the ease of approach to Him. Christian faith is the faith of a transaction. It is not the committing one's thought in assent to any proposition, but the trusting of one's being to a being, there to be rested, kept, guided, molded, governed and possessed forever." This faith made a new man of him — rather invested him with a divine atmosphere.

Hence he tried to show the inner experiences of the soul and to set them in orderly form: to show the reason of faith and the orderly way in which the most supernatural workings of God are carried on.

He belonged to no school except Christ's school, and in this inner experience of Christ he hoped to find the mediating element between conflicting schools of opinion. In this hope he gave his noted sermon at Harvard on The Atonement — the seed thought of the "Vicarious Sacrifice" — that it was the power

working in us the spirit of self-sacrifice and so bringing us into at-onement with God. It was this that gave him so catholic sympathies, finding spiritual affinity in men of such antipodal theology as Dr. Bartol of Boston and Charles G. Finney of Oberlin.

In a sermon to his people on his twenty years' ministry he estimates the *power* value of experience. "Christianity is opened to me now as a new heaven of truth, a supernatural heaven, wide as the firmament, possible only to faith — to that luminous, clear and glorious. This thing I have found, that it is not in man to think out a Gospel, or to make a state of light by phosphorescence at his own center. He can have the great mystery of godliness only as it is mirrored in his heart by an inward revelation of Christ. Do the will and you shall know the doctrine — this is the truth I have proved by my days of experience."

If God comes into vital experience of the soul, men may be inspired now — must be — as in times past. "We have it clearly made out that there is, and is always to be, an inspired, in the sense of a spirit-led life, when the secret of the Lord will be in the soul, and Christ manifested as its light." "There are two kinds of inspiration, the inspiration of character and the inspiration of use. To all men he gives the first inspiration, and to all men the last. But in the last they are not all wanted to be prophets, but some to be shoemakers and bankers. Are all prophets? Are all workers of miracles? No. It is even competent for him to say that he wants no more Scripture written, and he is the judge."

Dr. Bushnell held that experience was a continuous revelation of God. In a letter from Clifton Springs to his wife he makes an outline of his experience and

the truths unfolded: "I had some very fresh and delightful musings of the morning on the Vicarious Sacrifice in Believers. Following out the theme yesterday morning for two hours before rising, I seemed to be set on by another great stage in my heart's life. I never saw so distinctly as now what it is to be a disciple, or what the key-note is of all most Christly experience. I think too that I have made my last discovery in this mine. First, I was led along into initial experience of God, socially and by force of the blind religional instinct in my nature; second, I was advanced into the clear moral light of Christ and of God, as related to the principle of rectitude; third, I was set on by the inward personal discovery of Christ, and of God as represented in him; now fourth, I lay hold and appropriate the general culminating fact of God's vicarious character in goodness, and of mine to be accomplished in Christ as a follower. My next stage of discovery will be when I drop the body and go home, to be with Christ in the conscious, openly revealed fellowship of a soul, whose affinities are with him."

Whatever we may think about Dr. Bushnell's views of truth, and that they are full or final he was the last man to hold (he cared not to leave a system of thought, but a living conception that might be seed-thought to others) no one can doubt the reality of his soul-experiences and the depth and genuineness of his faith. He was transformed by it. He had the power of godliness. His prayers were even more than his sermons, the communings of one heart with another.

There is nothing more striking in the history of worship than the impressions made upon the Yale

students by the prayers of Bushnell. "Gaunt was he, gray, ashen of skin, thin-voiced till he got under way, stopping time and again to cough, no elocution, no rhetoric (albeit scarcely ever such rhetoric, soberly conceived), making us his by no ad capitandum themes, or illustrations, or metaphors; the plainest, most matter of fact person that ever stood there. His invocation, which we could scarcely hear, would still us. The Scripture lesson, plain speech (as if uttered on yesterday's half-holiday) about some valiant soul, read as only one reads who dwells forever with realities, would change our temper for the entire day. Then the prayer. I can hear it yet. Nothing about Bushnell so holds me, though I cannot recall a sentence of it. You deemed, like Jacob at Bethel, that God was there. All conventions too were dissolved betwixt Him and you. Our seer must have held Him with his glittering eye. Then the great argument began — a shorter pastoral prayer than we had ever heard, that spake to the Infinite as a man to his friend; reverent but familiar; grateful but self-respecting; diction the simplest, the weightest: hesitating not to assume for us responsibilities, nor to lay answering responsibilities on God (you divined, now, how it was that Jacob had wrestled at face of God, and had successfully thrown down his gauntlet before Jehovah); and done, as all straight, pregnant speech is done, soon, simply, confidently. The world has changed when you lift your head. To have heard Bushnell pray, and to have prayed even a very little with him, was already to have entered the world of spirit. Our Saviour's unique prayer life was explicable thereafter." [1]

[1] Munger's "Life of Bushnell," p. 290.

"The sense of dissent," say Austin Phelps, "grew dim in my own mind when I came near to the inner spirit of the man. That was beautifully and profoundly Christlike."

In his last days, in the heat of fever, the very wanderings of his mind were all towards God. "He had traveled that way so long that he could not lose it in any mists of the brain." "Well, now"— they were his last words —"we are all going home together; and I say, the Lord be with you — and in grace — and peace — and love — and that's the way I have come along home."

I have not left myself much time to speak of his preaching — distinctly as such. But I feel that I have really been speaking of the preacher all the while. If you should ask me for the one element that makes the sermons of Horace Bushnell peculiar and great — I should answer in one word — *Experience.* "I have seen, therefore have I spoken" gives the sermon its significance.

You remember the description of Augustine's preaching in Kinsley's Hypatia: "Well, whether or not, Augustine knew truths for all men, he at least knew sins for all men, and for himself as well as his hearers. There was no denying that. He was a real man right or wrong. What he rebuked in others, he had felt in himself, and fought it to the death-grip, as the flash and quiver of that worn face proclaimed." You feel the same grip in the sermons of Horace Bushnell. He lays bare your soul, its hidden motives and workings. He brings to your consciousness things you hardly dreamed were there and yet such as you recognize as yours. He introduces you to yourself, your deeper self, yes and your nobler self. And he

reveals God in Christ, and traces the working of his spiritual law as only a man can who has himself known. There is the realism of the witness. It is not the reasonings of his mind, the flow of his speech, but the gift of his life. The life has not gone out of the sermons, though bound up in books. They are charged with personality: they come tingling with life.

They are full of *virility,* as the man himself was. One might suppose that with the constant exalting of faith over reason, the trusting of the soul's desires as pathways to God, there might be undue manifestations of emotion, sentiment unrestrained by judgment, realms of mystic thought where sensible minds could not and would not follow. But such is not the case. Harmony with nature is his great thought, and realism is the quality of both thought and style, but it is the larger realism. He is scientific in his method, that is he keeps his eye on what he holds to be facts, tracing the human side of truth, that which he could test by experience. He is bold and fearless and rugged in this method, combining reason and imagination, common sense and sentiment, and compelling men to think, trying to get under the outward appearances of things to the inner realities of the spirit, and thereby at the same time profoundly touching the emotions. Take the sermon on "The Capacity of Religion Extirpated by Disuse"—"Take the talent from him"—as the example of his strength — the energy that moves on in accurate, fearless, sympathetic portrayal of the soul's experience. "This deforming process is a halfing process, with all that are in it. It exterminates the noblest side of faculty in them, and all the most affluent springs of their greatness it forever dries

away. It murders the angel in us, and saves the drudge or the worm. The man that is left is but a partial being, a worker, a schemer, a creature of passion, thought, will, hunger, remorse; but no divine principle, no Kinsman of Christ, or of God. And this is the fearful taking away of which our blessed Lord admonishes; a taking away of the gems and leaving the casket, a taking away of the great, and leaving the little, a taking away of the godlike and celestial and a leaving of the sinner in his sin."

Dr. Bushnell's sermons have kinship with poetry in that they are truth in the realm of the imagination. *Imagination* helps him to his vision of truth, and is the creative power that fixes the vision of the spirit in living form. Dr. Hawes of Hartford, the severe critic of Dr. Bushnell's theology, felt that imagination was an unreal and misleading faculty in religion and was therefore to be checked and even suppressed. He also as a young man was given to imaginings, visions of the soul, glimpses of realms beyond the beaten path; but he felt that they might be temptations of the evil one, taking the youth again to the pinnacle of the temple and showing him the kingdoms of the world. And so he took a course that fairly extirpated this faculty by disuse. His teaching was Scriptural in form, vigorously and conscientiously so, but it was hard, dogmatic, without the subtle persuasions of life. It is essentially rationalism. Nothing can be so unreal as logic.

This gives comprehensiveness. "The effect of my preaching never was to overthrow one school and set up the other; neither was it to find a position of neutrality midway between them; but as far as theology was concerned, it was to comprehend if possible, the

truth contended for in both; in which I had of course abundant practice in the subtleties of speculative language, but had the Scriptures always with me, bolting out their free, incautious opposition, regardless of all subtleties." [1]

The imagination is just as divine a faculty as reason. It adds force, clearness, distinctness of outline, vividness of coloring to man's ordinary conception. It flashes its way where reason painfully gropes and has important use in all the results of human thought. The generalizations of science could not be made without it. And without its aid the elements of religious truth cannot be harmonized. Imagination is the power of larger vision, a penetrative and interpretive power, seeing into the heart or towards the heart of things, and feeling the greatness of that still beyond its sight. It is not satisfied with perception. It is a faculty that combines, harmonizes and embodies the truths seen in immortal forms. And the imaginative insight gives a glow of heart, an inspiration that is the condition of the highest pulpit teaching. Emotion inseparably attends it, and so it makes its appeal to both intellect and feelings.

The imagination is the creative and persuasive spirit of Dr. Bushnell's sermons. It helps him to his interpretation of Scripture fact and doctrine — his conception, and then puts that conception before us a living and life-giving whole.

Such sermons as " Every man's life a plan of God," the " Dignity of human nature shown from its Ruins," the " Power of an endless life," are in their own sphere of pulpit teaching as truly works of creative imagina-

[1] Munger, p. 54.

tion as the Minerva of Phidias, the Madonna of Raphael, or the King Lear of Shakespeare.

The *style* of Horace Bushnell is as original as the man. It is lacking in simplicity, sometimes awkward and involved in structure, struggling now and then after the unattainable, and then again under the pulse of imaginative feeling moving on in the stately, rhythmical flow of the highest eloquence. He did not cultivate peculiarity. He did not seek to be obscure. He had to think in his own way and he tried to make his language the form of the life — or to use his own figure, the shadow of the thought. That there are some shadows in it we must all feel. It has something of the mystery of his own being, and of the life of the spirit. It is a path moving on, mostly in the light, with many simple and interesting things close by the way — but now and then passing into the mist and storm cloud — with rifts into the infinite blue.

"I have felt that our Dr. Bushnell would have helped the world to understand him faster, if he had not set an image in his almost every word like the face and flash of a diamond. Of course this is the peril of affluence, even as overflows are the peril of well-watered lands; but dear me! let us have waters anyhow. We will dam them. We will hew channels for them. And we had rather be drowned in them, than to dry up and die in the sand-wastes of a diction absolutely and forever arid." [1]

One of his children gives this interesting glimpse of the man in the pulpit: "I could not better suggest a picture of him than by words of his own, which he applied to another — 'His brow hangs heavy

[1] "Burton Lectures," p. 117.

over his desk, and the glow of his majestic face and the clear luster of his meditative eye reveal the mighty soul discoursing with the inward oracle.' When kindled by a strong thought, his whole face glowed with a spiritual beauty; and, sometimes, in moments of deep feeling, the tears would spring unbidden to his eyes, and brim over as from a child's eyes, with a beautiful unconsciousness. How well I remember that nervous swing of the right arm, which set an exclamation point to an important sentence! It expressed will, ardor, insistence, impulse — all in one motion. He carried a truth home by the momentum he gave it. His voice was naturally a good and strong one, but he never learned to manage it well, straining it sometimes, not by loudness but by emphasis, and doubtless laying thus the foundation of bronchial trouble. I think that in my childhood, I can remember his subdividing his sermons more than he did later, and giving them a more formal shape. A little boy once complained to me — 'Your father said *sixthly,* and then he went back and said *secondly.*' This was indeed a grievous ground of complaint to a child who was impatiently waiting to hear *seventhly* and *lastly.*"

The character of Dr. Bushnell, the vision and grace of the man, and his hold upon the men who knew him the best, is seen in the account of his last sermon. "He was in very feeble health, and the signs of physical distress were only too apparent in his speech and motions. When his part was called, he said in a very subdued and tender voice — 'Brethren, I am going to read you what is probably the last sermon I shall write,' and then he announced his subject, 'Our relations to Christ in the future life.' In the circumstances the mere announcement of such a subject was

enough to put us all in a state of tender awe. It did not seem boldness in him to be thus looking within the veil. We felt that he was to speak of what he knew, and not out of conjecture merely. As he read on and on, we listened with deepening awe and tenderness to the close. The shadow of the coming separation fell upon us, and when the reading ceased there was a strange silence. One by one the ministers, as they were called upon, declined to speak. Presently one was called who had long been intimate with the doctor, and when he shook his head, the doctor said, 'Come, tell us what you think of it.' He hesitated, and then began, 'Dr. Bushnell tells us that this — is — his — last — sermon.' He could go no farther, but gave way and broke out into loud weeping. And we all wept together with him. It was like the parting of St. Paul with the Ephesian elders. Then we knew how we loved him, and what an unspeakable, irreparable loss his departure would be for us — that departure which was evidently right at hand. The dear old doctor sat there, calmest of all, his deep, dark eyes glistening with tears, his face radiant like Stephen's, and beheld us with a look of heavenly grace and benediction, until the weeping ceased, and the Master seemed to have made Himself manifest in a great peace."

VI

HENRY WARD BEECHER

Oliver Wendell Holmes is credited with the witty remark that mankind was divided into the "saints and sinners and the Beecher family." It was when the Beecher family were very much in evidence. The father, Lyman Beecher, perhaps the most stalwart, independent and aggressive minister of his time, had not ceased to thunder. His two daughters were among the famous women of America; Catherine the older a writer of no mean strength and the pioneer in the higher education of women; Harriet (Mrs. Stowe) still the most creative female mind in American literature. The seven sons were all ministers, each one strong in his way, and not unworthy of his sire or his kinship to the Plymouth pastor. Henry Ward Beecher, the eighth child of Lyman Beecher and Roxanna Foote Beecher, had the gifts of the family in a marked and perfected degree. He is so original in his endowment, so exceptional in his experience and influence, that he is easily distinguished from mankind, especially from his brethren in the ministry. He is many in one, and the many seem at times to speak contradictory voices. In fact he is a blending of contradictions or opposites. There is a profound melancholy under a genial humor that plays over all like summer sunshine; a tenderness and sympathy with all from the highest to the lowest that brings tears to his

eyes at sight of a helpless child or a gull beating against a storm, with a scorn of men, an independence of judgment, that makes him the champion of unpopular but righteous causes and his words at times like thunder-bolts; an intellectual sensibility quick and powerful to discern the loftiest truths, with periods of apparent dullness and unproductiveness; an imagination which "transforms heaven and earth into a radiant procession of pictures" with a hard common sense and practicality that handles the commonest matters with ungloved hands; a keen insight into character, into its subtle and complex motives that made his pictures of life as realistic as Hogarth's; with an unsophisticated confidence in human nature that made him the dupe of any unprincipled sharper; an emotional nature that swept the whole power of his being in any single motive; with an ethical sense so fine and true that every truth was held in its relation to conduct and the powers of earth were helpless to deflect him from the path of duty. All these elements blended into one original, affluent, creative personality. He was a many-sided genius. He has been called more than once the "Shakespeare of the American pulpit."

It may be hastily thought, what has such a man to do with us? He is a genius, one of the few exceptional men of the pulpit, what help can he give to the rank and file of the ministry? It is a natural feeling but not warranted by the facts of Mr. Beecher's experience and work. No American preacher can help us more, both by direct teaching and by suggested warning. His experience is full of the most practical lessons, and his life speaks with the inspiration of a lofty and devoted manhood. It is this purpose that

guides the study of Mr. Beecher; not so much the estimate of the preacher and orator as the lessons of his experience.

I

The Preparation of the Man

God prepared this man for his work; the preparation was going on all through his life; each step was for the next, and is manifested as in few lives in character, message, and service. Notice the preparation of birth and early training. His sister, Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, in the sketch in "Men of our Times," his son-in-law, Rev. Mr. Scoville, in "Boyhood Memorabilia," and Rev. Frank S. Child in the "Boyhood of Henry Ward Beecher," have dwelt with suggestive analysis and incident upon these formative influences. His spiritual inheritance was from his mother, who died when he was three years old; his love of beauty, his imagination, his subtle insight into truth and life, his quick and tender response to human need. "It was the mother's wish and prayer that her sons all devote themselves to the Gospel ministry. The current of her faith flowed through the life-work of her children. And Henry Ward received double portion of her spirit."

The training of his conscience came from his stepmother. She had a moral force, a dignity of demeanor, an air of elegance, an inflexible conscience that produced unconscious awe in the minds of the little ones. "She gave the strength of her imperious intellect to the task of guiding the children in the knowledge of right and truth and religion." Though the impression of religion was "solemn and inflexible

and mysteriously sad," it made conscience clear and imperative. The youngest of a large family had little attention, save discipline. There were no children's books and he did not have a single child's toy. Very early he had strict duties given him, in caring for the garden and barn and firewood. He inherited a robust constitution and the Spartan or rather Puritan training early developed vigor, self-reliance and devotion to duty. "At nine years of age, in one of those winter droughts common in New England towns, he harnessed the horse to a sledge with a barrel lashed thereon, and went off alone three miles over the icy top of the town hill, to dip up and bring home a barrel of water from a distant spring. His only trial in the case was the humiliation of being positively commanded by his careful step-mother to wear his overcoat; he departed obedient, but with tears of mortification freezing on his cheeks, for he had recorded a heroic vow to go through a whole winter without once wearing an overcoat."

The practical and emotional side of his life was developed by his friendship for a colored servant of the family, Charles Smith. He slept in the same room with him and found in him the real companionship of his boyhood. This negro servant would pray and read his Bible and comment upon all with such true spiritual insight and native wit as to make religion simple and natural. Mr. Beecher says that from Smith he first heard the Bible truly read. Old Testament stories became real things. He caught the flavor of the Psalms. The "fret and harassment of Puritan piety" was lessened, and sweet, happy thoughts of God stirred the child's mind. Who can doubt that here was the beginning of that broadening of religion

into truth for daily life that marked his teachings, and that interest in humble life, faith in its divineness, especially the life of the poor and oppressed, that made Plymouth pulpit so strong a force for the freedom and elevation of the negro race.

The fourth factor in the nature and early training of Beecher was the life of his father. Lyman Beecher was a man greatly absorbed in his work, in the study and discussion of high themes of theology, in the care of his church, in constant demand for special services outside his parish, in articles for newspapers and reviews. He was marked for the vigor of his intellectual life and the fervor of his piety. "The greatest thing in the world is to save souls" was his most characteristic saying, and to this end the powers of mind and spirit were unweariedly devoted. Henry Ward not only inherited the intellectual capacity of his father but was molded by that intellectuality. It is true that Lyman Beecher did not have much to do directly in the training of his children, but such a personality dominated the home as it did the Church and society. A sensitive boy like his youngest son could not fail to be deeply impressed by the vigorous, versatile and noble mind and character of his father. To others there were no prophecies of future greatness in the boy, slow of speech and rather dull of books, bubbling over with good nature and practical pranks, but with a heart of dreamy melancholy, but to the father's heart there was kinship of spirit. "The father began his instruction in mental mastery during Henry's early boyhood. He would argue some great question with the child, and when the child failed to substantiate his position, his father would tell him what he ought to say." As the boy's mind grew in

grasp and wit, he would test him with problems and investigations. He would get him to marshal his ideas and theories while they tramped over the hills or fished the streams. And so he moved his mind into a "generous and natural activity." One Sabbath forty years after Henry Ward Beecher preached a most impressive sermon. A friend remarked to Lyman Beecher, who was present in Plymouth Church, "That was a magnificent discourse." "Yes," replied the Doctor with some childishness but more truth, "but you wouldn't have had that sermon if it hadn't been for me." "And there is a larger truth in the saying of the venerable father than lies upon the surface of the words. Lyman Beecher lived in his great son. The intellectual forces which made Henry Ward Beecher a leader of his fellows were not only transmitted to him in germ as a father's legacy, they were conserved, developed, strengthened, dominated by the potent personality of Lyman Beecher."

These were the four early forces, spiritual, disciplinary, practical, intellectual, that determined the later life and work of Mr. Beecher.

And if we are to reckon the life forces, we must not forget the influence of nature. Beecher was a child of nature. There was always something about him that suggested the largeness and freedom and fertility of nature. Litchfield County, Connecticut, is one of the most beautiful and picturesque parts of New England, and in what Wordsworth calls a "wise passiveness" the boy received the impress and lessons of natural objects. His sister speaks of his "peculiar passion for natural scenery." Like Horace Bushnell, another Litchfield boy, he knew every stream and forest, every tree and flower and wood-note. And in the idle

hours of boyhood, when books were a dull world, the mind was growing silently in its perceptions of beauty, and storing that treasure of delightful memory and appreciative observation that was to be both the comfort and inspiration of his manhood. Nature colors his thought and lives in his speech. His sermons get much of their vividness from the fields, as the words of Christ did. And his letters and sketches such as the "Star Papers" and "Life Thoughts" have the very breath of winds and the odor of fields and flowers. "The chief use of a farm," he says, "if it be well selected and of a proper soil, is to lie down upon. Mine is an excellent farm for such uses, and I thus cultivate it every day. Large crops are the consequence, of great delight, and fancies more than the brain can hold." And of an elm tree standing in his pasture, he writes: "Does a man bare his head in some old church? So do I, standing in the shadow of this regal tree, and looking up into that completed glory at which three hundred years had been at work with noiseless fingers. What was I in its presence but a grasshopper? My heart said, 'I may not call thee property, and that property mine. Thou belongest to the air. Thou art the child of summer. Thou art the mighty temple where birds praise God. Thou belongest to no man's hand, but to all men's eyes that do love beauty, and that have learned through beauty to behold God.'"

Longfellow's beautiful tribute to Agassiz is just as true of Mr. Beecher:

> And nature, the old nurse, took
> The child upon her knee,
> Saying, "Here is a story-book
> Thy Father has written for thee."

"Come, wander with me," she said,
"Into regions yet untrod,
And read what is still unread
In the manuscripts of God."

And he wandered away and away
With Nature, the dear old Nurse,
Who sang to him night and day
The rhymes of the universe.

And whenever the way seemed long,
Or his heart began to fail,
She would sing a more wonderful song,
Or tell a more marvelous tale.

The training of Mr. Beecher in the schools is soon told, but there are some very good things from it for preachers to remember. When Lyman Beecher moved to Boston, where he was pastor of Hanover Street Church, the fascinations of city life were too much at first for the country boy, and Henry Ward spent more time at the docks and among the ships than in the Boston Latin School. It was only the hunger of the boy's mind after the larger world, just as at Litchfield he passed through the stage coach period, when he knew every driver, and was allowed to handle the four-in-hand and thought that the only way to know the world was to be a stage-driver. Though out of love and obedience to his father he mastered the Latin Grammar, knowing it from cover to cover, it fell out by a good chance that his father learned of his ambition to be a sailor, not of course a common sailor, but a midshipman and sometime an admiral. So his father shrewdly persuaded him that the only hope of realizing such an ambition was to become proficient in

mathematics, and so sent him to a good preparatory school at Amherst, saying quietly to himself, "We shall yet make a minister of Henry Ward." The influence of a revival of religion and the nearness to Amherst college soon drove thoughts of the sea from his mind and he entered Amherst and after the due college course, Lane Theological Seminary, where his father was then President and Professor of Theology. The two striking facts of his preparatory work was his study of elocution and of mathematics. No one would have predicted a speaker of the boy, bashful and with thick and indistinct utterance. "When Henry is sent to me with a message," said a good aunt, "I always have to make him say it three times. The first time I have no manner of an idea more than if he spoke Choctaw; the second, I catch now and then a word; by the third time, I begin to understand."

Mr. Beecher always cherished a grateful memory of Mr. Lowell, his teacher of elocution. "A better teacher in his department never was made." His voice was developed by most persevering, systematic training. "His gestures and the management of his body went through a drill corresponding to that which the military youth goes through at West Point, to make his body supple to the exigencies of military evolution." He never could have attained his success without this training, and though he developed a voice of unusual purity and compass, with the range from a bird note to a thunderstorm, expressive of every shade of thought and feeling, and his face like an actor's; not a mask, but as expressive as the voice; to the last of his life, by daily exercise in elocution he kept the voice the perfect, facile instrument of speech.

His training in mathematics was no less vigorous

and successful. He did not like mathematics but to gratify his teacher, a West Point graduate for whom he formed a romantic friendship, and to become a great admiral like Nelson, he gave himself to this disagreeable task. "Thanks to his friend and teacher Fitzgerald, his mathematical training had given him the entire mastery of La Croix's Algebra, so that he was prepared to demonstrate at random any proposition as chance selected — not only without aid or prompting from the teacher, but controversially as against the teacher, who would sometimes publicly attack the pupil's method of demonstration, disputing him step by step, when the scholar was expected to know with such positive clearness as to put down and overthrow the teacher. 'You must not only know, but you must know that you know,' was Fitzgerald's maxim; and Mr. Beecher attributed much of his subsequent habit of steady antagonistic defense of his own opinions to this early mathematical training." By his Latin and mathematics he knew how to study; he had gained the power of concentrated attention, and this he devoted to his own plan of culture. The classics did not attract him, but oratory and rhetoric were his weapons he felt to reach the men of to-day. So he devoted himself to English classical study. Milton's prose and poetry, Bacon, Shakspeare, and the writers of the Elizabethan period were his classics and these he read again and again. He was the first humorist of his college time, but all the marks on the well worn volumes of English poetry show his love of the earnest, the heroic, the pathetic.

In his sophomore year as mere frolic, he began a course of investigation that colored his whole life. A lecture on phrenology as a college joke led to a club

for physiological research. And he began his reading of anatomy and physiology, carrying them along carefully with his studies in mental philosophy. And from that day he continued to read all the physiological writers of the English language, forming a physico-psychology when such a position was far in advance of others, and on this basing through life his system of thought. The man who as a student read Gall and Spurtzheim naturally in later years mastered the works of Herbert Spencer and tried to interpret the truths of Christianity in the terms of evolutionary philosophy.

The early religious history of Mr. Beecher was what might be expected from his peculiar endowment and training. A child with great depth of feeling, with yearning after the beautiful and heroic, with a sensitive conscience had always the capacity of easy and quick faith and devotion, but he waited in accordance with the religious formulas of the time for a period of deep conviction and for special experience of God's grace. And so boyhood passed and Henry Ward Beecher was a youth of seventeen before he cherished even a trembling hope of a Christian. It was the result of a revival season in his preparatory school and with more fear than joy he joined himself with God's people. During another revival season in his college life he tried to test his love by some of the profound tests of Edwards and was left in blank despair. After days of almost hopeless prayer his mind was filled with a sense of divine love which seemed to him like a revelation.

The Seminary course was a critical time for Mr Beecher, "a time of intellectual broadening, earnest spiritual activity, and deep soul unrest." For two

years he was filled with doubts and then came a vision of God as shining as that which blinded Saul on the Damascus road or filled the soul of Charles G. Finney in his lawyer's office. His preaching for fifty years received its direction and tone from that hour. "It then pleased God to lift upon me such a view of Christ, as one whose nature and office it is to have infinite and exquisite pity upon the weakness and want of sinners, as I had never had before. I saw that he had compassion upon them because they were sinners, and because he wanted to help them out of their sins. It came to me like the bursting forth of spring. It was as if yesterday there was not a bird to be seen or heard and as if to-day the woods were full of singing birds. There rose up before me a view of Jesus, as the Saviour of sinners, not of saints, but of sinners unconverted before they were any better because they were so bad and needed so much; and that view has never gone from me. It did not at first fill the whole heaven; it came as a rift along the horizon, gradually, little by little, the cloud rolled up. It was three years before the whole sky was cleared so that I could see all around, but from that hour I felt that God had a Father's heart; that Christ loved me in my sin; that while I was a sinner, He did not frown upon me nor cast me off, but cared for me with unutterable tenderness, and would help me out of sin; and it seemed to me that I had everything needed. When that vision was vouchsafed to me, I felt that there was no more for me to do but to love, trust, and adore; nor has there ever been in my mind a doubt since that I did love, trust and adore. There has been an imperfect comprehension, there have been grievous sins, there have been long defections; but

never for a single moment have I doubted the power of Christ's love to save me, any more than I have doubted the existence in the heavens of the sun by day and the moon by night." There can be no doubt that this vision of Christ was God's guiding him for a great mission. He could not preach any other man's theology. No man ever had a stronger passion for souls. "I will preach," he says in the midst of these times of doubt, "if it is in the byways and hedges." "I must preach the Gospel as it is revealed to me." And now he had the message of personal experience, my Gospel, as surely as Paul. "To present Jesus Christ personally as the Friend and Helper of humanity, Christ as God impersonate, eternally and by the necessity of his nature, helpful and remedial and restorative, the friend of each individual soul, and thus the friend of all society: this was the one thing which his soul rested on as a worthy object in entering the ministry." He says of his feelings: "I was like the man in the story to whom a fairy gave a purse with a single piece of money in it, which he found always came again as soon as he had spent it. I thought I knew at last one thing to preach. I found it included everything."

2

His Career in the Ministry

At the close of his seminary course, Mr. Beecher accepted the first call that came, to Lawrenceburg, Indiana, a rough frontier town on the Ohio River, with fifteen hundred people and four distilleries. The Presbyterian Church to which he was called had twenty members, nineteen women and one good for

nothing man, and the salary promised was two hundred and fifty dollars a year. Here he brought his young wife, a gifted and cultivated daughter of Massachusetts, and made their first home. They struggled with poverty together and love grew purer and their joys sweeter. He gave himself to his people as though there were no other church in the world. "He did all the work of the parish sexton, making his fires, trimming his lamps, sweeping his house. He did not ring the bell simply because they had none. 'I did all,' he said whimsically, 'but come to hear myself preach — that they had to do.'" A deep impression was made by the new man and his living message. He was the friend of all. He sought out the neglected and had a special word for the doubter. He had no false humility and was willing to wear old clothing which kind friends gave him. He was catholic in his spirit, holding fast to the personal Christ and so preaching a comprehensive Gospel, building up the Kingdom and not advancing the interests of a party. In the bitter and unjustifiable attack upon his father for heresy, in the jealousies and bickerings of schools within the Church, in the enmities of sects that should work for a common faith, he gained a large vision for his own life which sometimes disregarded the necessity for forms of truth and worship for other souls. He saw that a part of the unbelief about him was due to the unwise zeal of Christians in defending mere ecclesiastical trifles, and he determined to speak only what seemed the essential, universal principles of Christianity. "I remember riding through the woods for long, dreary days, and I recollect at one time coming out into an open place where the sun shone down through the bank of the

river, and where I had such a sense of the love of Christ, of the nature of His work on earth, of its beauty and grandeur, and such a sense of the miserableness of Christian men quarreling and seeking to build up antagonistic churches — in other words, the Kingdom of Christ rose up before my mind with such supreme loveliness and majesty — that I sat in my saddle I do not know how long (many, many minutes, perhaps half an hour), and there, all alone, in a great forest of Indiana, probably twenty miles from any house, I prayed for that Kingdom, saying audibly, 'I will never be a sectary.'"

After three years at Lawrenceburg, Mr. Beecher went to the Second Church of Indianapolis. He did not wish to go. He had no ambition for a larger field. He mistrusted his own powers. Twice he declined the call, and only went when the Synod of Indiana as a body urged the step. Indianapolis was then only a struggling town of four thousand people, full of restless ambition, and partisanship, the seat of gambling, intemperance, and worse vices, with little of the promise of the noble city of to-day.

Mr. Beecher's powers had a slow development: they took time to ripen. Spiritual success came with hard, patient lessons. "For the first three years I did not make a single sinner wink." "I went to bed every Sunday night with the vow that I would buy a farm and quit the ministry."

But he was a man of immense industry and fidelity. He used the best ministers' helps. He made a constant general study of the New Testament, especially the Gospels, so that Christ became as real as himself. He kept up the Shakspearean dramatists, the great essayists: read widely in modern poetry.

He made the Puritan Preachers his daily companions. He knew Jeremy Taylor, and South and Barrow. After finishing his first lecture to young men, he took down a volume of Barrow and after awhile with a vigorous motion of disgust, he threw his own manuscript under the bookcase where it lay for several days. But he had the good sense to take it up and work it over, and it was the first of the "Lectures to Young Men," that had a national influence, and was the beginning of his national fame. I have read from the Yale lectures the story of how he preached what he calls his first sermon. He wanted the souls of men, not a multitude of hearers or the fame of an orator. And so he went to the New Testament and made a study of the early addresses and found that the speaker began with the knowledge and conviction of his hearers and on this led them to truth and made his appeal for action. And Mr. Beecher followed the same method — the natural method of approach — and nineteen men fell before the truth of that sermon. And ever since this has been his method. He emphasizes what Dr. Watson has called the humanness of the sermon. He does not speculate but describes what is going on in the souls of men and gives what he holds to be God's message for present need. Revival after revival followed his preaching. His church grew from a little handful of believers to a host of earnest, effective workers. He went over the state helping other pastors in revival seasons. His interest in practical life, temperance, and social welfare, and the cause of the slave, was strong from the first, and he preached the truth fearlessly but always with such Scriptural argument and illustration and the truth in love that he rarely made enemies.

His western training made him a national preacher. It is a reasonable supposition that except for the ten years in these small western churches (farther away than Idaho to-day) Mr. Beecher would never have gained that minute knowledge of men, that genuine sympathy with all classes and conditions, that mastery of his own powers of thought and expression that made him the Master of Assemblies.

In 1847 he went to Plymouth Church, Brooklyn. He was its first pastor and under God made Plymouth Church. He had no ambition for such a place, and it was a doubtful experiment at first. This young man, whose style had something of the luxuriance of the western prairie and his freedom and originality of dealing with truth like the strong beating of a prairie wind, attracted multitudes at first. A critical neighboring minister gave the young prodigy six months to preach out. He kept the same pulpit for forty years and poured out like some great spring among the hills his fresh and life-giving thoughts.

At the examining council, he made a poor figure in technical theology but he revealed the shrewd wit and deep love that have been the twin-elements of his power and influence. "I am glad to find one candidate who knows the Lord Jesus Christ and His Gospel," said Horace Bushnell.

I cannot trace step by step his work as the Plymouth preacher. To his work as a reformer I shall refer in another lecture. God knows the times and He has his men. He came to the Kingdom at the right time. And I suppose his clearest and purest work is in his teachings of practical righteousness, the work with the least earthly dross in it. His supreme aim is the building up of manhood. And to this end he made

men feel that God loved them and could help them. He was a hope-bringer to toiling, burdened, oppressed, baffled and sinning humanity. And his teaching had the best example in the man. He loved men with an absorbing and impelling love. He bore their burdens, fulfilling Christ's law, even bearing in his body the marks of the Lord Jesus. "He was the chief champion in America of the pulpit's duty to apply Christianity to all the great ethical concerns of business and society." He did in the pulpit what his sister did through fiction. Of course he roused intense hatred and many times was a sword blade rather than a balm; but it is hard to imagine the stern truths of righteousness put in more persuasive forms. The Thanksgiving sermon of 1860 against Compromise of Principle is a good example of his truth-loving, fearless message, and the vividness and force and sweep of his style.

"Vainglory will destroy us. Pride will wreck us. Above all, the fear of doing right will be fatal. But justice and liberty are pilots that do not lose their craft. They steer by a divine compass. They know the hand that holds the winds and the storms. It is always safe to be right; and our business is not so much to seek peace, as to seek the causes of peace."

"The rush of life, the vigor of earnest men, the conflict of realities, invigorate, cleanse, and establish truth. Our only fear should be lest we refuse God's work. He has appointed this people, and our day, for one of those world-battles on which ages turn. Ours is a pivotal period. The strife is between a dead past and a living future; between a wasting evil and a nourishing good; between barbarism and civilization."

His speeches in Great Britain in 1863, at Manchester, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Liverpool, and London, were the supreme effort of his life, for which all previous study and training were the divine fitting, and he turned the tide of public opinion in favor of the North and kept the Conservative ministry from recognizing the Southern Confederacy.

All these years his thought was maturing and his power growing as a preacher. You could find the way from Fulton Ferry to Plymouth Church any Sunday morning by following the crowd. His sermons were printed in half a dozen great weeklies. His pen was as productive as his voice. He was successively editor of the *Independent* and the *Christian Union*. He wrote a novel, "Norwood," of no structural value but rich in glimpses of noble thought and the very idyl of New England village life. He began a life of Christ, not critical or doctrinal, but it might be called, as Mrs. Ward has done for hers, "The Story of Jesus Christ."

And then his sun was darkened at noon-day. The years '72–'76 are black and foul with the Beecher scandal. I cannot go into it. All the human fiends, all the vile of thought and life believed it, gloated over it and tried to make it true. Many good people who had been offended at his keen thrusts at their cherished opinions and who held that he was an underminer of faith, secretly believed in his guilt.

It is enough to say that his wife knew him to be pure, that his church after long and thorough investigation fully exonerated him, that a civil jury failed to convict, that even the opposing counsel — eminent lawyers — afterwards confessed that they believed him innocent, that a Congregationalist council of 200, from

all parts of the country, acquitted him without a dissenting vote.

No doubt the trial did incalculable evil in corrupting the public mind, and bringing suspicion upon a leader of faith. No man felt it so keenly as Mr. Beecher himself; and in his desire to save the reproach of the Church (and so the effort for four years to make a false peace) and in his morbid self-condemnation lest he in some way had given occasion for offense, were found the sole materials of prosecution. Through it all Mr. Beecher was held by an unfaltering trust, the most abiding sense of Christ's presence and love, and his prayers and his sermons were in an atmosphere of loftier spirituality.

It cannot be said that his fame ever became perfectly clear again; but who can doubt that his final force on the Kingdom of Christ will be more efficient for his bearing in this deepest sense the reproaches of Christ?

The thought of his last years, under the influence of his philosophical studies took the form of the restatement of Christianity in something of scientific terms, that he might adjust Christian faith to its new environment. Many feel that it was his least happy work. They miss the old-time fervor. They would that the words of Christ's love were oftener on his lips. It is certain that Mr. Beecher never lost his own faith. "How can that ever be finished?" he said of the life of Christ. The hymn that he chose for his own burial was: "When I survey the wondrous Cross." And a well known minister of his own church who knew him as a brother and often dissented from his views, calls him "as true a Christian

as lives, as pure a soul as thinks, as simple and trustful a spirit as God has in the world." The test of his teachings will be its fruit in life. If he is among the prophets, the seed will take time to ripen.

3

The Characteristics of His Preaching

I can only say a word on the special homiletic lessons of Mr. Beecher's work. I have preferred to let the life tell its own story.

His preparation was general rather than special. He enriched himself, his own thought, rather that got ready for any special service. The accumulation was always going on, even when he was the most idle. He was a hard student in many lines of thought, relying on specialists in different departments. He had the habit of filling the interstices of time, for example (and a bad example too) he read Froude's "History of England" between dinner courses.

He studied men more intently than books. He went everywhere with his eyes open and his heart open, and so he got sermons from shops and stores, from streets and ferry boats.

He never spoke on any subject without long study, often years. His note-book was always full of texts and plans and illustrations and the letters in his pocket were covered with suggestions. During the week two or three topics would be uppermost in his mind. On these he would brood, and Sunday morning prepare a brief outline. Many of his early sermons were fully written, but the notes grew fewer and fewer until only an outline was suggested. His creative

impulses came periodically and by long habit he was able to time them so that they served the highest work of the pulpit.

The personality of Mr. Beecher gave the charm and power to his pulpit. In few men were the person and the message so vitally fused, and we can feebly gather the sources of his power by a critical reading of his sermons. Yet the sermons are marked by the reality of the man — and the man is in them.

They are marked by intellectual insight, creative imagination and humanity of feeling. His intellectual life is marked by a sensibility that feels truth, an intuition that flashes its way to the highest truths of doctrine and life. He holds that the truths of the spiritual life are not discoverable by mere logical faculties, but by special intuitions and that the Holy Spirit touches man through these special intuitions. Here is the strength and weakness of his work.

His imagination was both creative and pictorial. His intuitions took form and color and substance before his mind. He grasped truth as a concrete thing. And in telling others what he saw and felt, the imagination furnished him the greatest wealth of strong pictorial speech. Every field and experience brought its symbol or picture of truth. This was especially true in depicting human life. "That knowledge of anatomy, character and color which a great painter like Da Vinci evinces in drawing the human face, Mr. Beecher applied after his order in depicting the inner life of man."

Then he has unfailing humanity. A great heart pulses in all that he says. And you feel that in spite of many eccentricities the heart is constrained by the love of Christ. "When the eccentricity seems great-

est," says Dr. Leonard Bacon, "the centrifugal force is checked and the star is held in its orbit by the attraction of the sun of righteousness." "The faculty of seeing things to love in individuals and of taking them into his personal regard is the tap-root of his influence. He sways the masses and wins their heart just because to him there are no masses."

The statue of Mr. Beecher in Brooklyn beautifully tells the story of his life.

"On a pedestal of dark Quincy granite rises the statue of Mr. Beecher, of heroic size, and representing him as a man of great courage and sympathy. Mr. Beecher stands with overcoat on, and his soft felt hat in hand, as if he had stopped for a moment in a walk, or was about to address an outdoor assembly. On the pedestal is the figure of a negro girl raising a branch of palm to show the gratitude of her people. There are also two other graceful figures representing two white children, a boy seated and endeavoring to support the figure of a girl, who is trying to push a garland up to the plinth." [1]

The last night Mr. Beecher preached in Plymouth Church, he sat in the pulpit after the congregation had withdrawn, his head sunk between his shoulders after the typical picture of Napoleon, listening to Mr. John Zundel, the organist, who had the power of dispelling the spirits of weariness and depression. Two small newsboys stole in, attracted by the music and the light. Mr. Beecher, finally noticing them, went down into the aisle and gathering a boy under each arm went forth with tender and sympathetic interest. He had the greatness of the child-like spirit.

[1] "Life of Beecher," by Barrows, p. 514.

VII

PHILLIPS BROOKS: THE MAN AND THE PREACHER

"A great life is the simplest thing in the world, God's gift direct from His own heart and hand, instinct with His power. You may tell its story, you may study its methods and motives, you may catch its inspiration, but you cannot analyze it or imitate it, or fill its place, or do its work."

These words that close the beautiful tribute of Arthur Brooks to his greater brother, Phillips Brooks, can hardly fail to voice the exact feeling of any man who tries to measure the "foremost-hearted of his time," and to give something of the large "utterance of his living breath."

Phillips Brooks was blessed in his birth and training. Generations of plain living and high thinking, of simple piety and generous humanity lived in his life. Like Emerson, he had back of him a long line of Puritan ministers. He was a child of the prophets and of the covenant. He was the eighth generation from John Cotton, the father of the New England theology. His great-grandfather was Lieutenant-Governor Phillips, one of the founders of Phillips Academy, Andover; and his grandmother, the wife of Samuel Phillips, a rarely beautiful woman and a gifted writer of letters, was the chief donor to Andover Theological Seminary. Wendell Phillips was his uncle. It is no wonder that the child of such an ancestry should

be dowered with the love of truth, and an expressive soul.

Born in 1835 in Boston, he prepared for college in the Boston Latin School and entered Harvard at sixteen. I need hardly say that the lad had the most careful and thorough training. His home was the center of large intellectual interests, of broad outlook upon men and events, made possible by the scorn of frivolities or foolish conventionalities and a rigorous self-denial that subordinated all ambitions and pleasures to mental and social well-being. It was the training of a man.

And he entered Harvard at a time when the college life was devout yet inquiring, a quickener of thought and religion. Felton was still in the chair of Greek, Agassiz was giving to nature a new charm, and Longfellow and Lowell were in their manly vigor. And beyond college walls were other noble messages for open hearts. Emerson was calling men to look deeper into the heart of things and Tennyson's "In Memoriam," just published, was the age spirit in the deepest matters of religion.

Phillips Brooks felt and used the influences of this larger life that was dawning, yet without scorning the heritage of the past. A master of books, he was still more a master of hearts; and he left Harvard at twenty with honors enough for any youth, and best of all a simple and noble nature, ready for any call of the highest use.

The call to the life work soon came; and after a short experience as teacher in the Boston Latin School we find him at Alexandria, Virginia, a theological school of the Evangelical or Low Church party. We know in his Lectures on Preaching the emphasis he

put here on study as the condition of true spiritual power. His friends of these days speak of his grasp of truth and rare spiritual insight; but he himself refers to the time as one of hazy views and faltering speech. When called upon to speak to his fellow students, he shrank from voicing an experience upon which he had barely entered, and modestly took for his subject "Some thoughts on Poetry."

His college friends could not understand his choice of a profession that to them seemed bare and narrow and uneventful. He chose it blindly in part, as the only sphere where a life so large as his could find its freedom and its joy. And in this choice God was working to use the largest life of the generation to clarify and unify the forces of faith. I quote again from the words of his brother: "Descended through a long line of Congregational ministers, with Puritan blood and traditions constituting the very essence of his heritage, he was born at a time when the stern dogmatic faith had received a staggering blow in the development of Unitarianism in its central citadel. Devout souls, which had been brought up with the thought of the supremacy of Christ, felt themselves under the influence of the new Unitarian teaching, thrown back upon the internal evidence of their personal love to Him. Holding still, in a greater or less degree, and with more or less precision to old statements, they counted the great fact which these statements enshrined more precious and evident than ever. And in that atmosphere of personal devotion to a loving Saviour and of dependence upon Him, Phillips Brooks lived and grew as a child. That love to Christ which glowed in his words and flashed in his eye was caught from a mother's lips, and was read

with boyish eyes as the central power of a mother's soul and life. I may not say more, nor lift any further the veil which separates a holy of holies, into which we loved to enter with an awe which we could not understand. No revolt from influences under which he had been trained, no memory of controversial theology, could have been the power of that sweet and easy belief in Christ as the personal Saviour, any more than the fires of Vesuvius can be turned to warm the domestic hearth. But the positive love for Christ in the midst of a community where the right of contrary and conflicting statements was fully allowed and abundantly used, accounts for the clear and warm statements of the Christian faith by which the world has been made the better."

His first charge was the Church of the Advent in Philadelphia, from whence he went to the rectorship of Holy Trinity in the same city, the year the Civil War began. And here a phase of his ministry appeared, in its spirit true of the man always, and yet never again brought out in such prominence by current events. He was in an atmosphere of timid and compromising conservatism, of secret sympathy with slavery as an aristocratic institution, fearful and watchful lest the pulpit should be defiled by the spirit of party. A braver soul than this young rector never stood in an American pulpit. He threw the whole force of his ardent youth, of his sublime faith, on the side of liberty and nationality. His pulpit fairly flamed with the scorn of selfish indifference, and with the challenge to Christian citizenship. The State was not a social compact but a divine organism and they who were threatening it were laying hands upon the very ark of God. "His life was one constant oppo-

sition to all that tended to obscure the ideal of the nation's existence." And this breadth of interest was carried throughout his ministry.

It has been said, perhaps with some truth, that Phillips Brooks was an individualist and had little sense in his ministry of society as a whole. He did believe that the divine life in the souls of men would work out a new order of life and so he has no formal word to society as a unit; but whatever concerned society, education, freedom, philanthropy, stirred his heart and won his quick allegiance.

In 1869, he became the rector of Trinity Church, Boston, and for twenty-one years labored there with increasing power and joy.

The church itself in its strength and beauty became a fitting symbol of the man. It was not lacking in organization, but the life was more than the form. It was not lacking in loyalty to its denomination, but devotion to the spiritual ideal of the church largely consumed the dross of party and sect. It became in a very true sense the Cathedral Church of Boston. Diversities of faith and life found there their unity and their inspiration in visions of their common Lord. The higher life of the city received its interpretation and its strongest impulse in the strength and comprehensiveness of the Gospel there preached. Weary, baffled, beaten souls looked there for their hope. Men in the press of business, under the burden of civil and financial responsibilities found their strength to be true and patient and brave. Natures in the stress and strain of subtle speculations, tormented by problems that refused to be stated in easy and conventional forms of faith, found the simplicity of a life into which God really entered.

It was all because a great soul stood in the Trinity pulpit and spoke with men as they really were and brought God to them, or rather made them feel that God was with them. It was no new message, but the eternal truth brought through a great personality and in a way that searched the consciousness of the generation to its lowest depth.

Men were not slow to perceive that a prophet had once more arisen. Let a man speak, who bears witness of what he has seen and heard, who has a living message, and not the scribes' dull repetition of yesterdays, and the people are bound to hear. The imprisoned King will answer to the voice of the minstrel.

As early as 1876 his first volume of sermons was published and widely read on both sides the sea. Even then men called him the Robertson of the American pulpit. He contradicts his own statement that a sermon that is good to hear is not good to read. Volumes of his sermons are almost as common as great works of fiction, and his face looks its benediction from walls wherever the speech of Chaucer and Shakespeare, of Milton and Wordsworth is loved. In 1877, he gave his "Lectures on Preaching" at Yale Seminary, laying bare as far as one man can to others the secret of his power. There is no better book to store in the mind and lay on the heart, and I might say, go to God with. It can make no man a preacher, but any man who reads it and does not "catch something of the divine sunlight which flooded every corner of his being," is hardly fit to preach.

He frequently visited England and the Continent during his vacations. He loved the storied places and the rich memorials of life: they appealed to his imagi-

nation and deepened his sense of oneness with his fellows. He frequently preached in the English churches, in Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's, in the Temple and Christ Church, was honored by both Oxford and Cambridge, and was reverenced and loved there as at home.

The work of a great church was only a part of his care. His voice and pen were at the service of men and he gave himself without stint. Dedication sermons and anniversary addresses and words to college men were a yearly thing. In all his outside work, he loved nothing better than his service to his own Alma Mater, as resident preacher. The first public service that stirred the multitude and attracted wide attention was his prayer at the dedication of the Memorial Hall at Harvard in '69, when Lowell gave his Commemoration Ode, the high water mark of American poetry. And his sermons in the college Chapel and his familiar conversations with men in his own rooms on the difficulties and hopes of life and the divine fitness of the Gospel gave him a sweet joy and a sense of service to his generation that came from nothing else in life.

He was above everything else a minister to young manhood. He commanded their admiration, interpreted their life, set before them the noblest ideals and helped to turn the tide of spiritual life at Harvard. He made it hard for young men to doubt the essential truth of Christianity, and their own divine capacity.

During one term of his residence, a certain fast set had spent the night in dissipation. The morning light revealed hollow eyes and wan faces, and men who did not care to look into their own hearts. There was a

knock at the door and the beaming face of Phillips Brooks entered. He saw the situation at a glance but no word of censure fell from his lips. With the wonderful fascination of his speech, he poured out the natural interest of his heart for the College, for their lives, for young men. And then as he left, he said with his great searching eyes and hearty tones: "Well, boys, it doesn't pay, does it?" And in that presence their sin turned black before their eyes, they felt it to be unworthy of their manhood.

He was open to every life. Mothers whose sons were leaving home for the city wrote him concerning the temptations of their boys and asking his interest. Young men in college, whose natures had been stirred by his message, poured out their hearts to him. One of our best known graduates, then a senior in college, was recalled to his purpose of the ministry by the reading of a sermon and the correspondence that followed it. Ministers and leaders from many churches and lands asked questions of him, who seemed to know their life so well, and yet to live on a height where many of its perplexities were made clear. And to this ever increasing number of souls he ministered with unwearied service. Postal cards he never used, and every writer received a carefully written answer in Mr. Brooks' own hand.

A friend who happened to enter his study one day, tells of the great heap of letters which lay open before the great preacher. "Among all these letters," he said to the friend, "which I have answered or shall answer, not one appertains to my parish. All are from persons outside the bounds of Trinity, and most of them from persons outside the bounds of Boston." And his doors were open to any who needed his help.

He belonged to the people. Blood, culture, station, wealth, all the influences that make smaller men aristocrats, only broadened his sympathies. He was a man of the people, because he knew and believed in the essential worth of man. He was never greater than when he ministered without a thought of condescension to some humble toiler, or sent some poor mother out for an hour of rest or recreation in the parks while he cared for the baby. "The common people loved him, and claimed him with a frank and pathetic confidence." A cab-man exclaimed to a friend on the street, the day of his death, "Our dear Bishop is dead." A messenger boy said, "Isn't it too bad that good priest is dead?" When asked by a gentleman who it was, the boy simply answered, "Why, Father Brooks, didn't you know?" On the streets, in the shops and homes, among stablemen and cab-drivers, everywhere, the tidings of Phillips Brooks' death awakened a genuine sorrow. On the day of the funeral a working man in rough working attire gazed a moment at the body, and turned aside, his face drenched with tears. A poor woman, ill-clad, pressed her way through the throng, laid a handful of roses on the coffin, and withdrew, weeping bitterly.

I had almost forgotten to speak of Bishop Brooks. The simple narrative of his life with which I began has in spite of me gone deeper. It seems impossible to say anything about him without touching something of the life itself. To those outside the Episcopal polity, his election to the office of Bishop in '91 seemed the confining, not the enlarging, of the man. He was our preacher, we did not wish him to be any church's Bishop. But he did not regard it so, and no doubt he knew best.

He was so independent in manhood, so simple and real in manner and dress and ideal of the ministry, so catholic in his conception and treatment of the Church, recognizing the priesthood of all believers, the equal rights of every Christian ordination, that his election and ordination was bitterly opposed by all narrow Churchmen, and by many others who conscientiously held his teaching to be lacking in distinctness and consistency of Christian doctrine. He was called traitor and heretic. But in his simple faith and silence he was sublime. He could not seek a place. Like his fellow-townsman, Charles Sumner, he was too self-respecting to lift his hand or say a word for any place in the gift of man. Urged by his friends to speak out and relieve the minds of some honest people who did not understand his position, he invariably replied: "I will never say a word in vindication or explanation of my opinions. I stand upon my record; and by that record I will stand or fall. I have said what I think and believe in my public utterances and in my printed discourses, and have nothing to retract or to qualify."

It was the triumph of a simple and comprehensive faith, a prophecy of larger unity for the sadly divided American Church that such a man could be put into the highest place. It was the triumph of Christian manhood over party expediency. And he entered upon the office of Bishop and took hold of its many lines of care and influence with the same minute fidelity lifted into the power of great principle that characterized and made masterful the rector of Trinity Church. No doubt he had hearty dislike of mere ecclesiastical functions. The story is told (I can not vouch for its truth) that at the first Convocation of Bishops after his induction into office, Bishop Potter

of New York (his life long friend) passing down the aisle to his place assigned according to seniority, felt a strong hand tugging at his gown and heard a familiar voice, "Henry, is it always as stupid as this?"

However, Phillips Brooks believed in his own Church and reverenced the office of Bishop as the highest sphere of spiritual influence and he tried to make it all this. He had interest in everything that concerned his diocese. He was the friend and brother of all his clergymen, his visits in the manses looked forward to with the keenest delight by young and old. He had a passionate love of children, the kinship with them of a child spirit, and his most beautiful letters are those in which his big boy's heart talks and frolics with his little favorites. The two years as Bishop of Massachusetts were happy years, as happy as they were laborious and self-denying.

And then came the end, quietly and suddenly. No one seemed to think that disease could fasten upon this massive strength. But the life-forces had been consumed for men. And he ceased here. His own wish was answered, "Then I hope something better will come."

The higher life of the nation was moved by his death as it had not been since the assassination of Lincoln. He made a nation mourners. Men felt personally bereaved. As some great mountain passes from sight men felt without a way-mark, without the lofty summit on which eternal sunshine rested. They caught some glimpse of the fullness of the life as the blessed presence took its flight. In the silence that God had made they felt the central message that they were sons and that the vices and low affinities of the world were unworthy of sonship. It was like a reli-

gious revival. "And when the hour of his burial came, the leading business houses of Boston closed their doors, members of the Loyal Legion, of which Bishop Brooks was a member, stood sentinel over his remains, the Commonwealth of Massachusetts was represented by its Governor, the Legislature of the State sent deputies to his funeral, the city was represented by its officials, Harvard University by its President, overseers, professors, the Episcopal Divinity School by its dean and teachers and scholars, the Diocese of Massachusetts by its clergy and numberless organizations, and when the great church was filled the multitudes crowded Copley Square for a service in the open air." And then the most significant and unprecedented fact, twenty churches of other denominations were open for funeral services at the same hour. It is not too much to say that Phillips Brooks was the best loved man of his time. Is it not because he realized in his own person so much of the Christ life? And shall we not thereby with hope and thankfulness measure the progress of mankind from that day — the world crucified its best life outside the city wall?

In this simple outline of his career, the man has appeared. A more transparent career was never lived. "How wretched I should be," he said to his friend Bishop Clarke of Rhode Island, "if I felt that I was carrying about with me any secret which I would not be willing that all the world should know." What was the real man? the elements of greatness and holy power? I wish that in a few strokes I could make the man stand before you.

He was the most notable preacher of the generation — yet a greater man. The man was back of the

preacher. It was unconsciously a self-revelation. You remember his definition: "Truth through personality is our description of real preaching. Truth must come really through the person, not merely over his lips, not merely into his understanding and out through his pen. It must come through his character, his affections, his whole intellectual and moral being." "And the preparation for the ministry; it is nothing less than the making of a man." And the man — the ideal? He must be a man of personal piety, a deep possession in his own soul of the faith and hope and resolution which he is to offer to his fellow men for their new life. A man of mental and spiritual unselfishness, who conceives of truth with reference to its communication, and receives any spiritual blessing as a trust for others. A man of hopefulness; a healthy body with the perfectly sound soul. And then the power by which the man loses himself, and becomes but the sympathetic atmosphere between the truth on one side of him, and the man on the other side of him. And then he sums it up in the noble words: "Pray for and work for fullness of life above everything else; full red blood in the body; full honesty and truth in the mind; and the fullness of a grateful love for the Saviour in your heart." No man approached nearer his ideal, and no man had more of the Pauline spirit, "I count not myself to have apprehended."

He had a body that was the fit temple and type of the great soul. His presence was glorious. The strength and simple dignity and unfailing gentleness of his person commanded the respect of the strong and the love of the weak. He had essentially the mind and feelings of the poet. He knew the great

poets and loved them and they ministered to him. He saw vividly and felt profoundly. This was the interpretative power of spiritual things. "His sense of God was the most complete and constant I have ever known in any soul"— the testimony of a close friend. He was like Tennyson's poet:

> He saw through life and death,
> Through good and ill:
> He saw through his own soul.
> The marvel of the Eternal Will
> An open scroll before him lay.

He was a passionate lover of nature, not a dissector of her dead forms, but a lover of her living forces. Nature had a soul to him, and spoke a message to his soul. "He clothed his thoughts in the drapery of nature, finding his material in the ocean, with all its suggestions of majesty and might — in the sky with its ever shifting clouds and radiant sunsets — in the earth with its hills and valleys, and silver streams and nestling hamlets. Every sound in nature helped to give some musical tone to his thoughts; the thunder and the storm, the sighing of the breeze, the singing of the birds in spring-time, the rustle of the cornfield — all were to him God's symbols, God's language; and he used them all to give life and fullness to the mighty spiritual truths which he was called to proclaim."

He was a student of life and history, and knew the directive movements of thought and events. He was not lacking in logical faculty and could follow abstruse and subtle processes with accuracy and pleasure. He had an organizing mind that loved order and made the details of thought and duty the servants

of great designs. He was thinker, philosopher, poet, logician, orator, master of affairs. And yet he was none of these, or rather more than these.

The supreme quality of his manhood — was the great heart. It was love that made him great. Christ's love for him — that purified the heart, ennobled it and poured it forth in great tides of pity and sympathy for men. He stands out as the marked man of the American pulpit in his enthusiasm for humanity. Love in him, as Paul declares, was the "bond of perfectness." It was the crowning, supreme virtue, the force that controlled and harmonized all other faculties; that kept them from selfish and perverted use — made them servants of the soul, compelled them to add their forces to the single purpose and blessedness of helping men. A man with such a purpose, such a passion can never fail.

And this was the man who always spoke in his sermons. It was Phillips Brooks and nobody else. Everything about him was personal and original yet harmonious. The impetuous speech was the outpouring of great thoughts driven by great emotions. The style, simple, pictorial, musical, was intensely individual. He rarely quoted. You feel that life is here in its breadth of interests, but the contributions of a thousand forms all well forth from the fountain of his own being.

It is rich and full with the fullness of his own vision of truth and the richness of his own sympathies.

His humanness — the fellowship with the deeper life of men, his profound sense of God in His world — the strength and flow of symbol and phrase are well seen in a single paragraph from "The Sea of Glass

mingled with fire."—4: 113. The permanent value of trial.

"When a man conquers his adversaries and his difficulties, it is not as if he never had encountered them. Their power, still kept, is in all his future life. They are not only events in his past history, they are elements in all his present character. His victory is colored with the hard struggle that won it. His sea of glass is always mingled with fire, just as this peaceful crust of the earth on which we live, with its wheat fields and vineyards, and orchards, and flower beds, is full still of the power of the convulsion that wrought it into its present shape, of the floods and volcanoes and glaciers which have rent it, or drowned it, or tortured it. Just as the whole fruitful earth, deep in its heart, is still mingled with the ever-burning fire that is working out its chemical fitness for its work, just so the life that has been overturned by the strong hand of God, filled with the deep revolutionary forces of suffering, purified by the strong fires of temptation, keeps its long discipline forever, roots in that discipline the deepest growths of the most sunny and luxuriant spiritual life that it is ever able to attain."

I never had the privilege of hearing him speak. I must take the word of one who often sat as a listener:

"The rapid utterance, the toss of the head, the frequent looking up from the audience, the lack of gestures suited to the word are entirely forgotten in the communication of his thought to the people. Even the imposing physique is lost sight of. The very form of the sermon itself is forgotten. Silently, gradually, the speech, whether written or unwritten, becomes the contact of soul with soul, the wrestling of a master in the dealing with the whole of life, which goes on

between the preacher and those before him. I have never met one who could define the oratory of Bishop Brooks. It is the flowing together of so many qualities which come out from the man himself in his speech that it cannot be defined, and yet its effect is due to mental and spiritual laws that are in happy combination. It is his favorite principle of personality which he once described as the only power in which mystery can become real and vital and practical."

Bishop Brooks has himself given us an outline of his message, an epitome of his doctrine. You will find it in the last lecture on Preaching, the Value of the Human Soul.

"The conviction that truth and destiny are essential and not arbitrary; that Christianity is the personal love and service of Christ; and that salvation is positive, not negative."

All through his preaching runs the idea of the essential nature of Gospel facts and doctrines: not so because God has decreed them; but decreed because they are in the very nature of things, God's nature and man's nature. Take the fact of Christ's atoning death as an example. I quote from a Good Friday sermon in the first volume.

"'My God! My God! Why hast Thou forsaken me?' he cries, making his own the words of an old Psalm of woe. When I read what men have written to explain the meaning of Jesus in that cry, I always feel anew how much deeper than our comprehension went his identification with humanity when He plunged into the darkness of its sin.

"He was made flesh. Into what mysterious contact with the sinfulness to which the flesh of man had

given itself that being made flesh brought him, I know no man has ever fathomed. If I try to fathom it all, I can only picture to myself the most Christ-like act, the most Messianic entrance into the strange and dreadful fate of other men which my imagination can conceive. Let me suppose that the purest woman in this town, the most sensitive and scrupulous, moved by a sense of sisterhood and by a longing pity, gathers up all her life, and goes and lives among the lowest and most brutal and most foul savages that this earth contains. As she enters their land, she leaves her own life behind. She accepts their life. Everything, except their wickedness, she makes her own. She sacrifices her fastidiousness every day. She finds herself the victim of habits which are the consequences of long years of sin. No sensibility that is not shocked, no fine and pure taste that is not wounded. Their sin is awful to her, not only because of her own purity, but because of the keen understanding of its awfulness, which comes from her profound oneness of nature with these sinners. She cannot stand off and look at them and work for them from a safe distance. She is one of them in their common humanity. In every foul wickedness of theirs she suffers. She bears their sins a heavy burden on her heart. Is it strange that — without any faithlessness to her task, or any distrust of the friends at home, she cry out across the sea to them, 'Oh! why have you forsaken me?' Do not imagine that I think that any human sacrifice can truly image His surrender, or any human pain declare the measure of His woe. But this is surely the best that earth can show us of the kind of agony with which the Christ, who in His love, had gone down to the deepest and most

terrible depths of humanity, even to being crucified between two thieves, seemed for a moment to have lost himself, and cried out to the Father, with whom He was eternally and inseparably one, 'Oh! why hast Thou forsaken me?' If the cry bewilders us as we try to comprehend the deity to which it appeals, it may at least reveal to us something of the depth out of which it ascends."

In this deeply spiritual and realistic way does Bishop Brooks try to get behind facts and symbols in which all the great doctrines of redemption are clothed in the Scriptures to the essentialness of the truth, to that which appeals irresistibly to the nature of the human soul.

It is not for me to say whether he always succeeds in this. Critics enough there are who charge him with mysticism, with lack of clearness in the doctrines of the atonement and regeneration. I do not think you can get any particular philosophy of the atonement out of his sermons, and he certainly never tries to tell us just what regeneration is with the minuteness and logical precision of Jonathan Edwards.

But it is not true that he is lacking in clearness of conviction and definiteness of teaching; only he never fails of the essential humility and reverence of the soul impressed with the vastness of truth, and that the divine life is greater than the measure of man's mind.

And here is the basis of his true catholicity. His tolerance — and no man has spoken more nobly for it by life and speech — is not indifference (to use his own analysis) or policy, or helplessness or mere respect for man, or spiritual sympathy; but "the tolerance which grows up in any man who is aware that truth is larger than his conception of it, and that

what seems to be other men's errors must often be other parts of the truth of which he has only the portion, and that truth is God's child, and the fortunes of truth are God's care as well as his. The charity for which he pleads is the "love of truth and the love of man harmonized and included in the love of God."

It may be that in seeking the heights where conflicting doctrines and schools may find their unity, he ignored the steps first to be taken. That he sought that comprehensiveness no one can doubt. In that vision he belongs to no school and no sect. He is a prophet of the universal church.

It is pleasant for me to believe with Dr. Gordon: that "he was in too sublime haste to stop and nicely adjust ideas to each other or elaborate them into finished systems. He clearly saw that all human thinking, theological and philosophical, even in its highest results is but provisional and only for a while, to be superseded when the eternal day dawns; and with a flash, he went beyond the conclusions of the temporal mind, and anticipated the look of reality when the imperishable in human thought shall have put on its immortal vesture."

He believed in the risen and living Christ. He did not rear the cross into a monument. The most real and present friend in the world was the friend of sinners and the Lord of all life. How true and calm and sweet and brave it made life!

"A living Christ, dear friends!" he closed an Easter sermon, "the old, ever new, ever blessed Easter truth! He liveth; He was dead; He is alive forevermore. Oh, that everything dead and formal might go out of our creed, out of our life, out of our heart to-day. He is alive! Do you believe it? What are

you dreary for, O mourner? What are you hesitating for, O worker? What are you fearing death for, O man? Oh, if we could only lift up our heads and live with Him; live new lives, high lives, lives of hope and love and holiness, to which death should be nothing but the breaking away of the last cloud, and the letting of the life out to its completion."

There can be no difference as to the glory and power of his presentation of Christ and of the Christ-life of the soul. His great message after all is the sonship of man, made possible in the sonship of Christ, and the fullness and blessedness of that life.

"Strangely fascinating was his portrayal of the Christ-life, so real, so complete, so joyous, so possible. Men went away wondering why they had not known it all before, and most men went away with a new purpose in their lives." "You are in God's world," he would say: "you are God's child. Those things you cannot change; the only peace and rest and happiness for you is to accept them and rejoice in them. When God speaks to you, you must not make believe to yourself that it is the wind blowing or the torrent falling from the hill. You must know that it is God. You must gather up the whole power of meeting Him. You must be thankful that life is great and not little. You must listen as if listening were your life. And then, then only can come peace. All sounds will be caught up into the prevailing richness of that voice of God. The lost proportion will be perfectly restored. Discord will cease: harmony will be complete." (V: 88.)

He had faith in men, in their spiritual capacity, in the absolute fitness of Christ to human nature and that God was in Christ redeeming the world.

"To believe in the Incarnation, really to understand that Christ — and yet to think that we or any other men in all the world are essentially incapable of spiritual living, is an impossibility."

He says to the young men at Yale: "There is in the congregation as its heart and soul a craving after truth. Believe in that."

His boundless hopefulness — to me the noblest lesson from his life and work — was the necessary outcome of his faith.

No doubt it was affected — or promoted by his heredity and environment. His vigorous physical manhood, the ease of accomplishment inherent in great powers, the glad allegiance of multitudes to his word — all made hopefulness easy. But it was far deeper than this. It was essentially a matter of faith and spiritual living. It rested on his visions and convictions, because he had stronger views of truth, God and man, than others had, because he had grown by reality of thinking and unselfish service, so that like some mountain peak he could lift his head above the cloud-rack.

You have doubtless seen the picture of Bishop Brooks that represents almost the full figure; the head erect, a little back of the perpendicular, the face looking through the open window, and lit up with the rays of the morning sun. A true picture and beautifully symbolic of the man and his work. He ever had his face towards the light. He was one, to use the words of Browning, the poet he loved best:

Who never turned his back, but marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break:
Never dreamed, though right were worsted,
Wrong would triumph;

Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better;
Sleep to wake.

Men have spoken contemptuously of his "eternal optimism," but it was this very optimism, his face ever in the light, that made men believe in a higher world and follow his leadership.

Perhaps we do not know how much of God
Was walking with us.

Surely not forlorn
Are men, when such great overflow of heaven
Brings down the light of the eternal morn
Into the earth's deep shadows, where they plod,
The slaves of sorrow.

Something of divine
Was in his nature, open to the source
Of love, that master of primeval force,
As, answering freshly their unfailing sign,
To the early and the latter rain the sod
Lies bare, and drinking in by morn and even
The precious dews that lift it into flower
Distilled again in fragrance every hour.

I think if Jesus, whom he loved as Lord,
Were here again, in such guise might He go,
So bind all creeds as with a golden cord,
So with the saint speak, with the sinner so.
And then remembering all the torrent's rush
Of praise and blessing o'er the listening hush,
Remembering the lightning of the glance,
Remembering the lifted countenance
White with the prophet's glory that it wore,
With the Holy Spirit shining through the clay,
Prophet — yea, I say unto you, and more
Than a prophet was with us but yesterday!

HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

VIII

THE OLD AND NEW EVANGELISM

The first advances of Christianity have been effected by individual influences. It is not overlooking the faithful labors of the many, the silent, permeating influences of many beautiful examples of Christian grace to say that the energy and versatility of one or a few have made the eras of spiritual progress. The victory over Arianism was won by Athanasius, over Pelagianism by Augustine. The conversion of the Goths was largely the work of Ulfilas. The English were evangelized by Augustine the monk. The Reformation begun by Wyclif was perfected by Luther and Zwingli. Spener, Wesley, Whitefield, Edwards inaugurated the great revival movements of modern times. "It is not meant that these men were isolated or sporadic originators of revival influences. They were themselves products as well as factors: they inherited and absorbed all previous vital Christian ideas and stood in the line of the organic development of Christian doctrine and life. But it was because they were preëminently ordained and adapted to receive and diffuse those ideas and that life that in their personal labors they were able to give so marked an impulse to the spiritual movement."

The great waves of spiritual impulse that we term revivals have been connected in their first movements with some prophetic soul, that has caught a new vision of truth, or the old truth in new light, bringing

out some neglected fact, carrying truth forward to its rightful application; a soul for the moment possessed with its message, seeing nothing else, its whole being stirred by it, giving the whole personality to the expression of the truth and sweeping the community with the sympathetic contagion of his faith.

Edwards was such a soul in the isolated villages of the Connecticut valley. Just a century later, Charles G. Finney did a work of equal power through the scattered communities of Central New York. And in the last quarter of the nineteenth century Mr. Dwight L. Moody reached thousands in our great cities. These three men stand for the three stages that have marked the history of American Evangelism. They are men who gathered and expressed in their doctrine and persons and work the prophetic thought — the spiritual impulse of their generation.

Edwards, as I have already shown, taught the Sovereignty of God and the direct and special impartation of the Holy Spirit in conversion. He brought men into the very presence of the Holy One and made men tremble before their Judge. He searched human motives, and insisted on nothing less than a heavenly ideal of excellence. And his lesser disciples, Hopkins, Bellamy down to Nettleton, with varying degree of emphasis dwelt upon the same truths. Men were urged to pray, to use the means of grace, to agonize and wait for the wondrous change brought by the sovereign grace of God.

Mr. Finney and Mr. Moody mark distinct advances in Christian doctrine and service, and of these I would especially speak. There are some striking parallels in the experience and work of Finney and Moody, and

perhaps just as striking contrasts. At any rate we can hardly miss the message of such lives. They are alike in coming from the people, without the aid of the schools; in the singleness, simplicity and earnestness of their message; in the emphasis they put upon conduct; and in the far-reaching outcome of their labor, beyond the expected work of an evangelist.

Mr. Charles G. Finney was a lawyer, in the frontier town of Adams, N. Y., without early advantages, but, like Mr. Lincoln, of remarkable logical keenness, humanity, wit and common sense, and was not lacking in self-discipline. He knew men and nature — and his one book was Shakspeare. His education was in the school of life. He did not own a Bible until he was thirty. Then, apparently, without human helps, wrought upon by no visible means — the truth that he must have known in a dim way from childhood working with his naturally lofty spirit — produced a change as marked as Paul's. In the temple of the woods, in the holy place of his own room, he had visions of Christ as distinct and glorious as met Saul on the Damascus road. His whole nature was overpowered by them. In the quiet of his room, he would have such views of God's excellence — that his desires would flow in strong passion towards God. There was but one thing for such a man to do. He never took up his law books again, or tried a single case. He had to speak what he had seen, first in his own church — and the whole community was soon in the most intense religious interest. Then in neighboring villages — until his labors were sought for far and near — and without concert of plan — by the single influence of his overmastering message and pas-

sion to reach men, Mr. Finney stood as the leader of the most aggressive movement in the Church. His pastor, Mr. Gale, a Princeton man, was ashamed of his first sermon. His Brethren in the Presbytery, though they finally licensed him, urged him to go to the Seminary. But Finney was right in ignoring the opinion of men bound by ecclesiastical opinion and habit — and leading his own free life. He made the Bible his one study, and with the constant prayer for the Spirit's light, he concentrated his remarkable powers upon its interpretation, and used its truths to convince men as a lawyer uses his evidence to win his case.

Men were not accustomed to hear religious truth spoken in that way. God, sin, atonement, repentance were made as real as houses and lands. He ignored the terminology of the religious schools, and the manner of the pulpit, and clothed his truth in homely, everyday speech, and with illustrations that would appeal to the experience of his hearers.

The chief characteristic of his preaching was his careful and thorough reasoning — the lawyer's habit of mind. "He carefully and slowly laid down and discussed the fundamental proposition upon which action was to be based, so that whatever movement of feeling there was should be well grounded in a perception of the truth. He always took pains to understand the position occupied by those he was endeavoring to persuade, and was careful not to proceed with his argument till he was sure he had found a common ground of argument respecting facts and principles. Thus the intense feeling following his preaching was the result of his exposition of truth, and not of any great attempt to produce excitement." His logical

powers were not spent in the discussion of abstract truth — in trying to unfold the mysterious works of the Eternal, but in the analysis of the facts of the Gospel and the facts of human experience. In the latter he was a master, fearless and minute, and even personal, passing at times what would seem the courtesies of public speech. But his most searching word was with largeheartedness, with no spirit of bitterness or personal spite. He treated of concrete sins. He discussed them so minutely, he hunted them to their hiding places, he brought them out into the light of heaven, he held them up unsparingly to the judgment of God, that sometimes the whole audience would be bowed under the conviction of sin.

In a sermon on the Seared Conscience he had ninety-five specifications of the things that may sear the conscience. He preached the sermon at Oberlin as an old man and has this specific and personal reference, on the sin of heedlessly borrowing tools: almost an eccentric example of his concreteness. "Just consider the condition in which I found myself yesterday. I engaged a number of men to make my garden and put in my crops; but when I went to look for my farming tools, I could not find them. Brother Mahan borrowed my plow some time ago, and has forgotten to bring it back. Brother Morgan has borrowed my harrow, and I presume has it still. Brother Beecher has my spade and my hoe, and so my tools were all scattered. Where many of them are, no man knows. I appeal to you, how can society exist when such a simple duty as that of returning borrowed tools ceases to rest as a burden on the conscience? It is in such delinquencies as these that the real state of our hearts is brought to the light of day."

The minute analysis of motive and act was not only the lawyer's habit, but the outcome of his conception of truth and character. He held Edwards' doctrine that true virtue was the choice of the ultimate good of being. And thus each act arose out of this choice and so was totally good or bad. And so his effort was constantly to bring out the nature of each choice, and show its bearing upon the ultimate object of worthy being. His appeal was to reason and conscience. He believed that there was absolute correspondence between the Gospel and the teachings of man's moral nature. He begins with man and makes the constant appeal to the moral sense. His whole skill is used in unfolding the evidences, and then narrowing the sphere of immediate action so as to press immediate duty. And in an age when doctrine had been exalted, when the whole thought of religion had dwelt upon the transcendent God — his nature of grace — and religion was largely an otherworldliness, Finney's specification of sin and duty made religion intensely practical, and aroused consciences that had easily slept under discussions of theological subtleties.

"He will never be a preacher," says Dr. Stalker, "who does not know how to get at the conscience. We are making a great mistake about this. We are preaching to the fancy, to the imagination, to the intellect, to feeling, to will; and no doubt all these must be preached to; but it is in the conscience that the battle is to be won or lost. In many parts of Christendom it is dying out; and where it is extinct, the whole work of Christianity has to be done over again."

When he had presented the doctrine and the duty, he pressed men with every motive that he could command for immediate decision. And here the methods

which sometimes were used, and aroused hostile criticism, were nothing more than the effort to secure action — however small — which would place men in the way of repentance and faith. He has given himself the practical statement of his doctrine. "If sinners are to be regenerated by the influence of truth, argument and persuasion, then ministers can see what they have to do, and how it is they are to be workers together with God. So also sinners may see that they are not to wait for a physical regeneration or influence, but must submit to and embrace the truth, if they ever expect to be saved. Ministers should aim at and expect the regeneration of sinners on the spot, and before they leave the house of God." Here is the foundation of his effort in revival work. He pressed every truth home upon others as though he expected to convert them himself. He urged upon all Christians the duty of prayer for the aid of the Spirit. He threw upon the soul the responsibility of immediately accepting or rejecting the truth then apprehended.

Of course the personality of the man had much to do with his power on his audiences. He was a splendid man physically, with exceptional grace of manner, and clear, flexible voice. He had no mannerisms, perfect naturalness, and the actor's power of representing character or scene. He must have been a sort of John B. Gough in the pulpit.

It is not hard to trace the effect of his work. God was in it, and it left a lasting impress for the higher life of the people.

There were extravagances connected with some of the services, and poor imitators followed his path that sometimes brought discredit upon the cause of truth. Men of the theology of the Alexanders and Hodges

discredited his work because of his doctrine of human responsibility, calling for the immediate and decisive act of the will. But this was the very truth that made him a prophet-voice and profoundly stirred the generation. His work carried Christians to a higher pitch of experience, renewed churches and reached multitudes that were practically ignored by the Church. He reached strong men especially. At one time nearly the entire bar of Rochester was converted. Forty men went into the ministry from his labor in that city.

A young business man of Auburn drifted into the first church one evening, one who had left the church on Mr. Finney's first visit, and had helped to form the congregation of the second. He was a distiller getting rich fast, at a time when the business was generally thought respectable. He listened curiously at first, then intently at the close and earnest reasoning, was convinced, felt his sin, made his choice, quietly went out and deliberately broke open the casks and let the liquor flow into the street. It was an example of the practical godliness that flowed from Mr. Finney's work. He was not distinctly an anti-slavery advocate, but interest in the oppressed never failed to be a result of his work. And in his connection with the Tappans, the New York Evangelist, the Broadway Tabernacle, and the founding and growth of Oberlin University, he was not least among the forces that made for an emancipated race and a renewed and purified conception of the national life. "For spiritual thrift in the individual, for the strengthening of the Church, for humanity towards the poor, the weak, the outcast, we need to thank God for the

outpouring of the Spirit upon the labor of Mr. Finney."

Mr. Dwight L. Moody has been the exponent and leader of the newer evangelism. The story can be more briefly told. Many men now living have heard Mr. Moody; his work is open before us. He too has a distinct message, expressing the thought that had slowly possessed the Christian consciousness of the generation. His message did not come from lonely vigil, from rapt meditation upon heavenly things, but out of the toil and turmoil, the poverty and sin of a great city. The same compassion stirred his heart as Christ felt when he looked upon the multitudes, scattered as sheep having no shepherd. He was so full of it, that he met a stranger on the street of Chicago, and stopped him with the glad word: "The grace of God has appeared to all men bringing salvation." And this is Moody's word, the word that has arrested the multitudes and turned their hearts to God. The grace of God. The love of God. Not sovereignty, not personal responsibility, but divine compassion. And it is a new message in the degree that he emphasized it, and in the degree to which he abandoned himself to it. He touched the very heart of the Gospel, at once bringing to bear upon men the strongest and purest motive it is possible for the human heart to feel. It is not weak because of the strong way that he grasps it — the compassionate, suffering, sacrificing love of God.

"If I thought I could only make the world believe that God is love, I would only take that text and go up and down the earth trying to counteract what Satan

has been telling men — that God is not love. It would not take twenty-four hours to make the world come to God, if you could only make them believe — God is love." [1]

Compare the themes of Mr. Moody's sermons with those of Edwards', and you will see the changed emphasis, the humanness of the message. In a single volume, "Love and Sympathy, God is love, Christ came to seek and to save, Christian love," in every form the glad tidings.

Here you have Mr. Moody at his best. His great unselfish heart, not thinking of self, but beating strong and warm for the men for whom Christ died; his quick and subtle insight into truth; the simple and homely idiom, the speech of the shop and market and street that instantly conveyed the thought and sympathy too; the truth in broad, simple object-lessons of living experience making their immediate appeal to the affections; the entire naturalness of thought and manner, no farce, no cant, no sentimentalism; the irrepressible ardor of his personal conviction; a sturdy, wholesome, manly man, speaking to his fellow men the truth of the supreme love.

He was a blessing to multitudes. He was a teacher and quickener of the Church and the ministry; teaching the lesson of definiteness and aggressiveness of life — simplicity and earnestness of speech; he is one of the forces that has developed the social consciousness of our generation, the increasing sensitiveness to contrasts of condition; and in his schools and conferences have started impulses of world-wide evangelism. His work was of God, not only in bringing men

[1] Read "Glad Tidings," p. 245.

to faith, but in the quickening through the manifold veins of Christian life.

The connection between the evangelism of the past generation and the present day is chiefly in the fact of organization.

It is natural that the social and economic characteristics of our age should also mark the religious movements. The most minute and thorough plans are made in industry, looking to the coöperation of great numbers of men. The laws of trade are studied, the needs of distant markets are considered, nothing is left to chance that can be formed and tabulated and reduced to science. Something is still left to individual enterprise and initiative, but business on a large scale to-day depends upon the efficiency of organization.

And this spirit has passed into the work of evangelism. In fact the organization of such work as Mr. Sunday's in advance preparation and the actual management of the campaign is not surpassed by any modern business.

The campaigns of Mr. Moody were well organized. There was always an effort to unite people of all churches. Sometimes special tabernacles were built to emphasize the unity of the effort and to hold the throngs too large for any church. There were large choruses and trained ushers and a body of special workers in the inquiry rooms, at the after meetings. The inquiry room was a feature unused in evangelism before the day of Mr. Moody. The altar, the mourners' bench, various methods had been tried to secure some public step on the part of the hearers to express their interest or the choice of faith.

The inquiry room was a distinct step in advance as regards method. It aimed to conserve the interest of the public meeting and the spiritual contagion of the multitude and in more quiet and personal ways secure the action of the will. It furnished something of a religious clinic and recognized the sacredness of each life, the personal and individual ways of faith. It also recognized the part of the Church in evangelism and used the influence of friendship and neighborship.

There was the use of popular and easily sung songs. Though Mr. Moody could not sing himself, he understood the psychological effect of song by a great audience and he kept the people singing under Mr. Sankey's inspiring leadership, long after some were impatient for the voice of the evangelist.

There was a simple and effective organization in Mr. Moody's efforts, but there was never the sound or the sight of machinery. The preacher and his message were the chief things. And the preacher always exalted his Master and honored the Church and the ministry that gave him their hearty coöperation.

There was the spontaneous, voluntary element of true life. The contagion of crowds was guarded by the atmosphere of seriousness and reverence, and inquirers were dealt with carefully and separately as individuals. And no method of the market place jarred upon the solemnity of the soul's choice.

There were no extravagances about Mr. Moody's meetings. They brought thousands to faith, added to the spiritual life of the churches, gave ministers a new directness and devotion in their preaching, and started movements and institutions of world-wide influence. The Student Conferences and the Missionary

Volunteer Movements had their origin at Northfield. There was the effort to make the best uses of human means and methods, but with chief reliance upon the truths and the spirit and the recognition of the individuality and mystery of God's dealings with a human life.

The modern evangelism has little of the spontaneity and voluntariness that we usually associate with spiritual life in its critical changes and new measures of power. It seems too cut and dried for that. There is the recognition of the power and the necessity of a united Christian community. There is the reliance upon neighborly interest and the earnest prayer of Christian people. This is a true emphasis upon spiritual preparation.

There is the use of great choruses, the constant singing by vast audiences that breaks into accustomed feelings, and the appeal of the most moving of all arts. Certainly the Sunday meetings would be robbed of much of their attractiveness and of their estimated results without the skilled musical director. "There comes Rody," said a rough voice back of me one night. "He is more than one-half the show."

And the electric atmosphere, in its marching delegations and songs and cheers, is more like a great political convention or even a football game than that solemn stillness where God's voice is heard and men make their peace with Him.

The sermons are the truths of a former age, before the science of Biblical criticism and comparative religion was known, the bald literalism of the Bible, the bold appeal to fear — a hell of physical torments. The sermons are given with a sincerity and earnest-

ness that none can doubt, and often with a personal charm and persuasiveness that few can resist. Men who deny his truths still admit the power of his person. There is no prophetic element in his preaching, no new light upon truth and life. He speaks only what he has been taught, the truth and incident and illustration gathered from a multitude of sources, but all with the definiteness and concreteness of a man terribly in earnest. That he has won multitudes to the Christian faith there is no doubt. That many bad men under his influence have changed their lives is equally certain.

I suppose he has spoken face to face with more people than any other evangelist. During his eight weeks in Philadelphia he preached one hundred and twenty-two sermons, to 2,330,000 people, according to the record of a responsible paper, the *Evening Ledger*.

The biographers of Mr. Sunday and his special disciples easily call him the greatest of all evangelists. But it is too early properly to estimate his place and his power.

He is more of a reformer than a teacher of spiritual religion, and he seems to have helped men to be bold in attacking certain personal and social evils, though he has not deepened the religious life of the age. In his reforming messages, like the sermon on Booze, he is a pure individualist; he seems to have no idea of the complex social forces of modern life, how temperance is a matter of the home and the living wage as well as the no saloon.

Though he insists on the unity of Protestant churches in his support, his treatment of ministers and churches, and his attitude towards modern religious

ideas do not make for unity of religious thought and life.

The sensational advertising of his work, the unreal statement of its result, the commercial emphasis always felt are so contrary to the child-like spirit of the Gospel and its law of sacrifice, and so unlike the spirit of the teacher and missionary and social worker in all lands, that men will inevitably grow critical towards this type of evangelism.

Already there are evidences of it. The fact that the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church North, a revival church in its whole history, have urged their ministers to be their own evangelists and to connect such efforts with the church building, is indication of sentiment that will certainly crystallize in a new method.

There are many other devoted and effective evangelists besides Mr. Sunday, though most of them copy his methods, though none that compares with him in gift and fame.

Shall the tabernacle evangelism be a nine days' wonder, or will it have a permanent and important place in the history of American evangelism? It is too early to make a safe prediction. We are too close to it to make a just estimate.

If it shall mark a critical step in the progress of the American church, I think it must be for its method and not for its message. How can a method so worldly produce abiding spiritual results?

It certainly lacks the prophetic element that has marked every previous era of evangelism, the new light upon religion, the reinterpretation of the Gospel and of man in more vital terms.

It lacks also the social conception of religion. It

is superficial in the estimate of Christian character and the mission of the Christian life. Christ's invitation and command is not only personal but social. It is not only to turn from the evil of sin to the forgiveness and peace of the Father's house, but to seek first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, to let personal interest be secondary to the welfare of others, to let the dead bury their dead and publish abroad the Kingdom of God.

The tests of modern evangelism are not thorough or far-reaching enough for the best ethical and social standards of to-day. They do not reach to the breadth of God's commandments: they come far short of the mind of Christ.

They are not sure to make a good man, i. e., a life filled with the new motive of good will, with a missionary passion for goodness.

The over-emphasis upon individualism, upon personal salvation fails to give the sense of the unity of life, of the importance of the Church as the chief agent of the Kingdom of God; and its eye is so fixed upon another world that it cannot see the practical needs and issues of this, and make faith the instrument of a sound and wholesome earthly life.

It also should be said that evangelism — not revivalism — is the normal and necessary work of the Christian Church. The missionary motive is primal. The first impulse of the new life is to seek another, and this winning of men for faith and all that faith stands for is the life and condition of a true church.

Evangelism has been too narrowly conceived as the work of a few men, as the hope of certain favored seasons of religion. It is the first duty of every pastor and teacher, its aim and spirit should pervade the en-

tire life of the Church. The pastor must do the work of an evangelist for his own people. He must preach and pray for constant conversions. He must expect them, watch for them, and use every indication of spiritual interest, as one whose supreme desire and work is to get hold of lives.

While each man should strive to do his work in his own way and meet his personal responsibility for souls like a man, the ministry as a class need to cultivate the spirit of openness and readiness, understanding the times, willing to welcome any message or measure or man that has the promise of new spiritual power.

It is evident that we are living in a transition period. While followers of Mr. Moody or Mr. Sunday, disciples in a true sense, are often blessed in their work, it is also noticeable that no general interest centers in the work of the evangelist. The criticisms of Mr. Moody's last services in New York, from kindly and spiritual sources, showed that he failed to be a present leader, that the great impulses he started had largely spent their force, better to say had been incorporated into the life of the Church. And the same is still truer of Mr. Sunday.

I have already hinted at well-known, often discussed facts in the development of Christianity. Men like Mr. Finney and Mr. Moody are both product and force. They are the voice of their times and the voice to their time, and in both senses God's voice. It takes time for religious sentiment to gather and become controlling forces. Men think of the truth and of their times. New conditions demand new applications of the Gospel. Thousands of men are thinking and praying and working. At last some man — like Finney or Moody — with peculiar nature and train-

ing that puts them in closer touch with men and the Holy Spirit, some man with clearer eye and stronger feeling, voices the need and the Christian thought of his age. Men say that once more a prophet has arisen, and they either cast him out or follow him with glad assent. The social forces of the generation work with him. "Men listen with rapture while he voices their unutterable feelings." "He goes like a tongue of fire, and the multitudes bend before him."

But mankind moves on, and the prophet is a voice of yesterday. Great forces are at work in our time. We can feel them, if we cannot wholly understand their meaning. The moral idealism, the spirit of good will, of justice and humanity and brotherhood, awakened by the Great War, the hope of a new age, cannot finally be defeated by the forces of selfish, materialistic reaction. At last some man will catch God's life upon the new age and proclaim it; and whether in the formulation of Christian thought or the practical application of Christianity to social conditions he shall be a man to whom the spiritual world lies open and whose passion for truth and for humanity shall be a compelling and uplifting force.

It is not our work to get ready for such men, and least of all to wait for them, but to do our work with all the faith and faithfulness we can attain. And when God gets ready for His leaders, His prophets, it is ours to have the faith that shall recognize their divine authentication and to welcome them as a living word of God.

EVANGELI
SCHOOL

IX

SOME DISTINCTIVE CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE AMERICAN PULPIT

The story of the American Pulpit is the story of the Continent. The singular veiling of this western world from the eyes of men, the providential opening when the most creative forces of the modern world had begun their working, the romance and heroism of settlement and conquest, the contest of races and types of religion, the religious divisions of Europe transplanted here, the rank soil growing many new and individual forms, all voicing this complex life and shaping it to larger meaning, the occupation of a continent with Christian institutions, the unfolding of a purpose of ever-increasing good. The story of the American pulpit is the story of the frontier, the growth of early settlements, the leaders of states, the expanding life of the nation, a story of prophetic, devoted labor, of directive, inspiring force.

There are some striking features in the history of American Christianity and so of its pulpit. One can speak of them as the providential elements of our life.

It is no chance that the opening of America came at the hour of quickened intellectual and religious life for Europe. The new sciences had begun. Inventions and discoveries had given a new interest to this earth and to human life. And men came to these shores with a new interest in nature and with new

knowledge of her forces — a Briaraeus with a hundred arms for the conquest of nature. And the individual was freed from the absolute authority of church and creed and made to feel his personal relation to God and his personal responsibility for knowing the truths of religion. The contests for religious liberty were soon transformed to these shores, and a free, progressive type of Christianity gained the victory here over a priestly form of religion in league with the State.

And we have to be grateful that in the many peoples that tried to colonize in America, French, Spanish, Germans, English, the mother races of the Teutonic stock, the English and German, vigorous and progressive, receiving the new light, guided by a more spiritual purpose, soon gained the ascendency.

A third providential fact in the early Christianity of America is the individualism that kept any church from becoming dominant. The theocracy of the New England colonies soon yielded to other forms of Christianity. Each colony had its particular type. Old World divisions of the Church were multiplied here. All were feeble and struggling. All were partial and imperfect expressions of the one great truth. It was not possible then for men to have a comprehensive faith. The development of religion has been by irregular and conflicting movements. And the very divisions of the Church and even their conflicts made possible a nobler religious life in the end. They prevented a narrow type of dogmatism and worship from becoming fixed upon American Christianity.

But as our national life has grown, as we have gained the consciousness of unity and purpose, there has been a natural striving for greater unity of reli-

gious life. Conviction has grown of the weakness of our extreme individualism. We have too often put an "ism" in the place of the Gospel. We have expressed an eccentric individualism in the place of a simple and comprehensive Christianity.

And our generation has been marked by movements towards Christian unity. The feeling for kinship that has marked the nations, the families of peoples drawing together into a strong national life has had its corresponding movement in religious life. Liberty of conscience, freedom of teaching and worship have become principles and habits of our life, and now it is felt that the singleness and greatness of the religious life should be emphasized; that divided sects, broken and warring fragments of Christianity cannot properly express the one body of Christ. The unity of national life should be matched by the unity of faith. The generation has seen the union of several families of churches, and the gathering of kindred churches in conferences and congresses for the discussion of their common interest, and gatherings and associations of Christians, regardless of church connections, for young men and young women, for missionary and social service. The spirit of God speaking in these great stirrings and the very need of the age call for a united Christianity. The tendency is strong and the promise is great.

From the history of our own land, we may not expect in the Christianity of the future a uniformity, or an organic unity, but a harmony, a federation for religious purpose.

The types of the American pulpit that have stood for the churches of the past will not be wholly lost, but modified by each other and harmonized by their

conception and spirit into a single institution, the American Pulpit.

It is now our work to trace certain leading individual types of the pulpit, to estimate certain denominational contributions to our pulpit.

I

The Congregational Pulpit

I mention the Congregational pulpit first, for it had the earliest development and probably, in proportion to its numbers, has exerted the greatest influence on our national life.

While the Church of England, through the chaplains of the Virginia colony, was the first religious worship and teaching in the colonies, the churches had a feeble and uncertain life through the colonial days, and not until after the Revolution was the Episcopal Church fully established with Bishops of her own and entered upon the career of worthy development and influence.

New England from the first developed her own church and ministry. The members of the Plymouth colony were Separatists. They had been hunted and tortured for their spiritual faith and so had no love for the mother church. The Pilgrims in their westward journey had broken all connection with the Church of England. Not so the Puritans, who came so largely in the second decade, driven from home by the persecution of Laud, and formed the bulk of the Massachusetts colony. They loved the Church of England and had no idea of separating from her. They were the spiritual and reforming element in a worldly and corrupt church and they were driven

forth to the venture of the New World. When the first considerable company of Puritans set sail in their noble little fleet of six vessels, they were accompanied by three approved clergymen of the Church of England. When they took their last sight of England at Land's End, one of the ministers, Mr. Higginson, said to the company: "We will not say, as the Separatists were wont to say at their leaving of England, Farewell, Babylon! farewell, Rome! but we will say, Farewell, dear England, farewell, the Church of God in England, and all the Christian friends there! We do not go to New England as Separatists from the Church of England, though we cannot but separate from the corruptions in it; but we go to practice the positive part of church reformation and propagate the Gospel in America."

It is a wonder that the two elements, Puritan and Pilgrim, radically as they differed in the Old World, should be practically one in their conception of Church and State in the New World. The necessity of union in the face of common foes and tasks, and the isolation and freedom of the untried land, no doubt, wrought the wonderful change and assimilation. They opened their Bibles and founded a State as nearly as they could conceive on the principles found therein. They studied the New Testament and developed their church on the simple and free lines there found. Each church was independent, electing its own minister and officers, directing its own life, yet uniting with others for support and comfort and instruction, and for the growth of the institutions of a Christian society.

From the first the Congregational churches had a notable pulpit. The first ministers that came from England were practically all University men. The

majority were from Immanuel College, Cambridge, and it is interesting to note that the same College has preserved the Puritan or evangelical spirit to the present time. Union Seminary, New York City, has recently drawn one of its Professors from the same College. And when the Puritan emigration largely ceased with the beginning of the Puritan Commonwealth, and the scattered hamlets in the wilderness began to multiply, and to need more ministers than England could lend, the colonists began to choose and train their own men. First Harvard and soon after Yale were founded to raise up a goodly number of godly ministers.

The church and the ministry were honored as they have been nowhere else in the world. The minister had the first social position in the community, as is seen from the early catalogues of Harvard where the names of students are printed in order of the social rank of their parents. It was as much an honor to have a boy enter the ministry as it has been in Presbyterian Scotland. The first fruits of life and the best were devoted to the pulpit.

The Puritans brought the truths of their theology and their supreme interest in them to America, and developed them unmodified by other forces. So Puritain theology gave the substance and form of the preaching. The sermons were systems of truth wrought out with persistent and enthusiastic industry. Thorough education, the highest social influence, and absorbed interest in theology were the directive influences of the early Congregational pulpit.

It was certainly a notable pulpit. The first ministers were picked men. There was no better man in the pulpit of his day than John Cotton, who resigned

his place in the old Boston that he might have a freer voice in the young Boston of the West. Eliot, apostle to the Indians, the Mathers, father and son, Th. Hooker of Hartford and John Davenport of New Haven carried on the high Puritan traditions.

I have already spoken especially of Jonathan Edwards, the most notable figure of eighteenth century America. His sermons had a single but profound thought, a subtle insight into the processes of the human soul, a purity of form and a quiet intensity of manner that searched the heart and greatly stirred its feelings. He was the chief force in the Great Awakening of 1740, that roused the Church from its formalism, won the people unrecognized and unreached by formal religion and through the calling out of individual manhood and the deepening of feeling prepared the colonists to feel their wrongs and to take arms for their redress. Edwards did not stand alone. Samuel Hopkins of Newport, the hero of Mrs. Stowe's "The Minister's Wooing," was not unworthy to be in the same generation. And the evangel was proclaimed by a succession of flaming tongues such as Bellamy and Nettleton.

The first notable Congregational preacher of our national life is President Timothy Dwight of Yale College. He did a work for the American church hardly second to that of Edwards. The beginning of the nineteenth century was the darkest hour religiously in our history.

The great awakening of the previous century had spent its force and had been followed by a depressing and deadening reaction. The Revolution had taken the best men from the parishes and even from the pulpits and sadly interfered with the regular serv-

ices of religion. The excitements of war had broken in upon the orderly habits of life and left the marks of laxity and indulgence. French unbelief and French levity were commended by French love of liberty. Old restraints of society and religion were relaxed and men did not hesitate to question the most sacred beliefs of life in the name of progress. It was fashionable to doubt. Criticism of the Church was a badge of intellectual superiority. The Christian students of Yale could be counted on the fingers of one hand, and Bishop Meade of Virginia said that he expected to find a disciple of Tom Paine in every educated man he met.

Timothy Dwight came to the Kingdom for such a time as this. He was a man of rare attraction in person and manner. He was alert to all the interests of life, and a trained thinker in religion. He had the imagination and sympathy of a poet, and helped to bring finer feeling and taste into worship, finishing Watts' versification of the Psalms and adding English hymns of his own, chief of which, "I love thy kingdom, Lord," marks the beginning of American hymnology. He frankly and sympathetically discussed questions of religion with his classes in the College. His most effective work was the sermons in the College chapel. He took up the chief facts and truths of Christianity in order, and brought wealth of knowledge and experience, his rhetorical skill, his feeling for truth and his sympathy for young men to their clear and persuasive teaching. His course covered the four years, and the sermons he practically repeated to every generation of students. He turned the tide of the College. The sermons were repeated in churches and to bodies of ministers. They were the renewal of faith, the quickener of the spiritual life.

In published form they constantly renewed their ministry. And they were a notable force in that deep and pervasive religious renewal that marked the first years of the century and gave to American Christianity that outreaching missionary spirit that sent the Gospel to the farthest limits of our own land and made the Church partake of the vision of Christ in the world-wide mission of the Kingdom.

What Timothy Dwight did at the beginning of the nineteenth century, Dr. Lyman Beecher helped to do in the second quarter of the century. He was more rugged and independent and versatile. He met the critical and philosophic spirit that questioned great catholic facts and truths of Christianity, and refined the Gospel into an ethic. The Unitarian movement, born of the critical and revolutionary forces that marked the opening of the nineteenth century, but had been long preparing, the scientific, philosophic, literary and democratic forces that exalted man and made a revolt against the hard and fast dogmatism of the Calvinistic churches. The spirit had been slowly permeating the churches of eastern New England, without being called Unitarian or making a division in the Congregational ranks. When Mr. Ware, a pronounced radical, was elected to the chair of divinity at Harvard and the chief college thus pronounced itself friendly to the new thought, it was time for men to speak out and the lines were rapidly and sharply drawn. When the first contests were over, it was found that Boston and its vicinity was practically Unitarian. The wealth, the social and literary influence, the leaders in the pulpit and the churches were of the liberal faith. The orthodox were feeble and despised.

Lyman Beecher became the chief pulpit defender of the historic faith. He had already won a name as a spirited and courageous teacher of truth. As a young man his sermon against duelling had made the nation hear. At Litchfield, Connecticut, he was in the presence of the most important law school of the day, and in contact with legal minds trained in dialectic skill. In paper and magazine, on platform and in pulpit he discussed the essential truths of Christianity. His polemic was inspired and tempered by his Christian love. To win souls he held to be the greatest thing in the world. And so when he went to the church in Boston, it was with powers matured and enriched and directed by a great passion. He was a pastoral evangelist. He preached the truths of the cross with flaming zeal. He brought men to faith and loyalty. He inspired others with his own passion to win men. His sturdy common sense matched his zeal and his humanity was so racy and so rich that he won men strongly opposed to his doctrine. He had to bear scorn and opposition and his church was derided as "Brimstone Corner," but he bravely held his place and gave heart to men and powerfully influenced his generation. He was like the prophetic leader pictured in Isaiah, a rock in the desert that kept men from being overwhelmed by the drift of unbelief, and under his shadow faith found its life and refreshment.

The churches of New England are largely loyal to Christ, and the majority at Harvard are evangelical in their faith, in part at least through the preaching of Lyman Beecher.

It is possible that a mediating thinker like Horace Bushnell had as much influence, perhaps more, in mak-

ing Christianity the permeating force of modern life than the sermon-polemics of Lyman Beecher. Both were noble servants of the truth. Bushnell's message has already been given that Christian doctrine is formulated Christian experience. He was a creative thinker, but held that Infinite mystery could not be brought into postulates of reason. But the spirit of man was the candle of the Lord and could make a path of bright reality through the eternal mystery. He was guided by his heart and not by the logic that filled the air about him. Many will agree with a writer in the New York *Tribune* that "Every man's life a plan of God" is one of the greatest sermons of the English-speaking pulpit.

Dr. Richard S. Storrs is a man altogether of a different type. And yet he was as fitted to his age and place as the others. He brought the best culture and experience of New England into the life of the American metropolis. Great social and commercial forces were at work. New York was the gateway of the Western World and the nations poured through it. Her merchants had part in a world-wide commerce. Her citizens were compelled to think in terms of the race. Her churches faced all the forms of Christianity. The institutions of a Christian civilization were to be founded and developed. And the religious life was not to be self-centered and narrowly American but to be centrifugal to the uttermost parts of the earth. Dr. Storrs found his work in interpreting the best religious life of America, in connecting it with the past and directing the future into wise and stable progress. He did this as a pulpit teacher. This was his work, never to be estimated by followers or the size of popular congregations. He brought his

rich culture and broad sympathies to bear upon his task. His truth always had the great historical background and yet always glorified the present meaning of life. He was the College preacher and the preacher for great occasions. He was to the pulpit what Edward Everett and Theodore Winthrop were to the State. He was apologetic also in the largest sense. He commended Christianity to the modern mind. We have nothing in richness of material and splendor of argument to compare with his "Divine Origin of Christianity indicated from its Historical Effects."

You are familiar with the way he became an extemporaneous preacher. He had preached written sermons for twenty-five years, when the burning of his church, the use of an opera house, the need of meeting a changing congregation, threw him upon the face to face method, discovered his power, gave him new delight in his work, and made him the prince of extemporizers. He always partook of the older style. He was too elaborate and full for the modern mind. He lacked the nervous energy, the homely directness, the vivid and virile qualities of the best oral style. Except on special occasions he did not reach great masses of men. But he gave to his message a splendor of vision and of diction that commended the Gospel as the chief force in the higher life of men.

There are a dozen names I should like to dwell upon in the same way, but the limit of this volume forbids. Three of four must be drawn with strokes enough to leave the figure of the man before us. There is Constans L. Goodell, who had two notable pastorates that covered the best part of the last half of the nineteenth century, first in New Britain, Connecticut, and then for a long term over the Pilgrim Church of St. Louis,

His life is full of suggestion and inspiration for every minister.

He was providentially fitted to minister in a great western city. His ready adaptation, his quick and deep sympathies, his personal interest, his energy and courage and enthusiasms, his prescience and practical wisdom, his commanding figure and voice and leadership, his deep spirituality combined with humor and tolerance made his ministry one of remarkable interest and power. He was first of all a pastor, knowing men one by one and winning them through friendship. He had a genius for organization and had a work for each one and each one at work. He gave a welcome to new forms of endeavor. He it was who wrote the beautiful introduction to "Children and the Church," the first book of Dr. Frances E. Clarke, which started the movement of the Young People's Societies. His preaching was worthy, the expression of the great heart and a singular devotion, but in the ever changing, forming life of a western city it was the man that counted the most in his gifts of the friend and the leader.

Another name not to be forgotten in the succession of Congregational preachers is that of Jacob M. Manning, pastor for twenty-five years of the Old South Church, Boston. His ministry covers the same years as that of Dr. Goodell. They must have been in Andover together. A farmer boy from western New York, going to Amherst with the ministry in view, after leaving the Seminary he had a short pastorate at Medford, Massachusetts, then became assistant and soon full pastor of one of the most important churches of the country. The Old South had had a line of notable preachers and Dr. Manning kept up the suc-

cession. The country lad became one of the most thoughtful and finished preachers of the day. I use the word finished not in the sense of elaborate or unduly polished, and so suggesting perhaps the artificial. His sermons had the ring of conviction and reality. But they were finely wrought. They have the sense of proportion, the harmony of true beauty. They lack the original quality of his successor, Dr. Geo. A. Gordon. They have little of his fertility and exuberance, but they are marked by reality and simplicity, a high ideal of truth and of work. Professor Tyler's words concerning him seem true to the very end. "Made originally of precious metal, cast in a fine mold, he took on a finer polish at each successive stage of his education." There are few better volumes of American sermons than the one published after his death.

Dr. William M. Taylor of the Broadway Tabernacle, New York City, was the most notable importation from Scotland to the American pulpit. With pastorates at Kilmarnock and Liverpool, he came to America in the maturity of his strength. He was a scholar in the pulpit and yet with unusual rhetorical gifts. He was a giant in body and mind, and a leader of men by sovereign right of intellectual and spiritual attainments. He gave us an example, sorely lacking, of systematic interpretation of Christian truth. He also taught us that great preaching came from great thinking and great living. The noblest and widest literature lived in his speech. His Bible portraits have not been surpassed in their vivid features and present message. Some of the sermons would seem too packed with thought and too rich in instance for the mercurial

spirit of cosmopolitan congregations, but his own passion and person always made them vital.

Among recent men stand the names of Dr. T. T. Munger of New Haven, Dr. Amory Howe Bradford of Montclair, New Jersey, and Washington Gladden of Columbus, Ohio. All three were thinkers and leaders and their spoken word was vastly multiplied by their books. A bust of Dr. Bradford has recently been unveiled in the Montclair church, with this inscription: "Inspiring preacher, sympathetic pastor, wise leader, public spirited citizen, founder of institutions, apostle of the divine fatherhood, prophet of the human brotherhood, his memory will abide as inspiration and joy."

If one should try to estimate the distinctive contribution of the Congregational pulpit, it would be in the intellectual aspects of truth. Its preachers have been essentially teachers. They have had the best training of New England and the traditions of that training have been carried westward. The sermons have been suggestive and apologetic, appealing to reason and conscience more than the emotions, and dealing with the practical, ethical aspects of truth.

2

The Baptist Pulpit

The Baptist churches are marked for their strong individualism. They are the logical and extreme outcome of Protestantism. And American life has greatly emphasized this trait. Therefore it is the natural result to find the Baptist Church the strongest numerically of American Protestants.

It is well to keep in mind the principles that have marked their development that we may understand their pulpit.

As I have said they are the logical product of the Reformation, i. e. authority of the word of God alone, salvation by faith alone and the supremacy of the individual conscience. Baptist views and churches early appeared and they have had an important place in nearly all Protestant countries.

In the New Testament they found their conception of the Church to be composed only of believers. The Church should be made up of regenerate persons. This meant adult persons. So they have restricted baptism and church membership to adults, and have rejected the covenant idea of life and infant baptism. As they accepted nothing that could not be proved by the Scripture, they have mostly held to immersion as taught there and as alone symbolical of the complete change of regeneration.

This has made them logical opponents of the national or State church which is founded upon the covenant principle of the social solidarity of the religious life. This has also made them independent in their church life, and as conscience was free in interpreting the word of God, it has made them apostles of religious freedom, especially the free use of individual powers in instruction and leadership.

Roger Williams stands at the very beginning of Baptist history in America, and is the most notable name in that history.

The Puritans were reformers and in New England established what they held a Scriptural Church, but they had the national idea of the Mother Church, the Church was for the community and must be supported

by it. The Church was Congregational but it was established. New England was a theocracy.

The Puritans came for freedom to worship God in their way, but all who voluntarily came with them must also worship in their way. And they were right up to their light. It seemed to them the only way to found a strong state.

Roger Williams did not agree with the dominant idea. And there were a few others with him. He was a noble and pure man but he made it very uncomfortable for the early colony. "Learned, eloquent, sincere, generous, Roger Williams was a malignant independent. Separating himself not only from the English church, but from all who would not separate from it, and from all who would not separate from these, and so on, until he could no longer, for conscience' sake, hold fellowship with his wife in family prayers. After long patience the colonial government deemed it necessary to signify to him, that if his conscience would not suffer him to keep quiet, and refrain from stirring up sedition, and embroiling the colony with the English government, he would have to seek freedom for that sort of conscience outside of their jurisdiction; and they put him out accordingly, to the great advantage of both parties and without loss of mutual respect and love." [1]

Roger Williams was a prophetic spirit in teaching that civil government had no concern to enforce "the laws of the first table," and the colony of Rhode Island founded by him embodied the principle of "Soul-liberty" in its earliest acts.

The spirit of religious liberty and tolerance made rapid progress and soon Baptists ceased to be a pro-

[1] Bacon, "History of the American Churches," p. 100.

hibited form of religion in the Massachusetts colony. In the beginning of the eighteenth century three foremost pastors of Boston assisted in the ordination of a minister to the Baptist Church, at which Cotton Mather preached the sermon, entitled, "Good Men United." It was a frank confession of the ill things done in the name of religion.

Many natural forces in the colonies tended to give the Baptist churches a rapid progress. Groups of settlers in many colonies, such as the German sects, the Mennonites and Moravians, people with the intense missionary spirit, were closely allied to the Baptists in their ideas.

The great awakening in the middle of the eighteenth century marks the close of the distinctly Puritan sway and the growth of independent feeling and action in religion. The evangelists that carried on the work were often unordained men and the groups of people reached were without the instruction of ministers. They must develop their own institutions of religion, self-trained men called out of their number to be the leaders. This suited well the Baptist principle. And the growing spirit of freedom, and the scattered and isolated communities led to the spirit of independence in religion. Especially in the middle and southern colonies did the Baptists have rapid growth.

It can hardly be said that they have been noted for their pulpit until recent years. In the Colonial period and well into the nineteenth century many of their churches were served by devoted but untrained men. They were men of force but their lack of training prevented them from becoming eminent in the pulpit. Some of them were effective evangelists, like Elder Jacob Knapp, whose preaching quickened hundreds

of churches. The Baptist churches were noted for their fervent evangelism, and the growth of the churches developed too much upon special seasons and special preachers.

One minister stands out from the rest for his long service, his thoughtful ministry and his wide service to the community. Dr. William Williams of New York was fifty years in one church, holding his own with strong men, large-minded in his interests, a persuasive preacher, and a leader in the higher life of his city. It is natural that a church that at first had low educational standards for its pulpit, should awake at last to thorough training and so should have its most noted preachers in connection with its schools.

The three noted names among the older men are all those of teachers.

President Francis Wayland of Brown University gave that College its strong foundation and his books on moral philosophy were the text-books of a generation. He was only second to Timothy Dwight as a preacher to College men. And the wonderful growth of the Baptist Church in education equaled by no other church is due in no small part to his contagious example.

Dr. E. G. Robinson, first professor of theology at Rochester and later President of Brown University, had few equals in his day as a platform speaker. He had a subtle, sensitive nature that interpreted the common thought, especially of critical hours, and a magnetic personality that charmed and swayed a multitude by his thought. The older citizens of Rochester have never forgotten his impromptu speech at the assassination of Abraham Lincoln and speak of it as one of the great experiences of their lives.

Dr. Broadus was the great preacher of the South and could have had any pulpit of his church, but surely he was right in putting his conception of thorough study and honest interpretation of the Gospel and simple, persuasive speech into generations of young men. His voice is multiplied a hundred times by the service he gave to the training of the ministry.

Any view of the Baptist pulpit could hardly fail to mention George A. Lorimer, the actor-preacher who brought dramatic feeling and the most facile expression to the giving of a Gospel always thoughtful and worthy; P. S. Henson, whose wit and imagination and original thought and manner added persuasion to his fearless and searching message; Wayland Hoyt, effective with pen and voice, untiring in energy, heard widely on platform and in pulpit, a stimulating example for the pulpit of his day. The standard of preaching in the Baptist pulpit has been immensely raised in fifty years. No Seminaries have more gifted teachers and no pulpit is receiving a larger number of well-equipped, enthusiastic preachers.

The most distinctive contribution of the Baptist pulpit is that of freedom of teaching. No pulpit is freer and no pulpit is more loyal to the truth. Each man is not only free to find his own truth and express it in his own way, but any man who has the gift and desire may do this. The Church has little to do with it all. There are few paths in which men are forced to walk. Freedom is not often abused, and an increasing number know that it means obedience to the highest use, and to use the best ways of fitting themselves for their work. Freedom leads to self-reliance and courage and large sympathies. And with increas-

ing culture the Baptists are known for the generous manhood of their preachers.

3

The Unitarian Pulpit

The condition of the New England churches out of which Unitarianism arose as a distinct form is thus described by O. B. Frothingham, the biographer of Theodore Parker. "The doctrines of the Puritan theology had lost their hold on an unimaginative people; and with them the fervors of the evangelical spirit had declined. The sinfulness of human nature, the need of redemption, the deity of Christ, the atoning efficacy of his blood, the necessity of inward renewal by the grace of God, the worthlessness of morality, the everlastingness of future punishment, the consciousness of acceptance, the immanence of Christ in the Church, the eternity of bliss for believers, were all more or less thoughtfully rejected by men whose sober lives had settled down into prose, and whose experience suggested little of mystery. The preaching lacked inspiration: even the prayers were didactic. The best of the clergy were men of letters, rarely prophets: the worst were neither. Churches were closed to Whitefield before Theodore Parker was born. The seats of culture dreaded the influence of the famous preacher of revivals; the clergy encouraged the laity to frown down extravagant views; the sacraments had lost their charm; the mystery had departed from the communion; baptism was rarely administered; heads of families were commonly church members, the younger people seldom; family prayers were

infrequent; grace before meat was unusual; the clergyman was respected as a man of education; the Sabbath was observed punctually; the Bible was read; but the soul of the Protestant faith had fled."

This was the natural, perhaps inevitable reaction, from a high, dogmatic theology that made hard and fast lines with all God's workings with a human soul, and yet left the common concerns of life so largely outside this working. It was also the result of the increased interest in this earthly life, due to all the growing knowledge of the world and human life and to the increased ministry of the world to the use and satisfactions of this life. And furthermore the critical spirit born of the physical sciences had little by little permeated the common thoughts and made men either skeptical or indifferent to the former claims of the Church.

But to say this is only a partial statement of the Unitarian movement. To the rank and file the doctrine and experiences of evangelical religion were too high or unnatural and unreal. That was the result of a cold, practical reason.

But there was more than this in the Unitarian movement. There were men who regarded it as the reinterpretation of Christianity, as sloughing off the imperfect philosophies of the centuries and getting back to Christ. They believed themselves pioneers of a new, broader and more vital expression of faith. They had something of the spirit of the prophet.

Theodore Parker was such a man.

He partook of the revolutionary spirit, the revolt of the age against external authority in the State and the Church, against hard and fast and narrow boundaries of the religious life. God and religion were not

to be confined. Beauty was a part of God's world and all high endeavor. And religion was to express itself in nature and art, in literature and science, in industry and government. It was a spirit and not a creed, a life and not a church. And he was steeped in the transcendental philosophy. Things were not what they seemed. And he was ever trying to get behind form to the simpler and deeper realities. So Theodore Parker was a disturbing but inspiring force in the Unitarian pulpit. He went to greater lengths of revolt than Channing, because he had greater energy of life and greater courage of faith.

He was a man of wonderful moral and religious sensibility. I think the story of his childhood is prophetic of his whole life. "When a little boy in petticoats, in my fourth year, one fine day in spring my father led me by the hand to a distant part of the farm, but soon sent me home alone. On the way I had to pass a little pond hole, then spreading its waters wide. A rhodora in full bloom attracted my attention and drew me to the spot. I saw a little spotted tortoise sunning himself in the shallow water at the root of the flaming shrub. I lifted the stick I had in my hand to strike the harmless reptile. But all at once something checked my little arm, and a voice within me said clear and loud, 'It is wrong.' I held my uplifted stick in wonder at the new emotion — the consciousness of an involuntary but inward check upon my actions — till the tortoise and the rhodora both vanished from my sight. I hastened home, told the tale to my mother, and asked what it was that told me it was wrong. She wiped a tear from her eye with her apron, and taking me in her arms, said, 'Some men call it conscience; but I prefer to call it the voice of

God in the soul of man. If you listen and obey it, then it will speak clearer and clearer, and always guide you right; but if you turn a deaf ear and disobey, then it will fade out little by little, and leave you all in the dark and without a guide. Your life depends on your heeding this little voice.' I am sure no event in my life has made so deep and lasting an impression upon me." This sensibility of the child became the reflection of manhood and deepened into character. He was wonderfully sensitive to the appeal of weakness and suffering, and he brought the loftiest truth to the touch of the simplest need and failed not to speak for the helpless and wronged.

This moral sensitiveness that made him like a sensitive plate to the faintest impress of truth and life, also made his own spirit the test and judge. The source of his faith was within. He was hospitable to all teachers, but called none master. He was a pure transcendentalist if there ever was one. His was an intuitive faith, seemingly unfed by the great historical facts of Christianity that most believers depend upon, and unassailable as well by historical doubt and literary criticism. "His beliefs were not imported: they were the native products of his own mind and experience. They were fact before they were formulated. As a boy, almost as a child, his sense of the reality, the immanence, the infinite perfection of God, had been profound; his assurance of the soul's personal immortality was beyond necessity or reach of argument; his reverence for the moral law, as voiced by his private conscience, was habitual and deep. He seems never to have doubted on these three points; and they were the cardinal points of his religious faith. To give expression to these three great verities,

to make them seen in their beauty, appreciated in their intrinsic value, and accepted as vital principles in private and public life, was his ruling passion."

This absolute trust in the moral nature of man was his strength and also his weakness. He was too independent of the great facts of religion and the conclusions of generations of faith. He said that Luther plunged out into the great deep, trusting the winds of God and the pilot of his soul, but his successors had timidly hugged the shores of truth that other men had found. The venture, the trust was the soul of Parker, and he thought to be a Luther of a new reformation of spiritual religion.

He was the staunchest Protestant. He could not conform to the metes and bounds of his own church, and finally cast off all association of churches — perhaps was logically compelled to do so — and steered his course alone. In slipping his moorings and going out into the open sea he believed that he was going into the deep sea of truth.

With this staunch independence, this absolute trust in his own moral and spiritual discernment was a sympathy for life and hunger of mind and heart that made him the most omnivorous student of philosophies and sciences, of literature and religions and made his mind a curiosity shop as well as a treasury of truth. There is surely a touch of genius here, the avidity and eagerness and insatiableness of his mental life!

We have nothing like it in the American pulpit, save the early student life of Phillips Brooks. In a single two months he read sixty-five volumes in German, English, Danish, Latin and Greek. He found delight in the lighter literature of fiction and poetry, he plowed his way through the great thinkers of the

world. The range of his reading was practically universal.

And so he interpreted his ministry in a large way. All literature to him was sacred literature. All the facts of life were sacred, and he seemed to many intent upon things that did not make directly for the religious life, and in his universality failed to emphasize the essentials of Christianity.

But he was a spiritual man: a fearless and inspiring preacher of what he held to be the Christian religion.

Let me make this man speak in some of his most significant words.

He prayed on entering the ministry: "I ask for thy blessings, O most merciful Father! upon all my labors and studies. Keep me from sin and from every harmful error."

The devotion to his work was strong and sincere. "Consequences I have nothing to do with: they belong to God. He will take care of all consequences. To me belongs only duty. Come what will come, I shall do it. All that I have, give I to the one cause, be it little or much."

And the supreme aim was the spiritual life of his hearers. "If I deemed it certain that any word of mine would ever waken the deep inner life of another soul, I should bless God that I am alive and speaking. But I will trust. I am sometimes praised for my sermons. I wish men knew how cold those sleek speeches are. I would rather see one man practicing one of my sermons than hear all men praise them."

He was not flattered by the crowds that hung upon his ministry. "Nothing makes a real man so humble as to stand and speak to many men." His ethical passion is shown in his prophet-like teaching of the social

mission of the true church. "In the midst of all these wrongs and sins, amid popular ignorance, pauperism, crime and war, and slavery too, is the Church to say nothing, do nothing, nothing for the good of such as feel the wrong, nothing to save them who do the wrong? If I thought so, I would never enter the Church but once again, and then to bow my shoulder to their manliest work — to heave down its strong pillars, arch and dome and roof and wall, steeple and towers, though, like Samson, I buried myself under the ruins of that temple which profaned the worship of God most high, of God most loved. I would do this in the name of man; in the name of Christ I would do it; yes, in the dear and blessed name of God."

Theodore Parker held his audiences by the worth of his thought. He was a thinker and taxed the thought of his hearers. He read his sermons and there was nothing practically attractive in voice or person or manner. "His audiences were held by the spell of earnest thought alone, uttered in language so simple, that a plain man hearing him, remarked on leaving church, 'Is that Theodore Parker? You told me he was a remarkable man; but I understood every word he said.' His style was never dry; the words were sinewy; the sentences short and pithy; the language was fragrant with the odor of fields, and rich with the juices of the ground. Passages of exquisite beauty bloomed on almost every page. Illustrations pertinent and racy abounded; but there was no ambitious flight of rhetoric, and never any attempt to carry the heart in opposition to the judgment."

He was not so finely endowed as Channing but he had a braver spirit. He was the prophet of the unchurched but religious masses: he was a man of the

people whose "word ran swiftly in rough paths."

His real message was ethical, the social application of truth. And here he was the least negative. However radical and searching the word, it had the ideal of Jesus to enforce its claim.

"His commanding merit of a reformer is this, that he insisted beyond all men in pulpits — I cannot think of one rival — that the essence of Christianity is its practical morals: it is there for use, or it is nothing; and if you combine it with sharp trading, or with ordinary city ambitions to gloss over municipal corruptions, or private intemperance, or successful fraud, or immoral politics, or unjust wars, or the cheating of Indians, or the robbery of frontier nations, or leaving your principles at home to show on the high seas or in Europe a supple compliance to tyrants, it is an hypocrisy, and the truth is not in you; and no love of religious music, or of dreams of Swedenborg, or praise of John Wesley or of Jeremy Taylor can save you from the Satan which you are." [1]

Theodore Parker was classed as a radical Unitarian and often gave short shrift to what he termed orthodox superstitions. No doubt he was too ready to apply his rule of thumb to the agonies and ecstasies of Prophet and Apostle.

But his reverence for Jesus and his moral allegiance might well be the spirit of us all. His heart speaks in his beautiful sonnet:

O thou great friend to all the sons of men,
Who once appeared in humblest guise below
Sin to rebuke, to break the Captive's chain,
To call thy brethren forth from want and woe!

[1] "Life," by O. B. Frothingham, p. 551.

Thee would I sing. Thy truth is still the light
Which guides the nations groping on their way,
Stumbling and falling in disastrous night,
Yet hoping ever for the perfect day,
Yes, thou art still the life; thou art the way
The holiest know — light, life and way of heaven;
And they who dearest hope and deepest pray
Toil by the truth, life, way, that thou hast given;
And in thy name aspiring mortals trust
To uplift their bleeding brothers rescued from the dust.

Next to Channing, Theodore Parker is the shining name of the Unitarian pulpit. But there were lesser lights that shone with a clear and steady radiance. They were all affected by the Cambridge group of literary men, Emerson, Longfellow, Motley, Ticknor, Holmes and Lowell. They were all seeking for the voices of God outside the Bible and seeking to widen the sphere of religion. They all regarded literature as the highest interpretation of life and religion, as the life inspired by God in its human relations.

James Freeman Clarke, like the elder Peabody, was a Unitarian of the older school; of the type of Channing rather than Parker, whose position in many ways would be hard to distinguish from the liberal orthodoxy of to-day. Take this phrase in the criticism of a recent book — "A Christ who is a manifestation of God in humanity for a Christ who is a God-man, and therefore neither a manifestation of what God is nor of what man can hope to become." Such an interpretation of Christ as emphasizes his Divinity rather than his Deity is the spirit of the more reverent of the early Unitarians. Dr. Clarke was an active pastor in Boston for most of his life, a teacher and leader, a citizen first of all, eager to have a hand in what-

ever might contribute to the higher life of his city and the nation, but particularly devoted to ministering to the broad but genuine religious life of his church. He is best known for his studies in comparative religion. His "Ten Great Religions" is perhaps the first notable American book in that increasing effort to understand the religious nature and aspiration of the race and regards the ethnic faiths, not as inventions of Satan, but as "broken lights," "lame hands of faith" calling to Him who is Lord of all.

Edward Everett Hale is the granite of New England covered with mosses and lichens from which flows a spring of pure water giving growth and beauty along its course. He was the intimate friend and companion of our chief literary men, a constant writer for the *Atlantic* and the *North American,* better known for his short stories such as "A man without a Country" and "In His Name" than for his sermons, who has given us some of our very best sketches of the men and events of our early national life. But he was an effective preacher. He was a figure of the national pulpit. His heavy eyebrows and his shaggy head gave him a certain leonine appearance. And it was expressive of the mind and spirit within. He was strong and tenacious of convictions, somewhat dogmatic and belligerent, but as so often happens with such rugged natures, a tender heart and a desire to help that was the ruling spirit of his life. Few pulpits have been so openly and effectively connected with the practical efforts of Christian philanthropy and reform as that of Edward Everett Hale.

James A. Bartol had a striking physical likeness to Dr. Hale, but was thoroughly original as man and preacher. He was classmate at Bowdoin and life-

long friend of Dr. Cyrus Hamlin, the great missionary to Turkey. And that two men so positive and so unlike in their theological position should always be friends is a large working of charity. That Dr. Bartol and Horace Bushnell should be brought together in intellectual and spiritual sympathy is not such a wonder, but that he should rejoice in the work of Father Taylor of the Sailor's Bethel speaks large things for his Christian spirit. Dr. Bartol had a bold imagination, a fiery spirit, a vivid, epigrammatic style, and spoke of Christian duty with arresting and persuasive force.

I will speak of one other Unitarian preacher only recently passing from us.

Robert Collyer is unlike the others in that he is not a New Englander, not trained in the literary and philosophical atmosphere of other leaders, not at all noted as a writer. A preacher by gifts and singleness of devotion, one of the most picturesque figures in the American pulpit. "If Daniel Webster had lived beyond his allotment of threescore years and ten, he might have looked very much as the Rev. Dr. Robert Collyer did yesterday on the eve of his eighty-eighth birthday. Robert Collyer was a blacksmith, apprentice and journeyman; for twenty-one years before he took a church, he hammered hot iron into shape preparatory to molding souls, and the massive shoulders, deep chest and great, thick hands still bear eloquent evidence of those early manual triumphs."

Robert Collyer came to this country as a workman from England and a Methodist lay preacher. He was trained in the school of life. He had a passion for righteousness. His soul abhorred oppression of every kind. And when the Methodist Bishops forbade his

fiery utterances against slavery, his natural freedom and humanity turned to the pulpit that was then the freest in its utterances. He was the pioneer Unitarian preacher of Chicago and organized Unity Church, which has had a line of gifted preachers. From Chicago he came to New York as successor of Dr. Bellows in the Church of the Messiah, of which he was so long a pastor and one of the leading figures of the metropolis. I have never heard Dr. Collyer preach, but I have heard him pray at the installation of one of our young men over a Congregational church. A more child-like, vital and catholic prayer I never heard. Every devout heart would have to respond to it. He was loved by all who knew him. He was recognized as an eloquent interpreter of the religious nature of man.

The Unitarian pulpit has had an influence out of all proportion to its members. It has softened and modified the dogmatic spirit, made preaching less speculative and more practical, increased the humanness of the sermon; in dwelling more on the interpretation of life, the religious nature and expression of men, it has made the style of the sermon less a separate language of religion and more in harmony with the best speech of men everywhere; and as it regards all life and its forms of art as full of God, it has greatly widened the material and subjects of preaching, but sometimes no doubt losing the direction and flow of message in the very richness of material.

Their own best men, now that the smoke of controversy has cleared, will be ready to admit that their champions, in days of more acute sectarian strife, displayed rigor in their work of rebuttal difficult to reconcile with the doctrines of "sweetness and light" that they were defending. Even so, theirs has been no mean contribution to the American pulpit.

4

The Methodist Pulpit

The first service of John Wesley was as a missionary to the colony of Georgia. It was his contact with the Moravians in America that powerfully changed his vision and life and made him a prophetic voice to the formal and critical and selfish religion of the eighteenth century England and the call of Christian manhood to its degraded and hopeless masses. No doubt Mr. Augustine Birrell is right in calling John Wesley, judged by the effects of his life, the greatest Englishman of the eighteenth century. He was loyal to the Church of England. He had no idea of forming a separate church. His preachers were lay preachers. It has some correspondences to the laymen's movement to-day, only then it was despised and opposed by the authorities of the Church.

These fervent lay preachers, often men of scant education but consuming zeal, soon came to the American colonies. At first they formed no churches and baptized no converts, but tried to bring the converts into the parish church.

The most notable name of the early Methodist Church in America was Francis Asbury. He came to Philadelphia in 1771 as a lay preacher. There were perhaps three hundred Methodist converts scattered about New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, but no organized churches. Without special training, he had used his gifts of speaking in England, and in America constantly trained himself in his work. At the beginning of the Revolution the majority of the Methodist preachers like their brethren of the Church

of England were out of sympathy with the colonists and returned to the Mother Country. Asbury, democratic in his feelings, kept his place, and tried almost alone to sustain the life of the converts through the long days of the Revolution. When peace came and a separate national life began, Wesley felt that the time had come for a separate independent church in America and the first Methodist Church was organized in Baltimore in 1784. Asbury, who had been a lay superintendent of missions, was the first Bishop ordained in America. Ceaseless and fearless in his efforts, he covered his circuit from northern New England to the Carolinas and pushed over the Alleghenies, seeking the scattered people in the wilderness beyond. No doubt he spoke a fiery evangel. The very rudeness of the times gave emphasis and urgency to his word. And Bishop Asbury helped to make Methodism the very symbol for the pioneer preacher.

If one should ask for the name of the typical circuit-rider of frontier states, Peter Cartwright would have that name beyond all others. Such a man Edward Eggleston has put into his novel, "The Circuit Rider." He was a preacher for seventy years and for fifty he was the presiding elder of the Illinois district. The state was sown thick with stories of his shrewdness, his wit and his courage. The old settlers of the state, now very few, are as fond of telling rich and racy stories of Peter Cartwright as of Abraham Lincoln. In fact they had much in common, and sometimes crossed verbal swords. Cartwright was once defeated for Congress by Lincoln. He was noted for his knowledge of men, for the shrewd but kindly insight into the very heart. His reading of the secret life of men, like the insight of Spurgeon, was almost

uncanny. And he had a wit that could laugh away opposition and put the crowd in the happiest humor for his preaching — broad sunshine on the landscape making it fertile, for the good seed sown in it; or like the sharp blade of conscience opening the life and subduing men in terror of the revelation. He had a physical energy that plowed its way through all difficulties of man or nature, a rough and ready speech and manner that was fitted to his backwoods audiences, and yet at the same time won the reverence of men. He was the master of camp meetings, and if he failed to subdue the rough element gathered there with his tongue, he was not afraid to use his strong hand. His frank, free, homely style is indicated by the following extract from a conference speech against a Bishop holding slaves. "It's all humbug that if a man inherits the slaves he can do nothing with them. I so became the owner and shouldered my responsibility, resolved to be like Cæsar's wife, above suspicion, took them to my State, set them free, gave them land and built them a house, and they made more money than ever I did by preaching. Talk of division! I hope we shall hear no more of this sickly talk. I do not believe in a division and have not from the first. Why! this Methodist Episcopal church would not miss me any more than an ox would miss a fly off his horn."

Until recent years the majority of the Methodist ministry have been uneducated men. The Church has ministered to the neglected and the ignorant, it has been driven by the spirit of fervent evangelism to conquer the multitudes, and it has not been able to provide well trained men for its rapidly multiplying congregations. It has often been afraid of the schools

as though culture would take the heart and power out of its preaching. Its method has called out men of native gifts of persuasion and leadership, and they have often gained the secrets of popular appeal. No doubt they have spoken best to their own people. But with the growth of general intelligence and refinement, men have been demanded who could speak to all men, not to a class. Such men have usually had the discipline of the schools. The Methodist Church has not been slow to make suitable provision for the training of its preachers. And so it is natural that the men who stand out from their fellows should be so largely connected with the schools.

Stephen Olin and Bishop Simpson are examples of their best preachers.

Stephen Olin was the first President of Wesleyan University, and was an inspiring example to the men of his day in person and message. He declined to be a Bishop, preferring the large service of teacher and preacher. He was a man of giant frame and his mind had some kinship with his body. His commanding presence, his noble character, his rich thought, his logical argument and fiery feeling — logic on fire — the definition of eloquence, made him for the time the leader of the Methodist people.

But the prince of Methodist preachers for the last half of the nineteenth century was Bishop Mathew Simpson. He began as a doctor, and this experience gave him his insight into human need, his human interest and his pictorial power, as the medical studies helped Guthrie. He passed down the whole line of work and influence in his own church, preacher, college professor, editor, bishop, president of the Theological Seminary. He was a staunch friend of Lin-

coln and of great service to the Union by his sermons and speeches. Bishop Simpson, like all the others, was an extemporaneous preacher. He had as much of the platform and the stump as the pulpit. His chief thought in it all was the winning of men. Much of the divine fire has gone out of the sermons as they have out of the speeches of Henry Clay. Phillips Brooks' saying that "a sermon that is good to read is not good to hear" was truer of Bishop Simpson than of himself. A certain fullness of style, a repetition for all kinds of people, the chaff with the oats without which says Th. Fuller the horse will bolt his meal mark the sermons, and prevent them from the interest of more artistic work.

He is the first Methodist who gave the lectures on Preaching at Yale and the only one until Bishop McDowell in recent years. A single page on the power of preaching will give some idea of the variety, the sweep, the swing and fervor of the man.

"The long line of preachers extends in unbroken succession from Christ himself to the present hour. A line, did I say? More than a line, a pyramid of which he is the apex, to which each succeeding year, rises in altitude and widens in its base, and will rise and will widen, until it covers all lands, and the living preacher shall be seen and heard by every child of Adam on the globe. It is an unbroken succession, not by the ordinations of men, nor by the hands of men, nor by the will of men, but by the power of the Holy Spirit. It is a holy fellowship, a glorious association. It has had its spots. All have been men of like passions with us. Some entered the ministry without a divine call; others have been overborne by passion. Some 'concerning the faith have made ship-

wreck, of whom were Hymaneus and Alexander,' 'Demas hath forsaken me, having loved this present world.' Peter denied his master, and Judas betrayed him. Men have disgraced themselves, and brought reproach upon the office; but it still lives and strengthens, because Christ lives with it, and has determined that it shall stand. He walks among the candlesticks and holds the stars in his right hand." [1]

It is not my purpose in this volume to speak particularly of living preachers. But the names of Bishop Vincent, Bishop Quale and Bishop McDowell and Bishop McConnell tell us that the old-time fervor and popular sympathy have not been lost but tempered and disciplined to newer conditions.

What has been the special contribution of the Methodists to the American pulpit?

Evangelical zeal and fervor, faith in the Gospel to reach the downmost man, the use of testimony, the witness to the ministry of special gifts, the power of emotion in religion, of enthusiasm in preaching.

5

The Episcopal Pulpit

It would no longer be said of the American Episcopal Church as in the old days of polemical bitterness that it was a "worldly church and an inferior pulpit." It was not true even then, but it had enough truth to give the saying sting and wide currency.

The Episcopal Church as a whole has never been noted for its pulpit. A few gifted men in recent years have given a glory to their church and a noble impetus

[1] "Lectures on Preaching," p. 35.

to preaching. But we naturally look for the power of the pulpit in a freer church, where preaching is exalted and the preacher is made to feel his opportunity. "Emphasis upon liturgy," says Canon Hensley Henson of Westminster, "is not conducive to effective preaching." And then he explains that the development of ritual limits the thought and opportunity of preaching, and trains that habit of mind, attention to form and organization, opposed to the largeness of thought and feeling essential to strong preaching. Historically it is true that as organization has developed and ritual has increased, the pulpit has declined. So Dr. McConnell, one of the preachers of the Episcopal Church, has said in one of their Congresses, and with great earnestness: "We need more prophets, and not more priests."

The Episcopal Church had a hard time until after the Revolution. It was a small and feeble minority in New England, and though it was in the majority in Virginia and had the influence of royal governors in Virginia and New York, it was poorly served. Clergymen were often sent to the colonies who had broken down at home; the younger brothers of noblemen, men who left their country for their country's good, brought their "soiled cassocks" into the colonies, to use the phrase of Thackeray. There were good men, apostolic men, here and there, who kept the spark of religion alive in the hostile conditions of pioneer life, but the rank and file were of no help to the Church.

The churches were separate, without general organization, with no Bishops, missions of the Mother Church, and of little concern to the men in authority. When James Blair, the founder of William and Mary

College, urged on the Treasury Commissioner, Sir Edward Seymour, that such an institution was needed for training up clergymen, saying: "you must not forget that people in Virginia have souls to save as well as people in England," "Souls!" cried Seymour, with an oath, "grow tobacco!"

So during the colonial days the Episcopal pulpit had a slow and precarious growth and during the Revolution it was almost blotted out, many of its clergymen returning to England and its members being so largely loyalists.

It may be said of our pulpit as of our literature, that there must be the growth of a national life and the consciousness of that life before there can be the distinctive and fitting expression of that life. Even the colonial pulpit of the Congregational Church expressed its distinctively American life. Its earliest preachers, Oxford and Cambridge men as they were, were men of originality and freedom. Without disloyalty to their traditions, they were in the New World for the "liberty of prophesying," and guided only by their Bible, and their scholarly training, they voiced in their own way the needs of the Church in the wilderness. So there was an American pulpit even before there was an American nation.

But the Episcopal Church did not partake of this spirit. The scattered churches were dependent upon the established Church of England and the preachers were poor copies of the men at home. There was no American Church and no American pulpit. It has been truly said that the Episcopal Church in its beginnings "was handicapped with a dead-weight of supercilious and odious Toryism." Here and there a man like Samuel Johnson, the tutor at Yale who be-

came the first President of King's College, New York, was led by his temperament and experience to seek a church that expressed the succession and organic nature of Christianity, and proved that it was possible to be an Episcopal minister and at the same time a distinctive and loyal American.

The refusal of England to grant an Episcopate to the colonies has often been lamented. Perhaps the refusal was a blessing in disguise, for what sort of a Bishop would have been sent by a minister like Sir Robert Walpole!

But the Episcopal churches revived after the Revolution and feeling the new national life elected Bishops of their own. At first refused ordination by the English Bishops, sulky over the overwhelming defeat of the British arms, Bishop Seabury of Connecticut was ordained by the independent Episcopal Church of Scotland, and White of Pennsylvania and Prevost of New York soon after by the Archbishop of Canterbury. Thus organized the American Episcopal Church started upon a career of growing numbers and worth and influence.

The first preacher of the Episcopal Church of national and even international reputation was Bishop McIlvaine of Ohio.

Charles Pettit McIlvaine was of Scotch descent, of a family distinguished in the Revolution and in the early public life of the nation, educated at Princeton College and Seminary (there was then no Seminary in his own church), first rector of a church in Washington, then Chaplain at West Point, afterwards rector of St. Ann's, Brooklyn, from whence he was elected the Bishop of Ohio, and served forty years, the best known and best loved of all American Bishops until

Phillips Brooks of our own day. He was converted at Princeton during a season of genuine revival and never lost the mark and spirit of that evangelical experience. Writing about it long afterwards he says: "It is more than fifty years since I first witnessed a revival of religion. It was in the College of which I was a student. It was powerful and prevailing, and fruitful in the conversion of young men to God; and it was quiet, unexcited, and entirely free from all devices or means, beyond the few and simple which God has appointed, prayer and the ministry of the word. In that precious season of the power of God, my religious life began. I had heard before: I began then to know."

His preaching always had the aim and the fervor of the evangelist. At West Point he first met the cold indifference or the bitter opposition of officers and cadets, but at last his word reached the conscience. Men came to him one by one under the power of conviction and the whole place was moved, the fruits remarkable in devoted Christian lives, both in the army and in the ministry. Bishop Lee of Delaware, his life-long friend, has given the picture of the man and the preacher: "As a preacher, his fine person, graceful manner and elocution, fervent and forcible style, commanded general admiration, and rendered his ministrations very attractive and acceptable. The physical man corresponded well with the intellectual, and the lovers of oratory found his discourses a rich treat. But they were invested with a power and a charm far exceeding aught conferred by the gifts of nature or the fruits of culture. His aim was not to gratify the ear and gratify the tastes but to arouse the conscience and convert the heart. The secret of his suc-

cess was that he preached with unwonted fervor and faithfulness the unsearchable riches of Christ. He spoke as one absorbed and penetrated with his sublime and awful subject. His ministry was clothed with power because it was full of reality and unction — met the wants of awakened souls — answered great questions stirring in the depths of troubled hearts, and pointed out clearly and distinctly the way of life."

When rector in Washington, he had many public men in his church, among them Mr. Canning, the English minister and one of the great Parliamentary speakers of his day. Mr. McIlvaine was trying to become an extemporaneous preacher, and then wrote his sermons in full or in part and then memorized them. Mr. Canning took great interest in the young preacher and one day said to him: "Young man, you never will succeed if you go on in this way. Prepare your thoughts, have a distinct idea of what you mean to convey to your hearers; and then leave the words to come of themselves." Mr. McIlvaine acted upon this advice and became one of the most powerful extempore preachers of his day.

Bishop McIlvaine was almost as well known in England as in America, preached both at St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey and was honored by both the great Universities. He was the spiritual child of Charles Simeon, the great evangelical preacher of Cambridge, even as Alexander Duff was and he was the first American to be thus honored by the English Universities. At the time of our civil war he went to England on a peace mission. He did not have Henry Ward Beecher's genius and daring to face an angry mob and subdue them by his speech, but he was no

less effective in winning the attention of the English Church, the most critical towards the hopes of democratic America.

Bishop McIlvaine died in Italy and his body rested for a time in Westminster Abbey, where a memorial service was held. Of this event the Archbishop of Canterbury wrote: "As he preached in St. Paul's, so I rejoice that he will rest, though it be only for a time, in the great Abbey, where so many of the illustrious dead lie waiting for the resurrection, whom, in common with his countrymen, he rejoiced while living to reckon as brethren of the same blood. Few even living have done so much to draw England and the United States together."

Dr. Alexander H. Vinton, twice pastor in Boston and once in Philadelphia, was a notable figure in himself, and deserves further mention as the early pastor and example of Phillips Brooks, and later his friend and trusted counselor.

"In 1842, when Dr. Vinton became the rector of St. Paul's in Boston, Phillips Brooks was six years old, and from that time until he graduated from Harvard College and entered upon the preparation for the ministry, he was under the influence of this strong personality. Dr. Vinton had a majestic appearance in the pulpit, the physical basis for oratory. His voice corresponded with his appearance, strong, rich and full. As an imposing and manly representative of the clerical profession, he was imaged in bronze upon the Soldiers' Monument on Boston Common, in the act of blessing the troops on their departure for the war. He was of the evangelical school, enforcing the atonement of Christ and the supreme doctrine of the Gospel of deliverance, urging also an inward conversion as

the condition of its acceptance. He had the evangelical conception of the pastor's office. It was to him a great ideal, which he had left the medical profession in order to serve."

After the death of Dr. Vinton, Phillips Brooks preached a memorial sermon in which he described the pastoral office, as embodied in Dr. Vinton, with rare insight and beauty.[1] "I stop a moment and think of that great pastorship, of all it meant to countless souls; and to have lived in it and carried it on as he did seems to me to be an indescribable, an inestimable privilege. A great pastorship is the noblest picture of human influence and of relationship of man to man which the world has to show. It is the canonization of friendship. It is friendship lifted above the regions of mere instinct and sentiment and fondness, above all thoughts of policy or convenience, and exalted into the mutual helpfulness of the children of God. The pastor is father and brother both to those whose deepest lives he helps in deepest ways. His belonging to his people is like the broad spreading of the sky over the lives of men and women and little children, of good and bad, of weak and strong, on all of whom alike it sheds its rain and dew. Who that has ever known such a pastorate can believe that death, which sets free all the best and purest things into a larger spiritual being, ends the relationship of soul to soul which a true pastorship involves?"

Dr. Stephen H. Tyng of New York was another fervent evangelist, loyal to his church, but more devoted to preaching than to liturgy or organization. He was rector of St. George's; and in the early years gave that church the aggressive, missionary spirit, that

[1] "Life of Brooks," 1:45.

ministry to present need and surrounding life that has been developed through the years since and has made St. George's one of the best expressions of practical Christianity. Dr. Tyng was an effective platform speaker as well as preacher. He used evangelical methods in his church, he was a fervent advocate of the practical reforms of the day. He was catholic in his sympathies and promoted inter-church agencies, such as the Bible Society and the Evangelical Alliance. He was a force for a more united and aggressive Christianity.

Dr. Richard Newton of Philadelphia was the prince of children's preachers. He carried out the theory of the Episcopal Church, that children were to be trained as Christians and into active membership of the Church. Before the Sunday School had been fully organized and had so largely filled the place of home and pulpit instruction, Dr. Newton gathered the children of the congregation and taught and trained them by worship and preaching. Six volumes of the children's sermons have been published. And they have not been surpassed by more recent books. In the choice and adaptation of truth for a child's mind, in the careful discussion of this truth, in the wealth of Bible stories and illustrations and the heroic stories of modern life that especially appeal to boys, Dr. Newton is a fine example of the preacher to youth.

Bishop Arthur Cleveland Coxe is a different type from the rest. The son of Dr. Hanson Cox, a leader of the Presbyterian Church, and for a short time a Professor in Auburn Seminary, and so brought up as a distinct evangelical, the son felt the influences of the Oxford Movement and became a High churchman. He was the most effective preacher of this type,

one of the few of this class that was preëminently a preacher. No doubt the example of his father and his Presbyterian training with his native gifts kept him from depreciating the place and power of preaching. He was a poet and wrote many hymns, one at least, "Oh! where are Kings and Empires now," seems destined to be sung as long as men use music in worship. He had the artistic and historic spirit, he loved beauty, and historic places, and the stately memorials of the past, and he was fitted to give a young and struggling church in a new land the sense of historic continuity, and to try to maintain in the growth of forms the essentials of the religious life. By his controversial addresses, his essays and poems and sermons, Bishop Coxe did much to shape the Episcopal Church into the expanding life of the nation.

Did the plan permit, it would be a pleasure to dwell upon living preachers who give distinction to the Episcopal pulpit. They are second to none, especially men in the Episcopate. Some of them have a prophetic quality and are a fearless, effective voice to the social conscience of our day.

The distinctive contribution of the Episcopal Church to the American Pulpit has been in the influence of worship upon the sermon and in modifying an undue individualism through the historic and social spirit. The strength and weakness of the American pulpit has been its extreme individualism. The Oxford Movement emphasized the social forces of religion: it bound men together and to the past. It appealed to imagination and historic association. It taught us that religion was a world of beauty, that worship must be in keeping with the highest views of God, and

that preaching must nourish the roots of reverence in the soul, and make men feel the continuity of faith and the unity of true religion.

6

The Presbyterian Pulpit

Two streams of influence have united to form the Presbyterian Church of the United States, the Puritans of New England and the Scotch-Irish Presbyterians of the Middle Colonies. There have been lesser tributaries such as the Huguenots of New York and the Carolinas, and the German Reformed of Pennsylvania. But the chief forces are Puritan and Scotch. And they have given the Presbyterian pulpit distinctive qualities and a worthy history. The Puritans brought their purifying zeal and independence and the Scotch their reverence for great names and their interest in Creed and Church. And both were greatly modified by the life and demands of the New World. The Puritans felt the need of association, the advantages of a stronger form of church government, as they pushed westward into scattered settlements, and easily adopted the Presbyterian form of church life. The Scotch-Irish broke through their reserve, they gained ready adaptation to new conditions, the natural fervor of the race flamed out to meet the religious indifference and neglect, the moral rudeness and laxity of the frontiers.

It is a splendid record of enterprise and fervid devotion — the Presbyterian pioneers — matching the energy of the Methodist circuit-rider, and carrying on the emotional fervor of the evangelist with the regard for instruction and government characteristic

of the Church. Thompson, in his history of the Presbyterian Church, speaking of the rapid growth in the settlements of New York and Ohio, gives a true picture of the energy and zeal of the early preachers:

"They rode on long circuits through the pathless forests or over unbroken prairies, where the bending of the stalks of grass showed the trail. They slept at night under a tree, beside a fire kept alight to scare off beasts of prey; or they shared the rude shelter and rough fare of the settler. If they found homes for their families it was in rude shanties of two rooms where they eked out existence far from schools, physician and stores, often laboring with their own hands. They met every form of resistance, from stolid indifference to avowed infidelity. They encountered drunkenness, lewdness, horse-racing, gambling, and Sabbath breaking in the newer settlements. But nothing disheartened them or broke down their faith in God and the Gospel, and bit by bit they saw better influences become pervasive, and the order of a Christian civilization replacing the wild lawlessness of an earlier day" (p. 94).

There is little time to speak of men who laid the foundations of our church. There was Tennant, whose zeal may have carried him to excess, but whose labors led to the Log College and a more thoughtful ministry. Whittier in "the Preacher" has drawn the more picturesque features of the man.

> And Celtic Tennant, his long coat bound
> Like a monk's with leathern girdle round,
> Wild with the toss of unshorn hair,
> And wringing of hands, and eyes aglare,
> Groaning under the world's despair.

There was Davies, whose preaching inspired the eloquence of Patrick Henry, and who afterwards became President of Princeton College.

But the most notable name of our early preachers was John M. Mason of New York. The popular taste would not tolerate the read sermon and yet it demanded a stately and elaborate style, and so the preaching was largely memoriter. He had an openness of mind and a prescience that made him a real leader of the Church. It was his practical wisdom that helped to unite various Presbyterian fragments into a united church. It was his open-mindedness that made the beginning of the American Sunday School.

The line of progressive, effective preachers was carried on by Albert Barnes of Philadelphia. He was the object of theological suspicion and judicial trials for heresy, and his teaching marked the growing difference between the two wings of the Church, and finally led to the division of 1837. But such publicity and the critical attitude of good men was the sorest trial to his sensitive and sincere nature.

He was tall and slender, of refined face and manner, without the physical elements of the orator but making his impression by the worth of his thought, the purity of his spirit, and the naturalness and simplicity of his style. It was an intellectual and spiritual influence as in the case of Jonathan Edwards. He was a teacher in the pulpit but had great weight from the loftiness of his character.

He was most methodical in his habits and prepared in the early morning commentaries on nearly all the books of the New Testament, of great use to the laymen of the Church.

He had a sympathy with his age and a practical un-

derstanding of it that made his preaching practical and a zeal and hopefulness that cast its light over everything that he did.

I now mention three men, all active in the last half of the nineteenth century, that illustrate the various forces contributing to the Presbyterian pulpit and the variety of its work, Roswell D. Hitchcock, John Hall and Theodore L. Cuyler.

Dr. Hitchcock left but a single volume of sermons, "Eternal Atonement," the twenty sermons that he felt most expressive of his message, and all the rest he destroyed. He was a teacher all his life, at Amherst, Bowdoin, Andover and Union Seminary; rhetoric, ethics and philosophy and church history. His work gave form to his message. He was an occasional preacher, and as such his preaching cannot be judged by the growth of churches and the number of followers. But he lifted the tone of religious life wherever he spoke. He permanently influenced men untouched by the common preacher. And he gave to all who knew him the sense of the worth of life and the glory of the Gospel that could never be forgotten. He always spoke the essential, catholic truth that all men needed and all men could receive. He gave it with the temper and finish of the most perfect workmanship, and yet no finish of art made the word less effective for use. A splendid presence, a penetrative and persuasive voice, a spirited manner, a wealth of interpretation in instance and imagery made his sermons an event in the life of the hearer.

Dr. John Hall was the most notable of the constant contributions of the Mother Country to our pulpit. A north of Ireland man, trained in her schools, a coun-

try minister and then pastor in Dublin, he came to the Fifth Avenue Church, New York, in the fullness of his manhood. He was a great pastor, ministering to all alike and rarely forgetting names and faces. He was a man of noble, benignant presence. Like Phillips Brooks, the very face and presence of the man was eloquent. He had generous training and great diligence and the gifts of public speech and he made all contribute to his preaching. He honored his calling. He made preaching honorable. He always ministered to men when he preached. He thought of the salvation of men and not of his sermon. He never preached great sermons but he was a great preacher. "He always seemed to walk on the edge of the commonplace but never got over into it."

Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler was a man of less intellectual power, but of quick, warm sympathies, wide human interests, lively fancy and intense earnestness in speaking. His sermons combined brightness and spirituality. In his prime he was in great demand for public occasions, and was not afraid to espouse a righteous but unpopular cause. He is a good example of the fervent, practical, spiritual preaching of our best pulpits.

One more name should be mentioned — Grosvenor Heacock of Buffalo, the prophet-preacher. Of commanding presence, the voice and manner of an orator, an imagination that cut through the crust of opinion to the heart of truth, it was his great heart that made him the master of assemblies. He spoke the truth as God gave him to see it and he won a multitude to the faith of his master. But it was, as the interpreter of life, the will of the living Lord to social and national life that he had his commission and won his supreme

place. His conception and spirit breathe in his words: "When the pulpit shall, in this land, cease to be a light on the great moral and political questions of the day, midnight will have fallen on the nation."

Such examples cannot be comprehensive and complete. They are only personal selections from a long list of men who have exalted and honored the work of the pulpit.

What have the Presbyterians done for our national pulpit? They have taught the teaching power of the pulpit. They have been careful to teach the Scriptures. They have given the truths of the Gospel in systematic form. They have been doctrinal preachers, not being afraid to grapple with great problems of thought and so they have contributed to a thoughtful and stable Christianity.

7

Other Contributions

One naturally asks why the Quakers produced no great preacher. They ministered over large parts of Pennsylvania and the South. And there is one name that cannot be forgotten in the religious history of America, that of John Woolman, mystic and ascetic. But he is better known for his journal than for his sermons. Its barrenness of preachers is explained by Dr. Bacon's analysis of the Quaker Movement: "It was never able to outgrow, in the large and free field to which it was transplanted, the defects incident of its origin in a protest and a schism. It never learned to commend itself to men as a church for all Christians, and never ceased to be, even in its own consciousness, a coterie of specialists" (p. 145).

Other Protestant bodies, the Lutherans, the Reformed, the German Reformed, the Disciple, and others, have not lacked devoted pastors and teachers. If they have given to the pulpit few names of national fame and influence, it has been largely due to the circumstances of their work. They have men to-day who are gladly heard and recognized as national forces.

The Catholic Church does not exalt the pulpit, but now and then a priest like Dr. McGlynn and Father Doyle of New York stand out as effective preachers. While men like Bishop Spalding of Illinois, Archbishop Ireland of St. Paul and Cardinal Gibbons of Baltimore combine great administrative gifts with either the excellencies of the essayist or the preacher.

The Paulist Fathers have exemplified in the Catholic Church some of the highest qualities of Protestant preaching.

Even this brief review must impress us with the worthy record of the American pulpit. It has contributed to the higher life of the nation. It has been the quickener and trainer of the intellectual life. The children of the manse have been our first literary men, and the weekly sermon has taught the people to think and trained that ideality and taste for the true and beautiful and good that have promoted education and cultivated the love of books. The pulpit has been one of the strong social forces of our life. It has taught the worth of the individual and the sacredness of human relations, and revealed the foes of our peace, and raised its voice for social welfare. In critical times the pulpit has trained the forces that made for liberty and national unity. It was the powerful revival preaching of Edwards and his successors that gave the unknown and neglected man his sense of worth and to

the Colonies that emotional response to truth that made them capable of asserting their rights against the injustice of the Home Government, and feeling the stirrings of a new national life. And it was the power of the pulpit in the fifties that awoke the conscience of the North and prepared the people for the years of sacrifice. And the pulpit of our own day has stood for that higher nationalism, for the ideals of justice and freedom and brotherhood that have made America a force for world-righteousness.

The pulpit to-day is no less necessary for the life of the people. We may not be able clearly to understand the forces that are preparing. The world industry, the power of organization, the solidarity of life, the rapid modifying of American ideals by the coming together of all nations — these things we dimly feel. Shall they not demand a new and larger application of the Gospel? We stand in a noble line. We have entered into the labors of the Fathers, and their unfinished tasks. To carry on the work of the pulpit; to make it the witness and teacher of the religious life; to send the vivifying and ennobling influence of its truths through every part and province of our national life is the highest work and honor that can come to men.

X

THE PRESENT AMERICAN PULPIT

There has been no intellectual decadence of the American pulpit. If the minister is no longer the intellectual master, it is only because higher education has been so widely diffused. If the pulpit is no longer the chief agent of culture, it is because the means of the higher life have been so multiplied. If the pulpit seems no longer the authoritative voice of public opinion, it is because preaching is far wider than the Church. It is the voice of the awakened moral life of the age. A President reiterates the primary principles of public morality, or interprets diplomacy in the light of Christian brotherhood. A Governor calls the citizenship of a state to a finer responsibility. An editor or a novelist voices the dim and confused strivings of an age, or calls for deeper reality in religion. Since Plymouth Rock, preaching has never been a greater element than now.

The pulpit thinks as much as ever, and more men are trained for their work. Great branches of the Church, like the Baptists and the Methodists, that fifty years ago were served by a multitude of good but untrained men, have made increasing intellectual demands upon their ministry.

The Theological Seminary, naturally conservative in method, has felt the spirit and principles of the new education. The field of thought is far wider; it has opened its doors to a multitude of subjects related to our modern life. The temptation no doubt

is to a smattering of many things and a mastery of none. But many of them are interests vital to religion. And strong, faithful men are made stronger by them.

The widening of the interests of religion, the fellowship with great thinkers and writers, the formation of truer taste, all have left their mark upon the pulpit.

Of course there are men who say foolish things, who appeal to prejudice and false sentiment, who show themselves in the place of the truth, who have exaggeration and diffuseness and other elements of unreality in style. But compare the average sermon of fifty years ago with that of to-day. The present sermon has more practical thinking, if not so much high speculation, and is clothed in appropriate speech, not a peculiar dialect of religion, but the clear, pictorial and attractive speech that men put into the best conversation and the best books. There have been great masters of style in the past and we can always learn from them; wells of English pure and undefiled from which will always flow sweet waters, but the present is a gain in directness and simplicity, in variety and genuineness, in fine feeling and persuasiveness. You can feel that even by taking the notable preachers. Making all allowance for the difference of personality and times, you come to the conclusion that the former days are not better than these.

There were masters, and I have tried to interpret their work from Jonathan Edwards to Phillips Brooks. It may be that no great master will rise from the multitude of preachers to-day. But that we have such a multitude of men of light and leading is cause for profound gratitude and hope. No equal number in the

past have surpassed them in vigorous thought and in mastery of speech. For four and five years before the War we had resident preachers every month — thirty to forty in all, from many denominations. And I would like to testify to the fine manhood and vital message of these men. Very few of them failed of our high expectation.

There has been no moral decadence in the American pulpit. Free men speak the word and not hirelings. The ministry witnesses to the power of moral ideals.

On every hand there is testimony that it is not an easy time to live a simple, pure, unselfish life, to be a servant of men. The widening of the horizon of thought, awakening problems that refuse to be stated wholly under the conventional terms of faith, the breaking down of the barriers of isolation and the coming in upon American life of other standards of living, the multiplying of the means of enjoyment, the hard maxims of commercial greed, the subtle and refined selfishness that sometimes seems almost like the encompassing atmosphere of modern life — all these have never seriously lowered the tone of the pulpit. Single ones have become worldly, but the ministry as a class have tried to build after the pattern seen in the Mount. And the conception of this heavenly life seems rather to have grown in the mind of the ministry. You have but to contrast any large group of men with that of fifty or a hundred years ago to know that the working ideals of the ministry are lofty. There is care for personal conduct. As the authority of the mere position is felt to be less, the man strives to be more. As the speech of the pulpit is not accepted on authority, but tested like any

other speech, there is a new striving to make the message conform to the truth. As the pulpit has grown in true humility and is no longer willing to dogmatize about some subjects that seemed clear and certain as noonday to the fathers, the emphasis has rested upon other questions of practical living. Our pulpit stands out for its ideality. The sermon holds up a lofty ideal of living, and the preacher means what he says, and preaches first to himself.

I think there can be no doubt that the modern pulpit has gained greatly in what Dr. Watson calls the humanness of preaching. It begins to discuss truth from the standpoint of man, from his nature and need and actual experience. It does not lower the demands of the truth, the authority of God's word, but it more frankly admits the difficulties of belief and life, the limitation of human power, and tries to make truth reasonable and so present it that it will seem desirable and possible.

It is said that there is more interest in life than theology. It does not mean any the less that we need to know God and have the help of God, but that religious truth is looked at from our standpoint. It tries to take the position of the race, the attitude of God in the Incarnation, expressing the essential unity of God's nature with man, that God does what a man would like to do at his best. It holds that theology is Christocentric. "Through Man to God," the title of sermons by Dr. Gordon, expresses the attitude and process to-day. And such certainly is the message of the best of our pulpits.

Take up any good volume of sermons and you will see this absorbing interest in life. The subjects chosen, the illustrations used, the manifest motive felt

through it all, have to do with life, life as we feel it to-day in its complex and organic relation.

Facing the Dawn, The Passing of Opportunity, Redeeming the Time, The Social Epiphany — sermons from a volume of George Hodges. The Actual and the Ideal, The Impossible Commandment, The Sinfulness of Worry, Christianity and Wealth, from "Doctrine and Deed" by Dr. Jefferson. Moral Leadership, Moral Responsibility, Moral Privilege, The Church in the House, all from a volume by Dr. Leighton Parks of St. Bartholomew's.

And these titles are significant of the characteristic accent of the pulpit of to-day. There is not less of God but more of man, more understanding of man, more adaptation to man, more faith in the Divine capacity of man and God's Spirit actually working with the faculties of man and through the process of human life, a realization of the fact that Christianity is first of all a life, a divine life among men, that the Kingdom of God is something here, and that its ideal is to be progressively realized by forces now working in human hearts. And if men can thus interpret the spiritual meaning of life, they will know that they cannot live by bread, but by every word that proceedeth from the mouth of God.

A few quotations from recent sermons will show this keen and sympathetic observation of life and the speaking of the divinest truth in the terms of human experience.

"Ideals we do not make. We discover them, not invent them. 'See that thou make them after the pattern that was showed thee in the Mount.' That command comprises all commands. It enjoins it upon us to make the ideal real: to be men in the divine way.

Once it has been done: in Galilee. The ideal and the real met in Jesus. He could say, Follow me. Be ye therefore perfect, he said to the men about him. Looking unto Jesus, wrote the Apostle."

We cannot mistake the suggestive, vital, virile way that Dr. Parkhurst lays hold of the truth of the Gospel and of human life and shows their exact and so divine fitness to each other.

Here is a passage on "The Moral Conflict," urging the fact of God indwelling as a motive to endeavor:

"The task is still hard, and we have to struggle and fight, and so often to fight alone with no one else to see, in our little secret obscurities, in our little secret dwelling-places, with no one else to know how hard it is, no one else to help and cheer us on and applaud us. Yet we see now and know what that treasure is which we are fighting for: and the evil desire ungranted and the evil word unspoken and the self-indulgence restrained and the passionate speech suppressed and the lust of the flesh denied, the cause good and right, that seems so hopeless, helped — it is God; it is the gold, men and women, separated from, purified, refined, coming out of the dirt, or out of the hard and rocky quartz, and making us very rich. That is the treasure which we have within us. Let us see and call it that. Then we shall know what it is we are doing or what we are failing to do; that when we give expression to the moral life within us we are giving expression to the God within us; that when we reveal and body forth that moral life in our flesh and blood, that when in doubt and darkness and perplexity we yet believe and trust in and cast ourselves upon that moral life within us, we are believing and trusting in and casting ourselves on God; that

when we disregard it and are careless and heedless about it, when we think it of little worth, when we neglect it and throw it away, we are thinking God of little worth, we are throwing away the greatest treasure which this universe can give us and has given us — we are throwing God away." [1]

Here is the thought of moral struggle put in a new way, the eternal truth put into the form of present thought of God, and spoken in a simple and sympathetic directness that must carry the sense of reality to every person.

Take this passage from Dr. Jefferson on the high, mysterious truth of the Holy Spirit. "Jesus did not say much about the Holy Spirit until he neared the end of his life. It was not until he came into the Upper Chamber, at the very end of his career, that he brought out in all its fullness the great doctrine which was to bring courage and life. The disciples sat round him broken-hearted. It seemed as if all the stars had fallen from the sky. In every soul there was anxiety and forebodings and fears. It was then that Jesus began to speak to them about the other helper that would abide with them forever. And as he spoke all the room became light again, and the chill in the air, which had been put there by doubt and fear, melted away in the glow of the summer which his new teaching created.

"We are living in dark and troubled times. One cannot pick up a paper or a book without reading something of the horrible materialism, the greedy, grasping commercialism of our age. Men everywhere are in dismay because of the complexity and multitude of our social and religious problems. There is no mes-

[1] "From Things to God," Bishop Greer, p. 144.

sage so helpful and so strengthening which the Church can possibly give to the people as just this message which lies embodied in our text, 'Receive ye the Holy Spirit.'

"See what he does. Jesus told his disciples that the other helper would do these four things, and for nineteen centuries he has been doing them, even as Jesus did.

"'He shall teach you all things.' Does he teach you? The teacher in the school stands behind the desk at which sits the little boy puzzling his head over a sum which is difficult to do, and the teacher leads him along step by step, correcting his blunders and making luminous the way. Do you believe there is a teacher standing by your side teaching you day by day how to do the things that are difficult to do? 'He shall guide you into all truth.' We cannot get into truth at a bound, we must be led into it a step at a time. There is one who goes before us pointing out the way throwing light upon the path where our next step shall fall. Does he guide you?

"'He shall glorify me. He shall take the things of mine and show them unto you.' When we are most under the influence of the Holy Spirit, we see no man but Jesus only. In our lower moods the various characters of history seem attractive to us, but in our highest moods there is but one who is altogether lovely, and that is the man of Galilee. Saints in their dying hours, when the old earth falls away, and the loved faces are lost in the mist, see what our eyes are not permitted to behold, the King in his beauty. Does the Holy Spirit glorify our Lord for you? Through the last ten years, for instance, has his character seemed increasingly majestic? Has his face to you

grown more tender and beautiful? Have you received the Holy Spirit?

"'He dwelleth with you and shall be in you.' That is the greatest promise of them all. He is not only the teacher by our side, and the guide who goes before, and the revealer of spiritual things, but he is the guest of the heart. He gives a peace that the world cannot give. He breathes into the soul a joy which the world cannot take away. He creates a blessedness that cannot be expressed. Does he dwell in you? Would it be so difficult to forgive and forget if you had received the Holy Spirit? Would it not be easier to be patient, courageous and true, to turn away from everything that is mean and contemptible and low, if you had opened your heart to this other helper? Alas for you, if the Holy Spirit is not your teacher, not your guide, not your revealer, not a guest in the soul." In this perfectly natural, human, convincing way does Dr. Jefferson interpret the greatest fact of experience — the truth that cannot be proved.

One more brief extract, this from Dr. Leighton Parks of St. Bartholomew's, New York.

"'Watch — be on the lookout — for ye know not when the son of man will come,' not to destroy but to bless. Why should it not be so? To some of you in this coming year will come a new and beautiful life. Some woman will press a babe to her breast, some man will have opened before him larger opportunities for showing what sort of man he is. Some of us, I hope, will change our sense of value and think that goodness is the best thing in the world. Some of you will know something of what it means to be near God.

The Son of Man, the Divine Spirit in human life, will come to you."

Such teachings make the wayside bush aflame with God and sacraments of the spirit out of the common experiences of life.

This sermon is marked by simplicity, directness, charm — above all humanity, direct appeal to the spiritual faculties of man and faith in their capacity — in the Holy Spirit working with every honest effort of man.

I think that variety should be noted as another characteristic of the American pulpit.

We have no longer a single, commanding mind, as Edwards in the eighteenth century or even Bushnell, or Beecher or Brooks in the nineteenth to form definite ideals of message and method, and to be studied and followed in definite laws for the common man.

As life has become more complex and multiform, so it is more individual. And as the critical spirit has destroyed mere external authority and driven men inward, to seek for deeper realities, the sense of personal message has been strengthened, each man has prophesied "according to his proportion of faith." So the American pulpit presents a greater variety of individual types than ever before.

There are so many good preachers — more than ever before, good in the sense of presenting a living truth, and a truth that comes from their life — in a wealth of attractive, persuasive forms, that it is no longer possible for one man to tower so much above the rest. The absence of striking figures is not due to the poverty of the pulpit but to its excellence.

And so we have many representative men — preach-

ers that are men for occasions like Dr. Cadman of Brooklyn, Bishop McDowell of the Methodist Church; men that preach to special audiences as College men, like Hugh Black or Dr. Fitch or Dean Brown of Yale; preachers to the reason and the conscience like Dr. Parkhurst and Dr. Jefferson; men who address the common needs and instincts of men like Bishop Brent; men who appeal to the emotions like Bishop McConnell; men who unfold the Scriptures like Dr. Kirke of Baltimore. Men of the old theology like Dr. Goodell and Dr. Woelfkin; men of the newer theology like Dr. Gordon and Henry Sloan Coffin; men of rich rhetorical gifts like Dr. Hillis; men of scientific plainness and precision like Lyman Abbott; men with the social message like Bishop Williams and John Haynes Holmes and Rabbi Wise. Such names suggest the fullness and many sidedness of the American pulpit. The man who sees in the modern pulpit signs of decay, and talks of the giants of former days, must be singularly lacking in appreciation.

It would be easy to mention a hundred names from different churches, many from the Central West, who are carrying on the best traditions of the American pulpit. I hope it will not seem invidious to mention a small group of the Church with which the writer is most familiar.

I doubt if the Presbyterian Church in New York was ever served by four men superior to Henry Sloan Coffin, John Kelman, Dr. William L. Merrill and Dr. Fosdick. Dr. Kirke of Baltimore is an inspiring example of expository work. And men like Dr. MacCaull of Philadelphia, Charles Wood of Washington, William R. Taylor of Rochester, William V. V. Holmes of Buffalo, John Timothy Stone of Chicago

make us grateful and hopeful for the American pulpit.

If our pulpit has not lost in intellectual power, or elevation of life; if it has gained in humanity, and in variety; in the understanding of human life and deep sympathy with it, and through its varied personality, the power to present truth to the manifold nature and need of humanity — then surely we must expect a greatly increased power from the modern pulpit.

Here our analysis seems to fail. The effect upon men does not seem in keeping with what we have claimed as the worth of the pulpit. Think of the thousands of pulpits (to paraphrase Robertson) that speak in our land every Sunday what each preacher considers the truth of Christ. Is it God's word that is preached? Has He changed His purpose? Has He ceased to care for man? And does He no longer intend that His word shall not return to Him void? Yet where is the divine evidence that it is His word which is preached, as shown in hearts quickened and aroused about their Father's business?

Why does the American church halt in its onward course — and halt it has — if the preaching is what it ought to be?

There is a widespread criticism of the pulpit. Some men say the pulpit must stop preaching social ethics and return to the old doctrines. The sense of sin is lacking in modern life and that can only be produced by the old theology. Others say present-day topics have crowded out Scriptural instruction. There is preaching to sentiment and fancy, but not to conscience and will. It is a frequent criticism in current literature that the preacher suffers from aloofness.

He does not get honest criticism and so he often fails to present the truth to exact needs. I do not think any of these criticisms go deep enough. They are not the real cause of so much of the apparent futility of preaching.

The truth is we are living in a transition period. The subtle materialism and the critical spirit and the social unrest affect the Church. But apparent loss may be real gain. In the process the vision of Christ is being clarified, and the conception of the Kingdom enlarged.

Dr. John Watson in an address at Aberdeen University on "The Return to the Gospel," showed the influence of criticism and the High Church idea in weakening the power of the Gospel message. Criticism had to come — the necessary transition from dogmatism to religion — but the critical spirit is not the evangelizing spirit. The High Church idea was needed and it has done good, but it obscures the idea of the prophet.

The Gospel will be rethroned, said Dr. Watson. "For a while the Gospel has gone into exile and ceased to have its ancient power. It is coming back again to the throne, and the day of its tribulation will not have been lost, when we welcome before we die, and our children after us, a still more generous and convincing Gospel. It will have gained a wider vision and a more gracious charity. It will declare a more gracious God, a more human Christ, a more hopeful message. There is no man who ought not to pray and hope for its new advent, since it will mean the rebirth of faith. The days of chilling doubt and uncertain speech will have passed away. . . . Preachers will again stand in the pulpit as the messengers of

God, rebuking men boldly for their sins in the name of the Eternal, and assuring the penitent of the divine mercy. . . . What can never be done by learning or by ritual shall be accomplished before our eyes, when the voice of the Gospel is once more heard in its clearness and fullness. . . . We are in the valley now where the shadows lie heavy; but already the east is reddening, and we shall live to see the feet of God's messengers, beautiful upon the mountains, because they are bringing good tidings of good, because they are publishing Salvation."

If we think of the modern American pulpit as a whole, it does not seem to have an overmastering and compelling sense of message.

It may be that it is too hurried for that, that it does not follow the Apostle's injunction "to think on these things," until in quietness and concentration of mind it gains that clearness and fullness of vision that is the source of all profound conviction and all moving feeling.

And it is due also, I think, far more to the natural and special influences of speech in a Republic. Speech here as in the ancient Republic of Greece has had an undue importance in public matters. We are known as a nation of ready talkers. There are men of universal and superficial knowledge who are willing to talk at a moment's notice on every conceivable subject. And people are unduly influenced by fluent speech and persuasive manner. Religious life is vitally affected by its environment, breathing its atmosphere, adopting its methods and using its forces. The development of our Christianity has been largely by mass movements, through the power of popular speech and not so much by careful religious education and

the forming of the habits of the religious life. The pulpit of many of our churches has been wide open to any one who had an earnest purpose and a ready tongue. This has emphasized speech more than thought, the man more than the reality of the message.

Then there has been no general recognition here of the essential catholic truth, the message of Christianity. We are a polyglot of races and tongues and churches. We have been the very Paradise of Sectarianism — the one hundred sixty-five different denominations often the expression of an excessive and eccentric individualism. So men have been tempted to preach an ism as the form of the Gospel, and to dwell upon differences rather than the unity of the Faith. Through this influence the preacher has had more of a personal following — the very body of believers has been called Mr. So-and-So's church — and the personal gifts have been exalted at the expense of the message.

We have many hopeful signs of the lessening of this divisive individualism, in breaking down the walls of separation, in the growing unity of conception and spirit in the life of the American pulpit.

But I think a critical comparison of the American pulpit with the English and Scotch will convict us of less reliance upon the thorough grasp of the truth and more trust in brightness of speech and attractiveness of person. In England and Scotland fluency is apt to be discounted as the mark of the superficial. The people will listen if a man has something to say. They are not so easily swept away by popular gifts. They want first sincerity of life and reality of message.

SCHOOL OF THE

However any wide reading of the American pulpit will bring the spirit of joy and gratitude that God is speaking through so many noble men. But it will also admonish us that we must do everything in our power to cultivate a more thoughtful and spiritual life, that we must have a keener sense of the sacredness of speech, that we must exalt the essential things of faith, and we must remember that our message is not essentially an ethic or a philosophy but a redemption.

A professor of a great university said to the writer that he had heard the University Sermons for a year, and few distinctive Christian notes. That recalls Blackstone's remark of the eighteenth century pulpit of London, "No more Gospel than the essays of Cicero." One questions the truth of the criticism but it reveals a tendency.

Old forms of Christian truth have passed away and men have not thought through far enough to clothe the truth in new forms. In doctrinal uncertainty, like sincere men, they turn to what they do know and declare the ethical truths and practical duties of life. Religion is real and the source of all true life, but a certain vagueness and elusiveness lies over its facts like the veil of mist over an autumn landscape. Some have lost the evangelistic purpose, the passion for souls, the urgency of appeal.

We do not understand the Gospel or the human heart if we ignore sin and the redemptive power of Christ.

The crucible of war has brought out some neglected truths. It tells us that we need a "Gospel that will deal with the evil bias and spiritual impotence of the human heart, and by its assurance of a forgiveness in

Christ and a proclamation of the power of the Holy Spirit meet the need of a sinful man. . . . It is not too much to hope that the soft and easy message of the past years will cease to be heard and the message of redemption for sinful man become the evangel of the years to come." So writes a Scotch preacher from the realities uncovered by God's hot plowshares.

The Gospel means the growth and enrichment and perfection of the soul and a redeemed society of men. But its initial is the relation of the individual life to God through Jesus Christ. The Gospel is the most effective ethic, but it must be a redemption or it can have no expulsive and transforming power in human life. This is the great message for the modern pulpit.

XI

THE PULPIT AND SOCIAL WELFARE

I wish first to show in brief outline the historic relation of the American pulpit to the interests of society: then to analyze the social life and needs of our time, finding that new occasions teach new duties; and finally out of the history of the American pulpit and the demands of the present, asking what is the true attitude of the pulpit towards the problems of society.

The Church and the State were one in early New England. The Puritans came hither not so much for freedom of worship as to establish on these shores a Theocracy, in which society should be founded on the Bible and all its laws made and interpreted by the Gospel. In such a conception the Church was the State and her ministers exercised the controlling influence.

"In the little Theocracy which the Pilgrims established in the Wilderness, the ministry was the only order of nobility. They were the only privileged class, and their voice it was that decided ex cathedra on all questions both in Church and State, from the choice of a Governor to that of the district school teacher."

Town meetings were often called in connection with the mid-week lectures, the civil notices were read before the sermon on Sabbath morning, or posted on the

corner of the meeting-house. Only members of the Church had the rights of citizenship and the Church was supported as the State by public taxation. So questions of society were felt to be religious; and while theology strictly so called was the substance of the preaching, social questions were freely discussed in the pulpit without any thought of the danger of secularizing it. There was no divorce even in thought between the sacred and the secular. All was sacred: it was done unto the Lord.

The political action and teaching of that early pulpit stands out even more distinctly than its spiritual. Nathaniel Ward preached a notable sermon in 1641 on "The Body of Liberties." As early as 1643 John Cotton began to preach election sermons to the deputies. Increase Mather was the chief agent in securing the new charter of Massachusetts in 1688.

The theocratic idea of the Puritans began to break down under their persecution of the Quakers. A theocracy implies uniformity of religion, all members of the same church. Grant the presence of non-conformists and the sense of injustice at once begins to work. When the numbers of non-church members and so of disfranchised citizen grows to be four-fifths of the whole — as in New England before the end of the century — and you have the prophecy of the downfall of the theocratic idea. With the introduction of another church, as King's Chapel, Boston, and the growth here of the Old World divisions of the Church, civil justice demands the separation of the Church and State. But before the "Emancipation of Mass," other colonies were developing distinct types of religious life, the Baptists in Rhode Island, the Reformed Church in New York, the Quakers and

Moravians in Pennsylvania, the Catholics in Maryland, the Episcopal Church in Virginia. All this looked for the separation of Church and State before there could be the Union of Colonies in a national life. But with the gradual lessening of the theocratic idea, the pulpit did not lose its interest and influence in social life. It did not seek so much personally to direct, as to furnish moral and spiritual ideals and leaders.

Think of the notable influence of Theodore Hooker in the early life of Connecticut. Whole churches and their ministers had emigrated from the Massachusetts Colony to the Connecticut River Valley not only on account of more room for growth, but out of desire for a freer atmosphere than the Massachusetts theocracy.

"At the opening sessions of the General Court, May 31, 1638, at Hartford (the beginning of Connecticut) Mr. Hooker preached a sermon of wonderful power, in which he maintained that the foundation of authority is laid in the free consent of the people, that the choice of public magistrates belongs unto the people by God's own allowance, and that they who have power to appoint officers and magistrates have the right also to set the bounds and limitations of the power and place unto which they call them. On the fourteenth of January, 1639, all the freemen of the three towns assembled at Hartford and adopted a written constitution in which the hand of the great preacher is clearly discernible. It does not prescribe any condition of church membership for the right of suffrage. It was the first written Constitution known to history that created a Government, and it marked the beginnings of American democracy, of which

Thomas Hooker deserves more than any other man to be called the father. The Government of the United States to-day is in lineal descent more nearly related to that of Connecticut than to that of any of the other thirteen colonies." [1]

Earlier in the same volume Mr. Fiske pays a noble tribute to the influence of Calvinism on civil liberty, in removing all distinctions of rank and fortune in the presence of the Sovereign God. "It was a religion fit to inspire men who were to be called upon to fight for freedom, whether in the marshes of the Netherlands or on the moors of Scotland. In a church, moreover, based upon such a theology, there was no room for prelacy. Each single church tended to become an independent congregation of worshipers, contributing one of the most effective schools that has ever existed for training men in local self-government" (p. 58). And Mr. Byington in "The Puritan in England and New England," thus summarizes the molding power of the colonial pulpit upon the State: "Their theological views tended to make them the defenders of liberty. They laid the foundations of the Republic. Their churches were democratic. So were their towns. So were the Colonies, as far as the people were permitted to frame their Government. And when George III, far on in the eighteenth century, attempted to deprive the English colonists of their rights as Englishmen, the descendants of these Calvinistic Puritans took the lead in the Revolution which made us a free nation."

We must not forget the arrest of Francis Makemie for free preaching in New York, and his successful

[1] Fiske, "Beginnings of New England," p. 127.

defense of free speech that gave religious liberty to the Presbyterian Church throughout the Colonies, and marks an era in the growth of free ideas in America.

But the chief honor is due to Roger Williams and his successors in the Baptist ministry for their warfare against the "privileges of the powerful standing order of New England and of the moribund establishments of the South," and their victory for liberty of conscience and worship and equality before the law for all alike.

It is safe to say that we had never been a nation without the teachings of the American pulpit. There had been no Revolution save for the influence of the clergy. It is true that but one, Witherspoon, was a signer of the Declaration of Independence, but a multitude were felt in that instrument and in the heroic struggle that gave meaning and efficiency to the words. Upon June 1, 1774, the Boston Post Bill was to go into effect. It was a solemn day throughout New England kept by fasting and prayers. Public fast days were held in different Colonies that summer, with public teaching of the rights and privileges of the people. When General Gage, the royalist Governor of Massachusetts, refused to call such a day, saying "the request was only to give opportunity for sedition to flow from the pulpit," the associated ministers of Boston agreed upon a day, and this action was spread abroad and the day kept throughout New England, even in the far-distant settlements of Maine. Could General Gage have heard the sermons, whose titles have come down to us, he would certainly have been confirmed in his suspicions: "The duty of a people under the oppression of man," "Despotism illustrated and impressed from the character of Rehoboam,"

"The misery and duty of an oppressed and enslaved people."

The autumn thanksgiving was another day of patriotic sermons. That of William Gordon of Roxbury, afterwards delivered as the Boston lecture, did much by its bold utterance to increase the spirit of resistance. "The way to escape an attack is to be in readiness to receive it. While administration consists of those that have avowed their dislike to the principles of this continent, and the known friends of America are excluded, there should be no dependence upon the fair speeches or actual promises of any, but the colonies should pursue the means of safety as vigorously as ever, that they may not be surprised." The man was called "a reverend politician," a "Christian sower of sedition" and other terms of opprobrium, always easily used by those who would cover their own unrighteousness by assumed zeal for the purity of religion.

When the minute men of Concord and Lexington were making the first open stand for liberty April 19, 1775, the people of Connecticut were just as earnestly engaged, everywhere in their churches "supplicating Almighty God in fasting and prayer for a blessing upon their endeavors to preserve their liberties." "It was thus given to some to fight, and to others to pray. The ministers were firing the people's hearts with courage, and unwittingly preparing the men of war to march before many hours at the Lexington alarm."

More than one minister proclaimed the duty of the hour, and throwing aside his gown, stood before his people in the uniform of a Continental and himself led the men of his congregation to the field. More than one sword flashed as the sword of the Lord.

And through the long years of struggle and sacrifice, it was the constant teaching of the Christian pulpit and the ceaseless prayers of Christian homes,

> That made those heroes dare
> To die, or leave their children free.

And after the war, during the trying times of national construction, when the interests and opinions of the Colonies seemed so diverse, the pulpit with its spiritual vision of opportunity, however imperfect the vision, worked powerfully with men like Hamilton and Madison in teaching the necessity of a strong union and binding the States together in a genuine national life. Men differed in the pulpit as elsewhere, but as a class the ministry felt the divine meaning of nationality and worked for the adoption of the Constitution of 1787, and for the development of an orderly and united life.

The next ten years illustrate the danger as well as the necessity of a religion applied to the whole life of man. The war of parties succeeded the war of Independence. The Federalists stood for a strong central Government with sympathies that attached them by tradition and principle with the Mother Country. The Democrats emphasized the doctrine of individualism in regard to person and State and drew much of their inspiration from the doctrines of the French Revolution. Political doctrines were badly mixed and confused with questions of religion. French influence had been strong in our war and it was natural that the vices of French life, gayety, self-indulgence and unbelief, should have their followers in American life. It was the natural sequence of the excitements of war, the natural attendant of the hazards of a new world.

Infidel tracts were sown broadcast. Christian people were alarmed. Parties made capital of the excited condition without discrimination or principle just as they are doing now with Americanism and the League of Peace. Democrat and Jacobin and Infidel were to some minds the same dreaded specter as in our day there is by some the thoughtless confusion of anarchist, socialist and infidel. Fast days and Thanksgiving days were turned into party discussions. In a proclamation for a national fast President John Adams declared "the most precious interests of the people of the United States are still held in jeopardy by the hostile designs and insidious arts of a foreign nation, as well as by the dissemination among them of those principles subversive of the foundations of all religious, moral and social obligations." Every political preacher put this in his bow. No wonder that the ministers thought the very foundations were being destroyed when the ideas of Tom Paine were filling the minds of young men. And they set themselves to resist and overcome French influence. Had they been clear from partisan politics no harm could result. But no line could be clearly drawn between religion and irreligion. And the partisan arguments of the pulpit repelled many hearers, who became the easy spoil of infidelity. "How much, think you, has religion been benefited by sermons, intended to show that Satan and Cain were Jacobins? How much by sermons in which every deistical argument has been presented with its greatest force as being a part of the Republican creed? Is this, men of God, following the precept, Feed my sheep, feed my lambs?"

"The agitations of this decade in the churches of New England did much to dethrone the royal influ-

ence of the one church which in many towns had hitherto united the people in their worship. The religious influence of the minister was greatly lessened in the end. He had pleased some of his own opinion for the time, but he had lost something of his preëminence and authority as the spiritual patriarch of the community."

The share which the pulpit took in forming our national life has been kept in the work of purifying and developing our society. Men have been brave and loving in applying the law of Christ to our social relations.

A false code of honor, almost unknown in the North, but developed in the South as more directly the heir of aristocratic institutions, after the Revolutionary War, came to be a common mode of settling personal differences. The duel was the reign of passion and force over law and society. It was not until the nation had been shocked by the death of the most gifted man of public life, Alexander Hamilton, that effective voices were raised against this vestige of barbarism. It remained for a young minister of East Hampton, Long Island, to preach a sermon that roused the conscience of the nation. "The blood streams, and the victim welters on the ground. And see the victor coward running from the field, and, for a few days, like Cain a fugitive and a vagabond, until the first burst of indignation has passed, and the hand of time has soothed the outraged sensibility of the community; then publicly, and, as if to add insult to injustice, returning to offer his services and to pledge his honor that your lives and your rights shall be safe in his hands." The sermon of President Nott of Union College may have received more praise and became a

classic of the pulpit, but the sermon of young Lyman Beecher was God's blow against the wrong. "An impression was made that never ceased. It started a series of efforts that have affected the whole northern mind at least." "That sermon has never ceased to be a power in the politics of this country," wrote Leonard Bacon fifty years after. "More than anything else, it made the name of brave old Andrew Jackson distasteful to the moral and religious feeling of the people. It hung like a millstone on the neck of Henry Clay."

The same brave and loyal minister began the persistent and systematic efforts to check the evils of the drinking habits of modern society. Dr. Rush, an eminent physician, had published in 1804 his "Inquiry into the effects of Ardent Spirits upon the Human Mind and Body," the first note of the temperance reformation. But Lyman Beecher did not speak until 1812. Then it was the amount of drinking at ordinations, "sideboards smelling like the bar of a very active grog-shop" that awoke him to the war with alarm and shame and indignation. He was the chairman of the committee that brought in the first report of the General Association against the evil. The preamble speaks of the "undue consumption of ardent spirits, the enormous sacrifice of property resulting, the alarming increase of intemperance, the deadly effect on health, the family, society, civil and religious institutions, and especially in nullifying the means of grace and destroying souls."

The first recommendation was that all the ministers of the Association preach on the subject; the second that all abstain from the use of ardent spirits at ecclesiastical meetings. The Massachusetts Temperance

Society, the oldest meriting the name, was formed the year after, 1813. In the same year the Rev. Heman Humphrey of Fairfield, Connecticut, afterwards President of Amherst, began publishing a series of articles on the subject, and Rev. Justin Edwards of Andover began preaching on it in 1814. These are the pioneer temperance reformers, and the American pulpit has never since lacked a succession of fearless and effective preachers of this truth of social welfare. Lyman Beecher's six sermons on Intemperance given a little later were widely blessed to the reformation of men and the banishing of the cup from many circles. Nowhere have the evils of intemperance been made to pass before the eyes of men in more horrid array or the truth of the Gospel applied in more pungent way to present sin.

The American pulpit at least in the first years of our national life was no less faithful as to the sin of negro slavery. As early as 1675 John Eliot, from the midst of his work among the Indians, "warned the Government against the sale of Indians taken in war, on the ground that the selling of souls is dangerous merchandise, and with a bleeding and burning passion remonstrated against the abject condition of the enslaved Africans." "Cotton Mather in his 'Essays to do good' spoke of the injustice of slavery in such terms that his little book had to be expurgated by the American Tract Society to accommodate it to the degenerate conscience of a later day." The Mennonites of Germantown in 1688 urged the abolition of slavery in quaint and touching language. Every yearly meeting of Quakers uttered a unanimous protest. Even at the South the pulpit was not silent. The Methodists with their great strength there waged a spiritual

warfare against the wrong. The southern Baptists in 1789 Resolved "That slavery is a violent deprivation of the rights of nature, and inconsistent with a Republican Government, and we therefore recommend it to our brethren to make use of every legal measure to extirpate this horrid evil from the land." At the North Edwards the younger is notable in the unbroken succession of anti-slavery ministers. His sermon on the "Injustice and Impolicy of the Slave Trade" preached before the Connecticut Abolition Society in 1791 was printed for many years as the strongest argument against the whole system of slavery. Albert Barnes of our own church was outspoken against slavery, using the most masterly Biblical arguments, and in a way to reach the ear of the South. "His book on American slavery," says Austin Phelps, "was a thesaurus to the Abolitionists for many years. . . . He preached the substance of his book to his people at a time when millions of property sat along the aisles of his church, coined out of a slave-labor on cotton and rice plantations. He did it with the air of one who did not for a moment conceive it possible to do anything else. His more timid friends trembled for the result, but not he."

Charles G. Finney, Lyman Beecher, William Leonard Bacon, Joseph P. Thompson, Richard S. Storrs have made noble pleas for the brotherhood of man. Horace Bushnell did not fear to preach politics in the pulpit. Men were measuring duty by apparent consequence and so fearing to say a word for the slave. But Bushnell maintained that righteousness secured the only consequences worth having. "The principle he made underlay the anti-slavery movement, the resistance to the Fugitive Slave Law, the outcry

of the North against Webster's Seventh of March speech, and entered into the thought that issued in the Free Soil party." The fertile imagination, the quick sympathies, the passionate earnestness of Henry Ward Beecher were all enlisted for the freedom of the slave.

But in spite of fearless teaching slavery grew. It grew profitable and so strengthened by commercial interests its political policy. Gold covered the eye and closed the lips. It turned even good men into apologists. It created the convenient doctrine that it was sacrilege to speak of slavery in the pulpit. Too many pulpits were silent, and too many churches partakers of the guilt. The violent speech of a few radical Abolitionists, the joining of obnoxious doctrines of free religion with anti-slavery made timid men cowards. There were conservative men who regarded all agitation as an irreverent forcing of Providence. When an earnest Christian lawyer at the time of John Brown's death offered resolutions at prayer meeting in the first church against slavery and praying for its speeding removal, a Professor of the Seminary opposed the resolution in a speech in which he said that he had preached the Gospel for forty years and had found no need of bringing politics into the pulpit.

While there were extremists on both sides, men who denounced the Church as in league with Satan and her ministers hirelings because they did not preach the duty of immediate emancipation, and men like President Lord of Dartmouth who wrote in defense of slavery as a divine institution, many pulpits were outspoken, speaking the truth in love. Such men as Channing and Beecher, great lovers of humanity, prophets of justice and brotherhood, gave strength to the ethical principles of the Gospel, trained the con-

science of the nation to carry it through perilous years and the catastrophe of civil war. The closing words of one of Channing's addresses well represent the thought and spirit of the best pulpit as to the national sin.

"What is the duty of the North in regard to slavery? I recommend no crusade against slavery, no use of physical or legislative power for its destruction, no irruption into the South to tamper with the slave or to repeal or resist the laws. Our duties on this subject are plain. We must first free ourselves from all constitutional or legal obligations to uphold slavery. Then we must give free and strong expression to our reprobation of slavery. The North has but one weapon — moral force, the utterance of moral judgment, moral feeling and religious conviction. I do not say that this alone is to subvert slavery. Providence never accomplishes its end by a single instrument. All social changes come from mixed motives, from various impulses, and slavery is to fall through various causes. But among these a high place will belong to the general conviction of its evils and wrongs. Opinion is stronger than kings, mobs, lynch laws, or any other laws for repressing thought and speech. . . .

"I have turned aside to speak of the great stain upon our country which makes us the by-word and scorn of the nations; but I do not despair. Mighty powers are at work in the world. Who can stay them? God's word has gone forth and it cannot return to Him void. A new comprehension of the Christian Spirit, a new reverence for humanity, a new feeling of brotherhood, and of all men's relations to the common Father — this is among the signs of our times. We see it: do we not feel it? Before this all oppres-

sions are to fall. Society, silently pervaded by this, is to change its aspect of universal warfare for peace. The power of selfishness, all-grasping and seemingly invincible, is to yield to this diviner energy. The Song of Angels 'on earth peace,' will not always sound as fiction. O Come Thou Kingdom of heaven, for which we daily pray!"

The prayer was to be answered but not in the way of the asker. There had to be first a "fiery Gospel, writ in burnished rows of steel." And when the trumpet sounded, and the hearts of men were sifted, a million men were found ready to die to make men free, because Christ had died to make men holy. It is useless to say that there might have been a more peaceful way if intemperate speech had been checked, and zeal never flamed into fanaticism. The stain was too deep, the wrong was too thoroughly ingrained in nature and institutions and selfish interests to take any but the costly way. And the nation was ready for the fiery trial because men in Christian pulpits like Mr. Beecher had applied Christianity to all the great ethical concerns of business and society.

"The moment a man so conducts his profession that it touches the question of right and wrong, he comes into my sphere. There I stand; and I put God's measure, the golden reed of the Sanctuary, on him and his course; and I am his master, if I be a true seer and a true moral teacher."

And this brings us to the practical question: What shall be our attitude to the social questions of our own day? There are many who feel that they are the most difficult and vital problems with which Christianity has ever had to deal.

Christianity is a practical religion. It makes its appeal to life and is tested by its practical effects in the individual and in society. There is an ethical side to every Gospel truth. It has been said that Christianity unlike other religions and systems of ethics needs God and at least two men. The relation of these two men makes society. The relation to God is expressed and realized in the relation of brothers. Only by being a brother can a man know himself as a son of God. "He who says he loves God, and hates his brother is a liar."

Christ taught and established a present Kingdom of God. Its motive is a filial spirit: its sphere is human life: its goal is to make the will of God done on earth as in heaven.

"A fellowship of Christ — like love which is to include every soul that is willing to enter! A community which embraces every other true community of men, which contains and controls the home, the State, the economic system, the fellowships of science, letters, art."

The neglect of Christian ethics by the pulpit, the failure to preach applied Christianity is seen in making the Christian life an intellectual assent or an emotional response and not the whole of character.

In the undue emphasis of the Godward side, the manward side has been like a neglected garden rank with noisome weeds. Heresy in the New Testament is connected with conduct and not solely with intellectual conceptions. The most deadly heresies of life have grown up under the strictest preaching of so-called Gospel truths. Men may be sticklers for creed and careless of lives. The seventeenth century, called the cruel century, was also noted for its theological

conflicts. And when men complain of the ethical teaching of the pulpit, and say — "We don't want politics — we want the pure Gospel" — it may be because conscience is restless under it, bringing unpleasantly to mind transactions and relations that cannot stand the pure eye of Christ. It is an easy matter for some to say, Lord, Lord, to assent to any form of sound doctrine, and even to become enthusiastic over watchwords of religion, but it is hard for all of us to do the will of our Father, "to do justice and love mercy and walk humbly with our God."

There is special need now for clear-eyed, brave-hearted prophets in the American pulpits, men who are not only lovers of the individual but who have the social passion and spiritual patriotism of Amos and Hosea, of Isaiah and Christ.

We know something of the rapid and complex and even revolutionary changes that have affected the social and industrial life of our time. And yet we are too close to them to fully measure their significance or foresee their outcome. The late Dr. Henderson of Chicago University, a keen and sympathetic interpreter of social conditions, said before the world-war, "We now live in the midst of a transformation more significant than the fall of the Roman Empire, the rise of modern nationalism or the Reformation."

The war has revealed in a startling way the fact of social forces: it has not lessened their working or made more easy their interpretation.

Invention applied to work and travel has made the centralization of industry and population in great cities, the great and tragic contrasts of condition, such wealth and power and splendor as the world has never seen — and monotonous stretches of hopeless, sudden

poverty that mock our civilization and challenge the saving power of the Gospel.

Business and industry have grown from the local to the national and the international, and great combinations of men make the personal element less possible, fix men in a system and lessen the sense of personal responsibility for imperfect and unjust conditions. Not infrequently the wrong spirit towards men deadens or embitters the hearts of multitudes and raises a barrier directly athwart the path of the Gospel.

The new conditions of industry but partly Christianized are aggravated by unassimilated masses of Old World peoples with their various and conflicting ideals that threaten our simple and pure ideas of worship, of the day of rest, of the family, of recreation and of democracy itself.

With the growth of society and the increase of wealth, the separation of men in classes appears. Social unity is lessened, spiritual standards are weakened, it becomes more difficult to permeate the mass of men with Christian faith.

Every question to-day is a social question. No truth deals with the man alone: every truth goes through the individual to his place and work in the world and his relationship to other lives.

The pulpit must be true to the Gospel of Christ in the light of present conditions. Loyalty to Christ means no less than the application of his principles to present issues, the carrying out of the law of redemption to its utmost social implications.

Social principles are involved in every truth of the Gospel. They must be taught to form the ethical standards of men and a righteous public opinion.

In this way shall leaders be called and trained in the

social conscience, that evils may be removed and just and humane conditions established.

And this is necessary to give the true goal and the sufficient motive to all social service. It must be connected with the power that makes a new life.

It is a difficult time for the preacher to live and speak the fullest truth. Position and power must not cover his eyes or put a gag upon his lips. It requires wise men, loving men, fearless men; men who love their fellows too well to keep a guilty silence in the presence of evil; men who believe in Christ and his Kingdom too profoundly to be disturbed by the temporary triumphs of evil and the slow progress of righteousness.

We have such men in the pulpit. There might be more, but there are enough to show the Spirit of the Church. The divine fire is touching the conscience of our best preachers. The social program of our federated churches shows the way that Christian thought is pointing.

The recent appeal of a group of the finest ministers of New York City for the spirit of order, of calmness and fairness, for the basic rights of the Republic of free speech and free press within reasonable limits, and the leaving to the constituted authorities the control of anti-social forces, was a brave expression of spiritual vision.

Let me give you two examples of this prophetic speaking of the Social Gospel.

I quote first from the sermon of the late Bishop Henry C. Potter of New York at the dedication of Grace Chapel, East 14th Street.

"The growth of wealth and luxury — wicked, wasteful and wanton, as before God I declare that

luxury to be — has been matched step by step by a deadening and deepening poverty which has left whole neighborhoods of people practically without hope and without aspiration. At such a time for the Church of God to sit still and be content with theories of its duty outlawed by time and long ago demonstrated to be grotesquely inadequate to the demands of a living situation, this is to deserve the scorn of men and the curse of God! Take my word for it, men and brethren, unless you and I and all men who have any life or stewardship of talents or means, of whatever sort, are willing to get up out of our sloth and ease and selfish dilettanteism of service, and get down among the people who are battling amid their poverty and ignorance — young girls for their chastity, young men for their better ideal of righteousness, old and young alike for one clear ray of the immortal courage and the immortal hope — then verily the Church in its stately splendor, its Apostolic orders, its venerable ritual, its decorous and dignified conventions, is revealed as simply a monstrous and insolent impertinence."

The second extract is from a well-known Baptist preacher of the Central West, now a professor of preaching at the University of Chicago.

"I believe in the Golden Rule of Jesus, a man says. Not a bad first article for any man's faith, if he really believes it.

"Let him say it over to himself very thoughtfully and see if he means it. 'I believe that babies everywhere should be as well born and kindly tended as I would have my own; that motherhood should be as protected as I would have the mother that is dearest to me; that childhood should be as joyous and youth as free to come to its own as mine should be if I

could have my wish; that womanhood should be guarded everywhere with the chivalry that I would give my best; that every man's labor should be as honored and as fairly estimated as I want mine to be; that all lives should be lightened and blessed with the leisure that I love for myself; that the higher human values for which I crave should be available for all mankind; that every man's future should be cared for as I would have my own; and that every one everywhere should have the love and kindly esteem and generous appreciation that I desire so keenly for myself.' Loving men whom he has seen is an element of the religious experience, even though as yet he may not know God whom he has not seen."[1] Where will you find a more simple and complete interpretation of the law of love!

The American pulpit has grown in humanness, in social understanding and sympathy and so in reality. Such sermons are a prophecy of the renewed leadership of the American pulpit and its more vital influence on the questions and movements of social well-being.

[1] "University of Chicago Sermons," p. 318.

XII

THE PULPIT AND THE NATION

The Pulpit has been a chief force in the higher life of the nation.

I

Let the facts of our history tell their own story. America was thought out and planned in the atmosphere of a Christian church. It's beginning was the most golden romance outside the Bible. It was a new book of Genesis. This New World was dedicated to the proposition that Christ's will is the only worthy and wholesome law for the State. The Pilgrim Church created the Pilgrim State and drew up in the cabin of the *Mayflower* "the first instrument conferring equal civil and religious rights on every member of the Commonwealth."

The influence of the pulpit in the early New England colonies is unmistakable. Roger Williams and Rhode Island are one. When John Milton was making his great plea for civil liberty, Roger Williams, his contemporary, went far beyond him in his plea for soul liberty. He taught us America's greatest contribution to civilization, a free church in a free State. And Thomas Hooker did as much for Connecticut. His thought is in every line of the Constitution which has been the model for so many other States until John Fiske calls him the "Father of American Democracy."

With the broadening of the century, the coming of new peoples, the conquest of nature, the development of varied life, other interests besides the Church came to their rightful place. The ministry could not keep the same relative position. Yet Jonathan Edwards stands as the chief figure of eighteenth century America. We can never estimate his influence on national life. It is felt in literature and art, in science and political economy and lives in the social movements of our day.

When we think of the nineteenth century America, what names come crowding upon the page! Thinkers and poets, statesmen and inventors, soldiers and merchants. Mr. Carnegie has given his list of the twenty greatest names of our English race and they are largely iron-masters! If we could really analyze the forces that make us great as a nation, we should never leave out the moral and spiritual. In the first half of the nineteenth century, no man more fully and energetically embodied these forces than Lyman Beecher. He was no less a national figure than Daniel Webster. By his sermons, his lectures, his pamphlets he tried to keep the pioneer, progressive spirit of the nation Christian.

It is no harder to find the preacher's place in the second half of the century. In the crisis of our national life, we instinctively think of one name. And his fame grows with the years. But in the staff around Lincoln, "the first American," no one wrought more nobly than Henry Ward Beecher. He laid the golden reed of the Sanctuary upon every question that came into the field of morals. In the darkest hour Lincoln sent him to England to interpret the struggle of a free people. His speeches at Liverpool,

Manchester, Birmingham, are our highest examples of inspired oratory. They awakened the conscience of England and prevented the Government from recognizing the Southern Confederacy.

Very different but no less noble was the influence of Phillips Brooks. In the darkest hour of the Civil War, he set his great manhood to the task of interpreting the spiritual meaning of the nation. In varied and speaking symbol and with passionate earnestness he spoke of the nation as the corporate life of the people, the sphere of the highest manhood, the agent of the divine purpose. He lifted the contest above the mists and confusions of parties, where the people could see the great issues at stake, the principles of justice and humanity and brotherhood. He made the people feel that the cause of the Union was the cause of God.

These are great names, ranking with the highest in any calling. But the same truth holds of the rank and file of the pulpit. We could not live without the truths they declare. We could not grow in worth without the ideals they represent. As Mr. Wilson said at Carlisle, England, in the church once served by his maternal grandfather, "From such quiet places as these go forth influences that bless the life of the nation."

2

It is well to go deeper if we can and ask — In what way has the pulpit contributed to the higher life of the nation?

It has made for social unity. It has brought people together under the highest motives for worship and service. In a democracy whose weakness is always lack of authority and obedience, in this western

world whose very air and opportunity breed extreme individualism, the pulpit by personal influence and teaching has brought diverse peoples and traditions into such vital contact as to make possible the growth of strong public opinion and coöperation for common interests. It has worked for that unity of thought and spirit that has made possible the expression of a common life.

The pulpit has made for moral order and growth. The real foes of the nation, as in Tennyson's picture of King Arthur's realm, are within and not on the border. They are the selfish passions of men that demand freedom though others are enslaved thereby and society is disintegrated.

How should personal vengeance yield to law? How should men learn to secure redress for wrong by orderly process of the State? I have told how young Lyman Beecher so spoke as to rouse the conscience of the people and make the duel a hated thing.

It was the same brave voice that spoke against the evils of strong drink, and began the process of education and legislation for temperance, the most important social reform. It was Dr. Channing who first pointed out the relation between intemperance and industrial and home conditions and gave the temperance reform its larger vision.

And the pulpit had to do with the removal of a social wrong eating at the very heart of the Republic. A democracy based on the doctrine of freedom and equality before the law, yet holding men as chattels! The country, as Lincoln said, could not long remain half slave and half free. The struggle was inevitable.

All churches condemned slavery at first. But it be-

came so interwoven with society and prosperity that even good men were blinded and apologized for the evil.

> "Many there were who made great haste and sold
> Unto the cunning enemy their swords."

But there were enough prophets in our pulpit, men like Channing, Bushnell, Beecher, to hold God's plumb line against our social institutions and convince the nation of its sin. So men were ready to pay the utmost price for a purified nation.

The pulpit has made for intelligent citizenship. It is the doctrine of the Republic that every child is to be educated as a potential citizen. But the child has this dignity because the Christian pulpit has taught the worth and sacredness of human life. The frontispiece of the old New England speller had a church, and nearby a school house, a mill and a farmer plowing his field. Three centuries of our history are in that picture. Our schools and colleges began in religion and the ministers were largely the founders and teachers. Our education has passed largely beyond the Church, but it still remains true that the teaching of the pulpit everywhere supports the schools of the people and awakens in our youth the desire for higher training.

And finally the pulpit has made for a spiritual conception of the national life. It was religion that gave us our national life. Our fathers had never revolted save for the great religious awakening that just preceded the Revolution. Society and business did not want the revolt. But it was the inevitable step of the awakened democracy, the common man asserting his right because he had found his soul.

And at a later day when the question was whether the nation was a mere compact of States to be broken at will, or a life that was to be inviolate, it was religion that gave the worthy conception of the State, and nerved the arm to maintain it. Dr. Mulford's "Nation" gave statesmen the true political philosophy and voiced the impulse of marching thousands. What was the nation? The highest expression of the corporate life of the people, an organ of the Kingdom of God. It was organic and what God had joined man had no right to put asunder. And it was religious, to carry out God's purpose of good for all men. It found its wealth not in houses and lands, in factories and railways, but (in the words of Ruskin) "in as many as possible full-breathed, happy hearted human creatures." It is the popular expression of the democracy of Christ.

I am sure that I have not over-emphasized the influence of the pulpit in our national life. Great statesmen often recognize the value of spiritual leaders. "We politicians," said Mr. Lloyd George, the English Premier, "only touch the fringes of life; but the ministry deal with the real problems of life, death and the hereafter." The pulpit is dealing with spiritual forces often unseen and unmeasured. And we are often dazzled by the men who live in the eye of the world. But long after the world's captains with their drums and guns are silent and the noisy politicians of the day have been forgotten, will the quiet, unselfish men who have taught the truths of character and social well-being in their pulpit ministrations and in their daily walk and conversation as they went in and out of the homes of their parishioners, be regarded as the nation's real benefactors.

3

And what can be said of the present-day pulpit? Is it a commanding and controlling voice in our national life?

The first year of our entrance into the war a clever writer sharply arraigned the pulpit for its ignorance or indifference to the great questions involved. While the press was aflame with discussion, while public men and educators were alive to the issue and trying in every way to arouse the spirit of America, the men in the pulpits held aloof, absorbed in their own work, unmindful of their prophetic leadership, content to warm themselves by ecclesiastical fires while their master was being crucified afresh by the world. Such was the charge. Was it true? There was enough truth to disturb a few hypersensitive souls. But the majority of the pulpit did not recognize themselves in the picture.

It is true that only a few of our pulpits sounded the trumpet call to arms.

There were many preachers of foreign birth, who while loyal to America still cherished precious memories of other lands and could not bear the thought of their adopted country lifting up hands against their kindred. It speaks well for the influence of America, and of the receptiveness and appreciation of these new peoples, that so few of their ministers were disloyal, that so many pulpits were outspoken and that where they did not have the heart to speak, they suffered in silence.

It must be remembered that the war was a rude and cruel shattering of our ideals, that no thoughtful man could enter it with a light heart. It was thought that

the wonderful progress of the world made for peace. Discovery and invention, industry and commerce had brought the nations together. The most notable fact of the generation had been the growth of race unity. The widespread interest in social welfare, the missionary movement that had touched every known land had given hope of an era of peace and good will. Even the increase of armaments and the fear of gathering armies was stilled by the assurance that they were not for war but to guard the peace of the world. In spite of previous warnings, until the last moment, the leaders of the nations did not believe war possible. It came as a terrible shock to our Christian pulpit. How could the teachings and hopes of a lifetime be reversed! How could they see God on the field when the bars of the jungle were let down. What could they say? Many were dumbfounded. They were literally dumb before the Lord. They said with the Psalmist, "I opened not my mouth, because Thou didst it."

Then many of our best men, especially those of social vision, who knew history and modern life, who could trace back to the causes of war, who knew that the rivalries and aggressions of nations were largely for new markets, could not feel at once that the issue was so clear cut, that it was all black and all white, autocracy against democracy. They saw the most cruel dominion of modern times — Russia — on the side of the Allies. They saw our own nation made up of polyglot peoples with divided loyalties, the need of an unmistakable cause and a single united purpose before we should ignore our traditional American position and throw the force of the nation into the world-combat. It is no wonder that some of the best men

hesitated. I have spoken so fully because we must do justice to their motives. History, written not with passion but with calmness and fairness, will justify their sincerity and loyalty.

Still other pulpits felt that their best service to the nation was not in discussion of national questions but in interpreting the great facts of God and the spiritual life from which the renewal of all life comes, that idealism and endurance, that loyalty and heroism that make a nation great. When the committee on Social Service of the Presbyterian Church went to the White House with the question—"What can we do to help the nation in this day of struggle?"—Mr. Wilson answered unhesitatingly, "You can best serve the nation by keeping the religious life of the churches at the full." This lesson was first learned by the English and Scotch pulpit.

The early months of the war saw a great moral awakening. All peoples felt it. The call of country, the demands of sacrifice, the uncertainties of the future all called out latent nobility and fixed the thoughts upon something higher than gain or pleasure. Wordsworth's words seemed true again.

> France seemed standing on the top of golden hours
> And Europe born again.

The pulpit felt the spiritual wave and tried to direct and strengthen it. Patriotism seemed identical with religion, and the sermon was the effort to interpret the contest in which the nation was engaged. But the pulpit soon passed to deeper needs. Men felt the perils to the religious life in war, however necessary and holy the cause. They saw the wasting effects

upon the higher life of the people, the terrible losses that made the days gray and comfortless, that turned so many lives into reckless denial or dumb despair.

With this deeper vision of human need, the pulpit turned the thoughts of the people to God, to the truths and duties of the religious life. One of the notable volumes of sermons during the war was by W. P. Paterson, Professor of Theology in the University of Edinburgh. It is called "In the Day of the Ordeal," and is dedicated "To my wife and in memory of our sons: R. S. Paterson, 2nd Lieutenant Royal Field Artillery, Neuve Chapelle, 11th of March, 1915; W. P. Paterson, Captain King's Own Scottish Borderers, Deville Wood, 31st July, 1916."

There is the very flower of his house cut down in its youth. And what does the great father say when he preached the Gospel?

There is the greatest economy of personal reference. He turns from his own bitter sorrow to the Eternal God. How shall he comfort men? How shall he inspire them to the life of sons? He speaks of the way of God with the nation and the social mission of the Church, but the great messages are deeply spiritual. The Magnetism of the Cross, Free Grace, Repentance, Reverence, the Quest of Tranquillity.

I have said all this to form some background, some standard by which to measure our own pulpit.

I feel that the American pulpit as a whole was true to its great religious obligations. There were men who were restless and unsettled, without vision and without faith. But the best men held themselves all the more firmly to their tasks. Their gospel came not in word only but in power. They sent forth their choicest youth with consecration to their high calling

and they sustained the weary and the lonely with the ministration of spiritual friendship.

They taught the sacredness of the nation's life and helped the new Americans to answer the country's call in the spirit of loyal sons. They interpreted the meaning of the struggle in terms of the Kingdom of God. They called for gifts of money and the far richer gifts of life on the plea of the world's need and the ideal of an unselfish service. Here and there a sensational pulpit detailed the atrocities of the Germans, supping full with horrors, and even after the armistice there were preachers who proclaimed the Gospel of hate, but they were very few. The American pulpit as a whole was loyal to Christ in expressing the lesser loyalty to a Government. That was a fine pledge that the Y. M. C. A. presented to all the men of the officers' training camps, "We undertake to maintain our part of the war free from hatred, brutality or graft, true to the American purpose and Ideals." And the fact that our soldiers and sailors and airmen have come home, and so glad to get home and be quickly absorbed in the nation's work and life, so many with noble record and unsullied name, is due in large part to the teaching of our Christian pulpit and to the efforts that Christian men and women made to keep the morale of our forces and the soul of the nation.

4

In the first year of the war Mr. Elihu Root made an address at the opening of Hamilton College, in which he said, "No man can know the future. But it is certain that we are on the eve of a new day. Great and far-reaching events will take place what-

ever the issue — the world will not be the same after the war." And he urged the young men to that life of reverence and fidelity and idealism that would prepare them to take their place in the new world.

I know there are many who now say, where is the new world? and they are busy in trying to make the glory of the morning fade into the light of common day. They think, and they try to make other people think — We are in the same old world.

But however invisible and immeasurable the forces, unless the lessons of history are no guide, we are in the beginning of a new era. And what shall the pulpit do to help America take its place in the life of the race?

The pulpit can teach a true patriotism. It must be spiritual, not commercial, not what we can get out of America, but how can America help to the best manhood and womanhood. All sorts of organizations from political parties to Rotary clubs are calling upon the people to preserve American ideals. And they often mean something fixed and final, the past to be reared into a monument, not the seed of a growing life.

The pulpit can take the ideals of the fathers, the truths for which Lincoln stood, the kind of democracy that he embodied, and apply them to the life and problems of our own time.

The pulpit must stand for the just authority of the State. Every nation feels the effects of the violent revolutions of Central and Eastern Europe. There are idealists who would overthrow the existing order of society. And there are evil, bitter men who are foes of all order. A spark may start a conflagration. There can be no liberty without order, without self-

restraint, without subjection of personal desires to the expressed will of the people.

But mob rule is only another kind of anarchy. The suppression of free speech because it is critical of existing institutions and conditions and would change them by changing public opinion, the using of force to keep things as they are, may violate the simplest rights of the Republic and is the sure way to increased unrest and violence. Suppressed rights are sure to become volcanic.

The pulpit by its quietness, its tolerance, its faith in democracy, can do much to subdue the passions of the day, remove suspicion and enmity, the worst vestige of war, increase the social outlook, and so a willing obedience to law, as the bond of brotherhood.

We have multitudes of peoples with us and yet not of us, practically aliens, unassimilated elements in our national life. If they find a happy life here, they learn to love the land and are as loyal as any American who traces his ancestry from Plymouth Rock. If they are despised, exploited, denied the standards of decent living they become our dynamite.

A nation is made by the growth of common ideals; never by the imposition of a single language or political system. "Revolutionary radicalism will fall of its own weight," said Mr. Hoover, "as we remove the spirit of caste and give to every man a fair chance."

And the pulpit can do no better work for the nation than to teach the true attitude towards these new peoples and help them to take their place as true Americans. It means that the pulpit teaches the true standard of individual worth.

The individual man is having a new value set upon

him in this western world. The demands of national life shook us out of our smug content and our social satisfaction. Every man is of value to the national life. The draft recognized his worth and searched him out. It was not the name he bore or the language he spoke, not the size of the check he could draw or the Church to which he belonged, but the simple question of his manhood, his physical and moral worth, what he could contribute individually to the national force.

Men from every class and race and work stood side by side, in a new sense of value, in the light of the new duty. A revolution took place, a lifting up of the first things of life. It has immense significance for our national life and the greatest encouragement and lesson for our own life.

There are still people who capitalize their patriotism, who wrap the flag about them to hide their bulging pockets. But thank God! we are not sunk in materialism. We have not lost our sense of real values. Gifts are offered with lavish abundance. One of our ministers asks of his church an offering of $3,000 for the Armenian relief, and $8,000 overflow the collection plates.

All this is an indication of personal values, it is placing the man before his things. The fact that the soul of man is alive, that there is this great response to higher values, is no doubt due in large part to the teaching of the Christian pulpit. The soul of America is alive because its religious life is so pervasive. It took a crisis to bring it out. It cheers us to show that the work of the pulpit has not been in vain. It points out our unmistakable task, to so present the truths and life of Christianity that they shall make

their supreme demand. The call of country cannot be higher than the Kingdom of God.

And finally, it is the work of the pulpit to lift up the Christian ideals for which the war was fought. They are the ideals of justice and brotherhood, and so ideals of peace. "I hate war," said a distinguished English General, "I love peace and home and family, but we are in this great cause and we must fight it out to the end." "This is a war against war," said General Smuts of South Africa. There can be no compensation for the measureless sacrifice save in a new era of human rights and good will and peace. The Christian pulpit must see to it that the ideal is not dimmed or diminished. Other voices are calling to us. Lower conceptions are being urged as the only way of the race. A well-known judge says, "There is no such thing as International Law. The Christian law may work between man and man. But now we know that the relations of nations can only be governed by force." With one hand he called upon the God of Christ and with the other he opened the bars of the jungle. A group of men at a great University talk about the relation of the United States and Japan. After this war, shall we be able to maintain friendly relations with the ambitious leader of the Orient? And their conclusion is baldly and coldly stated, that peace in the Pacific depends upon our keeping up a great navy and a powerful standing army.

Shall the future welfare of the race depend upon militarism? Shall we say that the hope of poets and prophets is but the dream of mad enthusiasts? Shall might — not love — be the law of life? Shall John Galsworthy's word be true that after this war "the

dogmas of Christianity shall be found shot through and through?"

It is for the pulpit to say whether Christ has abdicated, whether our Gospel has the power of personal and national renewal.

The question is: Shall the idealism that carried our nation into the war be continued through the far more important and difficult process of peace? Having put our hands to the plow, shall we turn back? Having forgotten an exclusive and isolated nationalism, and given the world an example of disinterested service shall we now think solely or chiefly of ourselves. Shall it be America first, and America for Americans? Shall we practically say, Every nation for itself, and the devil take the hindermost? It is incredible and it must be made impossible. A selfish, narrow nationalism is no better than a selfish, narrow individualism. A League of Nations is the noblest conception the world has seen. It seems necessary to the peace of the world. It is the organized expression of the good will of the world and it may be the agent of the very Kingdom of God.

There may be honest difference of opinion as to particular features of a proposed League of Nations. There is little difference of opinion among men of world-wide and Christian temper as to its need and possible blessing. And here the pulpit of America is practically united. Upon no other public question has there been such unanimity. The best preachers of America have spoken in no uncertain tones.

The first year of the war, the Reverend William Temple of St. James' Church, Piccadilly, London, son of the former master of Rugby and the Archbishop of Canterbury, made a notable address on the Spirit-

ual Call of the War. He said the issue of the war was between nationalism that owned no law save its own interest, and something higher. The reality higher than the nation was the Kingdom of God. Only as we live in the light of this great vision, and interpret our national life in harmony with this purpose of God shall we be teachers of a true patriotism. The nation can be truly great only as a part of the Kingdom of God.

In St. John's vision of a future society, the test is a golden reed, "according to the measure of a man, that is an angel." The Christian ideal is the pattern after which we must build every social and national structure.

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